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THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

BY

FRANCES M. GOSTLING

ILLUSTRATED

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THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

(SOUTHERN)

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

I

CANTERBURY

" Our Holy Mother Canterbury, who sits
With tattered robes . . ." TENNYSON

How can I in a few short pages give any adequate idea of the visions and memories which crowd in upon one at the very name of Canterbury! Once more we picture the valley of the Stour, as it was in ancient times, the broad gracious valley with its river flowing in the midst, and the coast roads meeting at the ford which all passengers must cross before continuing their way northward. It was the only crossing-place for many miles, and so important that the Romans raised a fortress beside it, which they called Durovernum, from the British name for the Stour, Durwhern, swift river. That was the beginning of Canterbury, for around the fortress gathered a village, a town, and around the town rose walls with their gates and towers much as we see them to-day. And on a hill to the east the richer Romans had their villas and gardens, and here also arose the

little church which we know now as Saint Martin's.

But the Romans had long quitted Britain, and Christianity had practically died out of Kent when we next catch a glimpse of Durovernum. The Saxons had made themselves masters of the land, had swept it with fire and sword, massacring the men, and making slaves or wives of the women, for the Teuton is always the Teuton and always will be. Durovernum is Durovernum no longer, but Cantuaraburgh, and Ethelbert is reigning with his French queen, Bertha, in their palace beside the Stour. Bertha, who is the granddaughter of Clovis, King of the Franks, is a Christian, and has for chaplain the holy Bishop of Soissons, Luithard, who celebrates Mass every morning in the little old Romano-British church dedicated to Saint Martin of Tours.

I visited it the other day, starting from what is probably the site of Ethelbert's palace, where now stands the home of the Archbishop, and, making my way across the Cathedral close, went out through the city wall by the little postern, still known as Queeningate, through which Bertha used to pass on her way to church, and so across the moat, and through the grounds of Saint Augustine's Abbey, till I came to the Church of Saint Pancras with its ruined chancel arch. Here for a moment I paused in what was once the south *porticus*, before that shapeless heap of

earth and stones, said to be the remains of the altar on which Ethelbert offered sacrifice to his heathen divinities, the very altar concerning which Augustine wrote to Pope Saint Gregory, and which he afterwards purified and consecrated to the service of the true God, dedicating it to Saint Pancras, the child martyr of Rome. And as I pictured the scene, and the tall form of the Christian missionary standing before the cleansed altar, I seemed to hear the spirit of the old pagan god as he fled howling from the building, tearing his way out through the wall, so that for many years the marks of his claws could be seen on the stones.

And then I went on up the hill to Saint Martin's, where I found reminders—some old, many new—of the days of which we are thinking: old walled-up doors, beautiful modern windows picturing the lives of Augustine and his royal patrons, above all the font, which we shall notice later. And so we pass out of the valley by Longport Street, and follow the road to the coast.

. . . . .

It is the 25th of April, in the year 597. A shipful of monks has arrived on the coast of Kent, sent from Rome by the great and holy Pope Saint Gregory, to convert the pagan Saxons. Ever since that memorable day when Gregory, then a simple Benedictine monk, found the fair-haired Saxon boys standing in the Roman slave-

market, his fatherly heart has yearned over Saxon Britain. He has even started off himself on a missionary journey to that far land, but has been brought back by the tears and prayers of his own people. Now, he has been chosen Pope, and news has reached him that Ethelbert, influenced by his wife, is quite kindly disposed toward the Christian religion, so he has sent forty of his best monks—under the leadership of Augustine, Prior of Saint Andrew's Monastery in Rome—to carry out his plans for the Christianizing of the new inhabitants of our island. For some days the monks have been detained on the Isle of Thanet, the King being somewhat suspicious of strangers, especially of priests, whom in his heathen mind he connects with witchcraft and magic. Even when he goes down to inspect them he meets them in the open air for fear of the spells they might cast upon him. However, satisfied at last as to their intentions, he gives them permission to settle in his kingdom, and promises them a temporary dwelling just outside the walls of Canterbury. So vivid is the old story related by Bede, that, as we climb the hill and reach the upland country beyond, the centuries roll back and we fancy we see, skirting the little wood to the left, a procession advancing along the old Roman road. It is a bright April morning, and the sun glitters upon the great silver cross, and on the "Image of Our Lord and Saviour

painted upon a board," and as they come nearer, we can hear the boy Honorius intoning the prayers for the day, and the monks chanting their litanies. As they pass me I see Augustine, whom I have long singled out by his great height, turn and look downward to where, on the right, lies Canterbury, his future home, and the scene of his many labours. Then we follow them down the hill, and as they enter the city their voices unite in one great prayer, whose very words have come down to us through the centuries: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy Holy House, for we have sinned. Hallelujah!"

I suppose it is a vision, a fancy, Canterbury is full of such dreams. While staying there it is almost impossible to distinguish between the dream and the actual, the past and the present. But as, with my mind's eye, I follow the little band bearing the gifts of Saint Gregory, the great two-volumed Bible, the Psalter, the Book of the Gospel, the Histories of the Christian Martyrs, the Lives of the Apostles, it all seems very real indeed, and I remember how the Canterbury Book mentions these precious manuscripts as being the "Foundation of the Library of the whole English Church."

Ethelbert had assigned the monks a temporary dwelling just outside the walls of his city, and here,

as the old historian says : " They began to imitate the course of life practised in the Primitive Church, preaching the Word of Life to as many as they could, despising all worldly things, receiving only their necessary food from those they taught," so that converts began to multiply, and even Ethelbert himself " admired the simplicity of these innocent lives and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine."

We all know the charming story of the conversion of the Saxon King, and of how on Whitsunday he was baptised in the old font at Saint Martin's. It was much lower and probably larger than it is to-day, and stood in the centre of the church. And if, as some people believe, the western end of the building was nothing but a great open archway, after the style of the early church at Bosham, as shown in the Bayeux Tapestry, and of many pilgrim churches abroad, what a sight it must have been for the people of Canterbury, standing on the slopes below, to see their great and good King making his public confession of faith, and then, laying aside his royal robes, kneeling humbly in the font while the priest poured the water three times over his head. And afterwards Augustine celebrated Mass, and Ethelbert, in his white baptismal robes, made his first Communion, and, according to the custom of the time, partook of milk, water, and honey. What must the feelings of Queen Bertha

have been as she watched; she who, there can be no doubt, had, by her holy influence, been the first means of her husband's conversion.

After that, the King gave the monks a tract of ground between Saint Martin's and the town, to build a monastery and a church, where the Kings of Kent and the Archbishops of England—for such Augustine was shortly created—might be buried, since in those times it was not lawful to bury within the city wall. That was the beginning of the great Abbey of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, known later as the Abbey of Saint Augustine. And he gave Augustine his own royal palace to live in, retiring himself to a castle he owned at Reculver. He also built a house for monks near the palace, and repaired an old Romano-British church which stood close by, to serve as a cathedral. This Augustine dedicated to Our Saviour, and the monastery became known as the Priory of Christ Church.

Such was the beginning of the See of Canterbury, a royal beginning truly, and quickly followed by the conversion of nearly the whole of the surrounding population. For, although no pressure was put upon his subjects, as the old chronicler quaintly says, "Ethelbert shewed more affection to the believers as to his fellow citizens in the Heavenly Kingdom."

There is no space here to tell of the unfortunate differences which arose between the Welsh bishops

and Augustine. This remnant of the Church, which, in answer to the prayer of the British King Lucius, had been founded by Rome in the second century, had, since the Saxon invasion, remained almost completely isolated from the rest of the Christian world; and, as is the way with isolated churches, had sunk back into error and superstition. Both clergy and people were very distrustful of foreigners, which indeed is not surprising when one considers the frightful sufferings they had endured from the Saxon hordes that had swept over their land. They also looked with jealous suspicion on this foreign bishop, who seemed to their somewhat prejudiced minds decidedly too much taken up with these same barbarian invaders, from whom they held themselves proudly aloof. No doubt they believed, as did Gildas himself, that these "fierce and impious Saxons were a race hateful both to God and men," and no more open to the influences of religion than the wild beasts of their forests. But to Augustine, with his broader outlook, no human soul was hopeless. Moreover, he was fighting for the unity of the Church. We all know the story of his repeated attempts to induce the Welsh bishops to unite with him in his Apostolic work, and of their persistent refusal. It was a lamentable division in what might otherwise have become a united Christianity. However, whether they were right or wrong is not for us to

judge. Our affair is to catch some scattered glimpses of the history of Christ Church and of the great men who were connected with it.

How interesting it would have been to watch Augustine raise out of the ruins of the old Roman church the first cathedral of Canterbury, burned, alas, in 1067 during the great fire which destroyed almost all the town. The monk Edmer remembered seeing it when he was a little choir-boy and came to Canterbury to sing with the monks; and he tells us how, when later he saw the first Saint Peter's at Rome, he was astonished to find how much the two churches resembled one another. Both were built in the form of a basilica, with a lofty central nave, and an apse at either end. Two stairways led to the presbytery, and between them was the gaping entrance to the crypt, just as one sees to-day in very ancient churches abroad, for instance, at Saint Radagonde of Poitiers, or Les Saintes Maries in the Camargues.

Phenomenal as were the results of Augustine's mission, its duration was but short, his whole life in England lasting but some seven years. And then, still a young man, but worn with labours and anxieties, he died, and, as Bede tells us, "was buried without, close by the Church of the Apostles Peter and Paul, by reason that the same was not yet finished, nor consecrated."

He goes on to say that the body was brought

in later and decently buried in the north porticus, and on the tomb were put these words: "Here rests the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Durovernum, sent hither by the blessed Gregory, Bishop of the city of Rome, strengthened by God with the gift of miracles. He led King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the true Faith, and, having ended the days of his office in peace, died the twenty-sixth day of May in the reign of the said King."

We were staying, a week or two ago, in a little ancient house beside one of the gateways of this Abbey of Saint Augustine, and often used to wander in of an evening, when our day's work at the Cathedral was over, to watch the excavations which are being made in the foundations of the great church. And there, in what was undoubtedly the north porticus or aisle of King Ethelbert's original building, we were shown, standing against the wall, the tombs of three of Saint Augustine's immediate successors, Laurence, consecrated Archbishop before Augustine's death, Mellitus and Justus. But of Father Augustine himself nothing visible remains, save the foundation of the great pillar in which later was enclosed his original tile coffin.

Yet for the great missionary is not his memory living in every stone of Canterbury? As from the brow of Saint Martin's hill, on that memorable spring morning, he looked down into the Valley

of the Stour, could even such faith as his have foreseen the results of his labours? As we stand there to-day we see the ancient city bristling all over with churches—Saint Mildred's, Saint George's, Saint Andrew's, Saint Michael's Burgate, Saint Mary Magdalene's, Saint Alphege's, . . . and, just outside Westgate, Saint Dunstan's, where lies the head of Blessed Thomas More, who died for the same faith which Augustine came to preach. And, in the midst, "raising itself aloft near the heart of the city," is the glorious cathedral of to-day standing on the site and over the crypt of that original Christ Church, which, as the old chronicler says, "was built in ancient time by the faithful and believing Romans." And as our eyes rest upon it let us turn, and, dropping down the hill, and making our way through the quaint old streets with their shop signs hanging overhead, pass under Christ Church Gate, and through the well-kept close to the south porch of the Cathedral.

It was in this great "Suth Dure," as it is still called, that all disputes and lawsuits which could not be judged in the King's Court, were settled. Over the outer door Erasmus saw the statues of Becket's three murderers, when he made his famous pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas with his friend Colet, and entered the nave, which he says he found empty except for a few books chained to the pillars.

There can be nothing more wonderful and impressive than the sight of this nave. All thought of the world without vanishes as we enter, and we scarcely heed, as some learned friend tells us, how Archbishop Lanfranc built a church on the ruins of that raised by Saint Augustine, and how, finding it in a dilapidated condition on his accession to the See in the fourteenth century, Archbishop Sudbury and his successors, William Courtney and Thomas Arundel, re-erected it in its present magnificent form. And as we sit listening (or not listening according to our interest in such matters) to details of architecture, of how the old Norman columns were recased and buttressed to support the weight of the Angel Tower, of how the nave itself is late Gothic, showing here and there traces of the still later Tudor style, our eyes will be following the lines of the reedlike shafts as they soar upward to bow and meet in the vaulting of the roof, and our thoughts will turn to that valiant and wise Chancellor, Archbishop Sudbury, who started the fund for raising this wonderful stone avenue, and was beheaded during Wat Tyler's rebellion, and we shall remember how, when some years since his tomb in the south choir aisle was opened, a ball of lead was found where his head should have been.

And there is Archbishop Courtney who left vast sums toward the completion of the nave. He lies, if indeed he lies at Canterbury at all,

at the feet of the Black Prince, whose executor he was.

And we think of Thomas Arundel, younger brother of that Richard, Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded in Cheapside by order of Richard II. for being too friendly with the Earl of Gloucester, the King's uncle. After having been forced to see his brother executed, Thomas Arundel was sent into exile and did not return until he was summoned by the victorious Bolingbroke. It was this Thomas, who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, received the crown and sceptre on the abdication of Richard II., and, subsequently at Westminster Abbey, took the principal part in the coronation of Henry IV., so graphically described by Froissart. Indeed, it was Archbishop Arundel, who, from the four corners of the scaffold on which Henry was seated, proclaimed to the people how "God had given them a man for their Lord and Sovereign," and asked their consent to his being consecrated and crowned king.

As we walk slowly up the nave, its vastness and majesty seem to increase and to crush us to the earth; "the piers rising from the pavement like some natural forest of stone," as someone has beautifully said. It needed to be vast, for it was here the pilgrims waited in ancient times till their turn came to pass up by one of the great stairways leading to the Chapel of the Trinity,

where stood the shrine of Saint Thomas. The number of these pilgrims sounds incredible to our modern ears, eight, ten thousand a day, a hundred thousand on one of the great festivals. No wonder the stairs are worn by the knees of the worshippers.

The farther east we go the more mystically beautiful does the great building become, the vast piers supporting the central tower, the torn and faded flags brought home to the Cathedral after the late war, the delicate stone lace of the buttress arches, the mighty central stairway leading to the choir, the broad platform which breaks it, where once, in the days when the Rood towered above, stood the altar of the Holy Cross. As for the screen, impressive still, what must it have been in its glory ? It has been magnificently restored, but no amount of care or money can bring back the original statues to their mitred niches, or give us again the childlike faith and reverence with which the Canterbury Pilgrims regarded this entrance to their Holy of Holies. We feel this most strongly when we pass through the velvet curtains and enter the choir, for here some of the greatest changes have taken place, and I doubt whether Archbishop Stephen Langton, who knew this choir in all its original significant beauty, would recognize the old sanctuary, where over the altar once stood the

great Golden Glory, flanked on either side by cherubim and gilded chests full of the relics of saints. As for the altar itself, it stood, more or less, where are now the communion rails, while on the emplacement of the present altar was set the Archbishop's great stone throne, now to be found in the Corona, where formerly was kept the head of Saint Thomas.

Saint Dunstan lies, or lay, to the south of the altar, and Saint Alphege to the north. Both were great men, as well as great churchmen. Saint Dunstan we shall meet again, as a young man, elsewhere. But as the great and holy Archbishop, who feared neither king nor devil, he belongs to Canterbury. We shall encounter him in many of the old chronicles, a man with so high an ideal of religion and human life, that in the licentious days in which he lived he constantly gave offence by his very goodness and purity. In his latter years, finding his advice set at naught by the new king and his court, he retired altogether to his See, where he passed his days teaching the boys of his school the wonderful handicrafts of which he was a master, and constantly taking part in the Cathedral services. And it was at Canterbury that, after preaching three times on Ascension Day, he died his holy death just as he finished reciting the psalm, "Ascendit Deus in jubilatione. . . ."[1]

[1] Psalm xlvi.

Alphege, who is less widely known, lived a little later, and was Archbishop when the Danes sacked Canterbury. They murdered all the monks save four, and carried the Archbishop away with them to their camp at Greenwich, expecting a large ransom to be paid for him. For seven months he lived a prisoner among the savage pirates, continually tempted with a promise of freedom if he would order the treasure of the Cathedral to be given up. Then one day, when a great feast was being held, Alphege was brought in. "Gold, Bishop, give us gold!" rose the cry, and upon his replying that he would never "provide Christian food for pagan teeth," the drunken revellers began pelting the old man with the bones and horns of the oxen which had been slaughtered for their feast, till one of his own converts, whom he had baptized only a day or so before, killed him out of pity, with a blow on the head.

When I close my eyes and try to picture once more the vast building, I lose myself among the chapels, the transepts, the towers, the choir aisles, the little secret stairways, and hiding-places, the treasury, the watching galleries, and above all the crypt. Was there ever such a crypt? Let us descend into it by the north stair, and, passing beneath the beautiful Norman doorway, wander about in the spectral twilight, among the forest of low squat pillars with their

rudely sculptured capitals. Here we shall meet many shades we know, ghosts of great churchmen of whom we learned in childhood, kings, queens, saints, scholars. Here is Archbishop Lanfranc, some of whose work remains not only in the Cathedral above, but surely in the crypt, for, as old William Gostling says in his "Walks about Canterbury," "That Anselm pulled down and rebuilt all that Lanfranc had done not twenty years before seems highly improbable."

As we walk along the aisles of this undercroft, as the crypt is called, Lanfranc will tell us of his early days in Italy, and of his passion for teaching: of the famous school he founded at Avranches, and of the noted scholars who were educated there. And we may perhaps hear of the day when, weary and dissatisfied with the many honours which were thrust upon him, he made up his mind to become a monk, and set out to find some humble monastery where he might pass the remainder of his days in prayer and meditation. And he will speak of the encounter with the robbers, and of the terrible night he spent tied to a tree face to face with death, when to his horror he found himself unable to remember any of the words of the Divine Office, so that when, at dawn, he was discovered and released, he hastened to the little monastery of Bec in Normandy, and there became Prior under the soldier-abbot Herlwin. Told there among the

shadows, the centuries seem to roll backwards as we picture him the friend and adviser of William of Normandy, of whose new monastery at Caen he became the Abbot. And soon after the conquest of England, we see him appointed Archbishop of this same town of Canterbury, where he set himself to work to rebuild the Cathedral which had fallen into ruins, and to establish in all the churches subject to him the great Sarum Use of Bishop Osmund, thereby adding his stone to the temple of unity founded by Saint Augustine four centuries earlier. We shall hear too of Lanfranc's famous dispute with Thomas, Archbishop of York, and of their journey to Rome, where the very Pope himself rose to meet the celebrated Lanfranc, "the great mover of everything," as William of Malmesbury calls him, and presented him with two palls instead of one, in token of his esteem.

But perhaps the most interesting story of Lanfranc is one connected with the monks of Saint Augustine's. There had for many years been a rivalry between this abbey and the Priory of Christ Church, the former considering that it had been cheated of its original right as the appointed burial-place of the archbishops; and the latter not improving matters by claiming the right to appoint abbots to Saint Augustine's. About a year before Lanfranc's death, the abbacy being vacant, the Archbishop chose and con-

secrated a certain Wydo for the post, and taking with him Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's brother, who happened to be staying at Canterbury, went to Saint Augustine's to present Wydo to the monks as their Abbot. The scene which followed must have been tremendous. One and all, the brethren refused to receive them. Commands, arguments, threats availed nothing. Doors were closed upon them, and they were left standing without. Then Lanfranc, who, though eighty-four years of age, had lost nothing of that fire and determination which made him so admired and respected by the all-powerful William of Normandy, ordered the refractory monks to leave the building one by one, and when it was all but empty, led in the new abbot with due ceremony, and delivered up to him the keys of the monastery and church. As for the monks they resisted, we are told, till dinner time, when they got so hungry that they returned and swore obedience to Abbot Wydo upon the relics of Saint Augustine, as the custom was. However, even then poor Wydo seems to have been unable to manage these truculent monks, for within a year one of their number, Columban, was accused before Lanfranc of attempting to murder the Abbot.

"And would you kill your Abbot?" the Archbishop demanded when the man was brought before him.

"Certainly I would kill him if I could," replied the monk.

Then Lanfranc, seeing that mild measures availed nothing, had the would-be murderer stripped and tied naked to the outer gate of the monastery, where he was severely beaten and then driven out of the city.

It must have been soon after this exciting episode that Lanfranc died. Bede records the event in the following words: "A. 1089 This year the venerable father and patron of monks Archbishop Lanfranc departed this life, but we trust that he has entered into the kingdom of Heaven."

Lanfranc was one of the most splendid of all the archbishops of Canterbury. He found the Cathedral in ruins, and in seven years raised it to far more than its ancient splendour. He rebuilt the Priory, adding a hundred monks to the fifty he found at his coming, and, moreover, provided them with plenty of work! And he erected for himself and his successors a house, upon the site of which stands the present Archbishop's palace. He also founded beyond the city walls two hospitals, for strangers and the poor: Saint Gregory's and Saint Nicholas of Harbledown, which latter still exists on the road to Rochester.

And there is Saint Anselm, gentlest and most

learned of churchmen. Of all the ancient archbishops he surely must be our favourite. As he joins us in the crypt beneath the choir, he tells us how it is really the work of his two gifted priors, Ernulf and Conrad, and as we walk about admiring the quaint sculptures, explains how they were wrought with a pointed hammer instead of the later chisel.

Then as we ask him about his early days, he tells us of his beautiful home at Aosta, of his mother and his sister Richeza, and the little nephew Anselm, in whose education he took so much interest. And he will describe the mountains around Aosta and tell us how, when he was a child, he fancied that by climbing them he could reach the Palace of God. We hear, too, of that time when a craving came upon him for a better and more useful life, so that one day he found himself at Lanfranc's famous school at Avranches. The story of this part of his life and of the thirty years spent at the monastery of Bec is most interesting. Boys and young men adored him, and he used his power over them for the highest ends. The story of his election to the See of Canterbury is characteristic of him. Since the death of Lanfranc, it had been kept vacant for five years by William Rufus, in order that he might take the revenues. It was not until the King lay, as he thought, dying that he could be persuaded to appoint an archbishop,

and his choice fell upon Anselm, who happened to be on a visit to England. When he heard himself named, Anselm turned pale and trembled. "I am old," he cried piteously to the bishops and others who were trying to persuade him to accept. "I am old and I am a monk; do not force me to undertake worldly affairs for which I am unfit." But they would not listen, and he was dragged into the presence of the sick monarch, who tried to place a pastoral staff in his clenched hand. Then to the sound of singing and shouting he was taken to the nearest church. He himself has described the scene in a letter: "It would have been hard to decide whether madmen were dragging along one in his senses, or sane men a madman;" and all the time he was crying, "It is nought that ye are doing! It is nought that ye are doing!"

Poor archbishop! As he himself said, they had "yoked together an untameable bull and an old and feeble sheep," only Anselm was by no means feeble, as the King quickly discovered. For, when his duty bade him, the old sheep faced the wild bull boldly enough, both in defence of the Church and its property, and even more zealously when he had to reprove William and his friends for their vicious and depraved manner of life.

On Henry's accession the long struggle was continued, and Anselm spent much of his time

AN AISLE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE

in exile. But he had a firm friend and admirer in Queen Matilda, and moreover the new king had the wit to see that in Anselm he had one of the finest scholars and churchmen in Europe, so, though many years were spent in dispute, there was peace at the last.

And then Anselm died! Edmer the monk has left us a picture of the scene. "Palm Sunday had dawned, and, as usual, we were sitting around him, when one of us said, 'Lord Father, we are told that you are about to leave the world for your Lord's Easter Court.' 'If His will be so,' said Anselm, 'I shall gladly obey it. But if He will that I should remain among you till I have solved a question, I am turning over in my mind, about the origin of the soul, I should be glad, for I know not who will solve it after I am gone.'"

He died on the following Wednesday at dawn, as the history of Our Lord's Passion was being read, and whether he had solved his great problem no one will ever know. He was buried close to his friend Lanfranc, just below the great rood which stood at the entrance to the choir, and his body was later removed to the chapel beneath the tower, which still bears his name.

We have spent some time with Saint Anselm, for he was not only one of the greatest and best of the archbishops, and one of the chief builders of the Cathedral, but the most celebrated scholar

in Europe, whose fame was so great that it lasted for four hundred years, to the date of his canonization. Moreover, I happen to live at a little village called Slindon, which was given by Henry the First to his Archbishop, perhaps as a peace-offering for all the trouble and anxiety he had caused him. And here in the ancient manor, which stood almost on the site of the present house, Saint Anselm no doubt spent some of the few peaceful days which were vouchsafed him. He built the little church near by, and though since that time it has been again and again restored, and indeed reconstructed, I often go and sit looking up at a certain ancient window, a relic of Saint Anselm's original church, and think about the wise and saintly old man who ordered its construction.

As we advance eastward this crypt of Canterbury grows upon us. It is indeed a marvellous place, not a kind of glorified cellar as the name might seem to imply, but almost a cathedral in itself, with nave, side aisles, chapels, and a lofty and magnificent east end designed by William the Englishman as a foundation for Trinity Chapel, and Becket's crown above, which are also his work. Most of this vast crypt was given over by Queen Elizabeth to the French Huguenots, who plied their trade as silk weavers among the low Norman pillars of the nave. It

must have been a strange sight when all the looms were at work. Even to-day a few of the descendants of these exiles hold their services in the beautiful south Chapel, once the double chantry of Edward, the Black Prince. And there is Saint Gabriel's Chapel with its wonderful wall paintings, and the Chapel of Our Lady Undercroft, where in the days of Erasmus "The Virgin Mother had an habitation, but somewhat dark, enclosed with a double rail of iron for fear of thieves." The poor chapel is now so desolate that it has no need of rails to guard its treasures, and would satisfy even that wrecker of churches and smasher of priceless glass, Blue Dick himself. The beautiful little place with its delicate open-work Gothic walls was built by Cardinal Morton, who lies in front of what was once the altar, and whose monument, also defaced by the vandal I have mentioned, stands a little to the south.

A few steps farther on we enter the eastern crypt. What a change from the sombre beauty of the building we have left! It was here that Becket was laid the day after his murder, and here he remained for fifty years until he was removed to the chapel above. The marble tomb itself was surrounded by a wall pierced with holes, through which the worshippers might put their heads to kiss the shrine, which was always covered with candles and votive offerings left

by the pilgrims. Knowing the very spot, let us take up our stand on the site of this tomb, and try to recall the story of the great Archbishop. Later we shall see the cloister through which he passed to his death, and the places connected with the martyrdom, but it will be easier to picture his early days, so lost amid the shadows of the past, in this dim and quiet spot.

As children we have all been told the romantic story of his birth; of the merchant, Gilbert Becket, who went to the crusade, and having been taken prisoner, was set at liberty by the Saracen daughter of his captor. Of how she followed him to England, knowing only the two words London and Gilbert, and, having found him, became his wife and the mother of the future archbishop. And we know too how the young man rose by leaps and bounds, so gifted was he, so generous, industrious, and fascinating, that by the time he was thirty-five he found himself Chancellor of England and the chief friend and adviser of the young King Henry the Second. As Chancellor he lived in the utmost magnificence, rivalling even Henry himself, so that when he was sent to Paris to arrange for the marriage between the little Prince Henry and the baby daughter of Louis, the French exclaimed as they saw him pass, "What manner of man must the King of England be, when his Chancellor travels in such state!"

For whenever he entered a town the procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing national airs, followed by his hounds in couples, and after them five waggons laden with barrels of ale for the people, and furniture for himself, each drawn by five horses and guarded by great chained mastiffs. And there were twelve sumpter horses, on each of which rode a monkey, and behind it a groom on his knees. And following were esquires and knights, and gentlemen's sons and falconers, and officers and clergy. Last of all rode the young Chancellor himself, and with him a few of his intimate friends. That is a picture, given by one of his historians, of Becket the Chancellor, the man of the world, the familiar friend of kings and princes. But in this crypt we meet quite another Becket.

Against his wish he had been elected Archbishop of Canterbury. He was not even a priest at the time, and the idea had staggered him. He plainly told the King that if he did become Archbishop there would be an end of their friendship, since as Primate he would have to choose between the favour of God and that of the King, and that he should certainly seek that of God. But Henry was determined, and Becket, having been ordained priest the day before, was on Whitsunday 1162 consecrated Archbishop in the Abbey Church of Westminster. And then came the change he had predicted.

For, as we are told by Matthew Paris, "Giving up all worldly affairs, he consecrated himself entirely to the Church, and to the conquest of souls, sending a message to the King, who was in Normandy, resigning his office of Chancellor and returning the Great Seal."

He still kept open house, but only for holy and learned churchmen, and the poor. If it could have ended here all might have been well, but archbishops in those days could not keep themselves free from politics, and it was not long before men saw "Sceptre and crozier clashing, and the mitre grappling with the crown."

Many years ago I saw Irving in Tennyson's great play "Becket," and I shall never forget him as he spoke of "the rift that runs between me and the king," and how he was "the king's no more!"

> "And all my doubts I fling from me like dust,
> And all the wisdom of the Chancellor,
> And all the heaped experiences of life
> I cast upon the side of Canterbury,
> Our Holy Mother Canterbury, who sits
> With tattered robes."

For we must not forget that Becket regarded the Church as the "visible Lord on earth," and "this Canterbury as only less than Rome."

Then came the Archbishop's refusal to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the years of exile and sorrow which followed. Little by

little he had alienated almost all his friends, by that stern determination to follow what he believed to be his duty. And so the end!

But let us return to the upper church, passing beneath this Norman doorway which has so often looked down upon the Archbishop. Against this wall on the left, with its curious diaper work, his gown has brushed many a time, and it was by that very stairway yonder he was mounting to the choir when he heard himself called by the murderers, who had followed him into the north-west transept.

They had come straight from Normandy, from the King, who, after a short period of reconciliation with the Archbishop, had again lost his temper and spoken words against him which had better have been left unsaid. They were taken seriously and caught up, as such words are apt to be, by the three knights whose statues Erasmus saw over the south door of the Cathedral. Thinking thereby to gain favour with their lord they hastened to Canterbury, and having picked a quarrel with the Archbishop, went away to arm themselves, and returning, broke into the palace as he was about to leave it to attend Vespers in the Cathedral. Dr Abbott has given a graphic account, drawn from eyewitnesses, of the passage of Becket and his terrified monks through the dark cloisters on that December evening. We can follow them along the north

and east side and past the Chapter House, the Archbishop in their midst struggling with them, as in their terror they try to hurry him along, and even to carry him. "Why behave ye so?" cries the Bishop, shaking them off, and when they tell him that armed men are already in the cloister, "Why should that change your reverence?" he answers. "They may do nought more than God permitteth."

We can almost hear the voices if we listen. Here, nothing has changed. We enter by the same door through which they enter, and can watch the stately figure, preceded by the cross-bearer and monks, pass through the transept and begin to mount the stairs leading to the Sanctuary. Once he pauses and turns, hearing his servants barring the door by which they, like ourselves, have just entered, and stops them, saying, "It is not seemly to make the Church of Christ into a fortress." It is Edward Grimm who gives us these precious details, Grimm who, when all others forsook his master, stayed by his side, and all but lost his arm and life in his attempt to save him.

The great transept or Martyrdom was not then as it is now. Its eastern apse was formed of two chapels, one above the other, the upper being approached by a passage supported by a pillar rising from the centre of the transept. This is necessary to explain what followed. For now,

through the open door, could be heard the savage cry of Reginald Fitzurse: "This way! King's men! King's men!" and next moment they come pouring in, the knights armed to the eyes, their followers, and the traitor priest Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc.

The chanting in the choir above has ceased; we can see the faces of the terrified monks as they peer down.

"Where is Thomas Becket the traitor?" cry the knights. Then, as there is no answer, "Where is the Archbishop?"

"Here am I," comes the steady voice, "no traitor, but a priest. What seek ye?"

Then in the dark of the winter evening he comes down to them, alone save for the faithful Edward Grimm, all others having fled. I think that even the knights shrank from killing him in the church, for in the struggle which followed they tried to drag him out into the cloister, but he clung to the central pillar.

At last it was over! The murderers had fled! Silence reigned, and he lay with cleft skull on the pavement. How easy it is to realize the scene as we look down at the ancient stones once stained with his blood and brains. The weeping monks came out from the corners where they had hidden themselves and bore him up the steps he had so lately descended and laid him before the High Altar, and later carried

him down to his first shrine in the eastern crypt.

Here it was that King Henry, some two years later, when everything seemed darkening around him, came in a passion of remorse and fear to make his peace with the great Saint of Canterbury, and ask his intercession with an offended Heaven. For the Archbishop had not been dead a fortnight when pilgrims began to visit his tomb, telling of visions, miracles, wonders of all kinds, for as Chesterton says, "there broke forth an epidemic of healing." Within a year of his martyrdom his name had been enrolled among the catalogue of Saints, and all Europe was beginning to resound with his name.

Landing at Southampton, the King, without waiting for rest or food, rode all through the night with nothing but a crust and a little water, till he caught sight of the towers of Canterbury. Then, dismounting at Saint Dunstan's Church, he put on the dress of a penitent, and walked barefoot into the city, leaving the marks of his bleeding feet on the stones as he passed through the West Gate.

Still without rest or food he entered the Cathedral, and descended into the crypt, passing through the Martyrdom transept, and beneath that same little Norman doorway of which we have spoken, and flung himself down at the foot of the tomb.

There he lay, while, in the nave above, the Bishop of London told the people how Henry their King had never intended the death of the holy Archbishop by the hasty words, for which he had now come to ask pardon. Then in the Chapter House the King, on his knees, made his confession to the Abbot, and returning to the tomb, with head thrust into one of the openings I have mentioned above, received five lashes with a knotted cord from each bishop present, and three from every monk. After this he spent the night in prayer down in the crypt, and after assisting at Mass next morning, mounted his horse and rode away to London, where he arrived faint and weak after his three days' fast, and other religious fatigues.

It was on this very morning, as he heard a few days later, that his chief enemy, William, King of Scotland, was taken prisoner near Alnwick Castle by the loyal English knight Sir Ranulf de Glanville, and from that time Henry's fortunes began to mend. You may call it a miracle, coincidence, what you please. In the days of which we have been speaking faith in the supernatural had not died out of Europe, and Saint Thomas was credited with the prosperity which followed. The shrine in the crypt was more and more visited, the chapel in which the Saint lay was enlarged and beautified, till, on the 7th of July, fifty years after his death, the body

of Saint Thomas was removed to the magnificent chapel above, and deposited in the shrine which had been raised behind the High Altar. No words of mine can give any idea of the splendour of the ceremony, or of the shrine itself. On the previous evening Archbishop Langton, in the presence of all the monks, had opened the tomb in the crypt, and next day the chest containing the body was carried by the Pope's Legate, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, and Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary of England, up this very stairway we know so well, and over the stones worn later by the knees of pilgrims, to its new resting-place in the Chapel of the Trinity. And if you will go one evening when the moon is shining through the glorious painted windows, lighting up the tombs of kings and bishops, and the mailed form of the Black Prince as he lies in his eternal sleep beneath his painted canopy, you may picture a little what this chapel must have been before it was robbed and desecrated. The shrine itself was plated with gold, and glistened with jewels. There might be seen the famous carbuncle, or red diamond, called the Regale of France, which shone like a star in the night, and was as large as a hen's egg. They say that King Louis VII. had been somewhat loth to part with so great a treasure, but that as he knelt before the shrine, on the occasion of his visit to Canterbury, the

stone leapt from the ring in which he wore it and fixed itself into the shrine. It was afterwards worn in a ring on the thumb of Henry VIII. The treasure taken in 1538 from this shrine alone was estimated at three million pounds, which must be multiplied by at least twenty to get at its present value. And this was only for the gold and gems, silver not being accounted for.

To-day nothing of this wonder remains save its empty site behind the altar, and around it the worn track of the pilgrims' feet. How long ago it all seems, and yet it is a story which can never grow old, this " epic of two mighty friends, one of whom struck too hard and killed the other."

I have mentioned Archbishop Langton, and as I am writing these lines in the village where he spent his last days, and where he died, I should like, before leaving Canterbury, to visit his tomb with you. We shall find him in the Warriors' Chapel, which lies in the south-west transept, his great stone coffin projecting from the eastern wall, just beneath where, until the Reformation, the altar stood. He was originally buried in the centre of this chapel, but the great Lady Holland, whose effigy, lying between those of her two husbands, now occupies that spot, insisted upon the Archbishop being removed to make room for her huge monument.

I suppose that no archbishop, even including Saint Anselm, and Saint Thomas himself, had a more troubled and comfortless life than Stephen Langton, for he lived in the stormy days of that most despicable monarch John, who, furious at his appointment to the See of Canterbury by the Pope, lost no opportunity of persecuting the unhappy Archbishop. Nine months after his consecration, before he had even taken possession of his See, the great Interdict was published, and for the next five years Stephen Langton lived an exile at Pontigny in France, mourning over the appalling condition of England, and working night and day to bring about peace between the King and the Pope. And all this time our Cathedral sat indeed "in tattered robes"! For the monks had fled to Flanders, and the lands of Christ Church lay neglected and uncultivated. For five years all churches were closed, the bells were silent, no sacraments were administered save Baptism to the newly-born and Confession and Holy Communion to the dying, while the dead were buried in unconsecrated ground without ceremony of any kind.

At last John, having been deposed by Pope Innocent, and threatened with invasion by Louis of France, was brought to his senses, and consented to receive Stephen Langton. The Archbishop landed in England on the 20th of July 1213, together with the Bishops of Ely,

Lincoln, London, and Hereford, and proceeding to Winchester, was met at the gate by the miserable King, who fell weeping at his feet.

But even then Stephen Langton's troubles were not over, for now he incurred the displeasure of the Pope, who had been his friend. Once more he had to leave England, and was received at Rome with every mark of distrust and disapproval. In vain he tried to explain his position to the Pope, his enemies had forestalled him, and for a year he was kept virtually a prisoner at Rome, and did not return to England until after the death of Innocent III. in the autumn of 1216.

I have said that he died at his favourite manor of Slindon, where he spent the latter days of his life, often visited by his friend, Bishop Ralph Neville of Chichester. We are told that they were constantly to be seen wandering across the downs or through the lovely forest ways. Sometimes, when I am walking through the woods to Arundel, or passing across Steyne Street on my way to Bignor Point, I can almost fancy, that among the whispering leaves of the giant beech trees, I hear the voices of the two good old men discussing a theological point together, or chuckling over some amusing memory of the past. I like to think of this peaceful sunset that closed the stormy days of Stephen Langton, and I like to think of him

offering Mass in the little old church, which still stands just below the tree on the slope of the hill.

It was on the 9th of July 1228 that he passed away. Of him a modern writer has said: "Of all the high-minded, wise, and generous prelates who have filled the See of Canterbury, none have been superior to Stephen Langton."

It would take us weeks to wander round this Cathedral, recalling the great men who have paced its aisles and cloisters. There is Saint Edmund, the friend of Saint Richard of Chichester; and his successor, Boniface of Savoy, the haughty brother-in-law of King Henry III.; and John Peckham who wrote, from his manor of Slindon in 1281, reproving his clergy for "hiding their tonsures with fillets that they might please fools"; and there is Archbishop Morton, the famous grower of strawberries and faithful guardian of the two young princes who were afterwards murdered in the Tower of London. I should very much like to meet the ghost of Archbishop Morton, and ask him how a certain cope of his, bearing his rebus, found its way to Slindon. He was fond of copes, for we read of his presenting no less than twenty, white ones, to Canterbury Cathedral. And there is Cranmer, whose picture we see in one of the great windows of the Chapter House; and

Cardinal Pole, the cousin and beloved counsellor of Queen Mary I. Here too, Laud,

> "Poor grey old little Laud,
> May dream his dream out of a perfect church,
> In some blind corner."

And so we come to the good Juxon, who attended King Charles I. at his execution; and a host of others, churchmen, kings and princes, all of whom have left their mark on the magnificent building, some for better, some for worse. And now another memorial has been added.

Between the eastern city wall and the close was the bowling green, a sunny, sheltered spot, where in old time many a good game has been played, for the turf is like velvet, and level as a billiard table. And just here a monument has been raised to the men of Canterbury who fell in the Great War. And there is a quiet chapel leading from it, formed from one of the old semi-circular towers, where you may sit and think of the heroes who went cheerfully to their death, to save their country from the very same ruthless race whom Saint Augustine was sent to convert.

II

ROCHESTER

A BRIGHT March morning, cold, piercingly cold, but we have plenty of furs and rugs, and, besides, the distance is not great between Canterbury and Rochester. A straight road, reminding one of a switchback, for I doubt if there is a foot of level ground in the whole of the twenty-five miles. We leave the city by the west gate, through which Henry II. entered barefoot and bleeding to beg for pardon of the murdered Archbishop. And here is Saint Dunstan's, the parish church of Margaret Roper, where, in the family vault of her husband, lies the head of her father, Sir Thomas More. A little farther along, standing on a rise, we pass Harbledon Hospital, where the Canterbury pilgrims halted to kneel and kiss a shoe of Saint Thomas à Becket. And so we find ourselves out on Watling Street, the great Roman Road which led from the coast to London. Up and down we run, up and down, and always great lorries and waggons to be passed, and villages filled with frolicking dogs and children, all apparently bent on committing suicide; and at Sittingbourne, a market to be got through with much

hooting, and bad language, and always the ceaseless heavy traffic, till after a while, on our right, we come in sight of a great river crowded with shipping, and between us and it, veiled in a rainbow of smoke and sunshine, Chatham.

There is really no break between Chatham and Rochester to-day, the latter being a very different place from the quiet little old-fashioned town of John Jasper and Mr Crisparkle, so that the contrast between the tumult of the narrow crowded High Street and the quiet calm which enfolds us as—having passed beneath the fifteenth-century gateway—we enter the precincts of the Cathedral is startling. But more startling still is it when, upon entering the ancient west door, with its sculptured tympanum and statues of Henry II. and his Queen, Matilda, we find ourselves in the solitude and silence of Gundulf's Norman nave. I suppose we had grown used to the cheerful prosperity of Canterbury, with its many officials and constant stream of visitors; and this Rochester, second only to the Mother Church in antiquity, struck us as being pathetic. Perhaps its proximity to the Metropolitan Church has drawn off attention from it. At any rate, I have rarely found anyone who has visited it, and yet it is to my thinking one of the most interesting and picturesque of our cathedrals.

We were looking at the faded fresco of Saint Christopher on its flattened pillar, which in days

of old greeted pilgrims on their entrance, when we were fortunate enough to be accosted by one who I imagine must have been the senior verger. In these ancient worshipping places one usually finds some guardian spirit who seems to know by intuition the story of its past. Such an one was our guide. His whole life seemed to centre in his cathedral, for that it was *his* we felt no manner of doubt after the first ten minutes. As he pointed out the beauties of the nave, the zigzag mouldings of the semicircular arches, the massive Norman piers marching two by two on their flattened bases, the matchless triforium, and overhead the beautiful wooden roof, so rare to find in these days, I seemed to see in him a reincarnation of one of the old monks whose duty it was to show this beautiful and symbolical temple to the pilgrims of bygone days, and to hear in his story of the past the statements of an eyewitness. Much of what follows is taken from notes I made at the time, but I cannot reproduce the quaint charm of his style, or the convincing force with which he told each story.

It was Ethelbert, the King of Kent, who gave the first cathedral to Hrofe-Ceastre, for that is what the Saxons called Rochester, and in this cathedral the holy Justus sat as first bishop. So says Bede. Justus was, as we know, one of the monks sent by Pope Gregory to help Saint Augustine in his Apostolic labours. When he

was translated to Canterbury, Saint Paulinus, another of Saint Gregory's monks, and first Archbishop of York, succeeded him at Rochester.

It must have been a quiet life for Paulinus after his exciting days at York, whither he had gone as chaplain to the Lady Ethelburga of Kent on her marriage to the still heathen Edwin of Northumbria. Paulinus had been a very great man at York, second to none. For he had converted the King, together with his heathen priests, all the nobles and most of the people. Day after day he and his deacon, James, had been occupied on the banks of the Rivers Swale and Glen baptizing the crowds who flocked to them. But these good times came to an end. King Edwin was killed in battle, Northumbria for the most part relapsed into paganism, and Paulinus had to leave his See, taking with him the widowed Queen, to place her in the charge of her brother Eadbald, King of Kent.

We have a picture of Paulinus as he was at this time: "A tall old man, a little stooping, his hair black, his visage meagre, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect venerable and majestic." He ruled the diocese of Rochester for eleven years, and then, as the old chronicler says, "Departed to Heaven with the glorious fruits of his labours." He was buried in the original Saxon church, which stood immediately to the west of the present Cathedral of Saint Andrew. I wonder

whether James, the deacon, the Bishop's friend and disciple, came from York to sing his Requiem Mass! He was extraordinarily skilful in music was James, and when the number of Christians had sufficiently increased again in York, taught his choir to sing according to the custom of the Romans.

But, after all, the real history of Rochester Cathedral begins with Gundulf, the friend and companion of Archbishop Lanfranc and Saint Anselm, for it was Gundulf who rebuilt the Cathedral which had fallen into decay by the end of the eleventh century.

Gundulf was born at Rouen, and early became a lay clerk in that Cathedral, where no doubt he gathered some of his wonderful architectural ideas. He became a great favourite with the Archdeacon, William the Good Soul, and went with him on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There is a story I have read somewhere of their being overtaken by a violent storm at sea during the journey home, and of vows they made that, should they be spared, they would enter religion. So on his return Gundulf became a monk at Bec, where he fell in with Lanfranc and Anselm, the future Archbishops of Canterbury. The three formed a friendship which only ended with their death, if indeed it ended there.

As for Gundulf, he was one of the most famous architects of his age, and a splendid man of

business. Perhaps his best known works are the White Tower of London and Canterbury Cathedral. He also built the Castle of Rochester, the great ruined Keep of which still looks down over the Medway. But our present interest in him lies in his having rebuilt his Church of Saint Andrew at Rochester and the mysterious old square tower, the lower part of which stands on the eastern side of the north transept.

And when all was finished, when he had reverently disinterred the bones of the ancient Paulinus, and, enclosing them in a silver reliquary, had "laid them in the place decently prepared for them," and had, moreover, set everything in order in his methodical, business-like way, he died, and was buried by Archbishop Anselm at the south side of the choir, where his plain marble tomb may yet be seen. It has been said that Gundulf was the only man who could get on with William Rufus, who gave him the Manor of Lambeth as a recompense for having besieged Rochester Castle.

One of the most beautiful features of the Cathedral is the north-west transept. As we walk up the nave we suddenly become aware that the architecture has changed its character from Norman to Early English, one moment the arches are round-headed, with zigzag mouldings, the next pointed and supported by sheaves of delicate marble columns. A step farther and

we are looking up into the bewildering fairy-like beauty of the north-west transept, with its countless pillars of Petworth marble, its rows of delicate arches, and superb north window.

In the twelfth century the Cathedral suffered much from fire, so that these transepts had to be rebuilt, and it is probable that the beautiful structure we are looking at was designed by that great architect, William of Sens, who is responsible, together with William the Englishman, for the finest of the Early English work at Canterbury.

But it is time we mounted the worn steps which lead to the eastern part of the building, the Pilgrims' Steps as they are called, for there, in the second transept, we shall find the tomb of that curious saint who for so long attracted pilgrims to Rochester. Indeed, as our guide told us, they flocked in such numbers that the offerings which they left at the shrine were sufficient to defray the cost of rebuilding the whole east end of the Cathedral.

Saint William, it appears, was a baker of Perth, a good and charitable man, who for many years was accustomed to give one loaf out of every ten he made to the poor. He likewise adopted a little homeless boy, whom he brought up as his servant. Now this good baker had heard, like all the world, of the wonders wrought at the Shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, and as he had long wished to make a pilgrimage, he decided to

visit that holy place. So taking with him his adopted son, for such in truth the boy had become, he set off, furnished, no doubt, with a rich offering to leave at the tomb of the Martyr.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of what his master carried with him that tempted the lad, for, having passed the last night of their journey at Rochester, they had scarcely set forth next morning when, luring his master to a solitary place, he murdered and robbed him, leaving him lying on the ground.

Now a certain woman who was a lunatic and possessed by a devil was wandering about the fields and woods, and suddenly came upon the body. Wonderingly she stooped and touched it, and in a moment her senses returned, and hastening back to the city, she told the inhabitants what she had seen. Then the people who had known her before her cure, realizing what a wonderful miracle had taken place, flocked out of the city gates to bring in this wonder-working body, and William of Perth was buried in the north-east transept, and became the object of a great pilgrimage, and his festival was fixed for the 23rd of May, the day of the discovery of the body.

I wish I had known about Saint William before I went to Rochester, for our good guide seemed, I thought, a little disappointed that so great a saint should have remained unknown to anyone.

Near by, where formerly stood the magnificent shrine of this saintly baker, is the very beautiful decorated Gothic tomb of Bishop Walter of Merton, founder of Merton College, Oxford, which has been described as "The first incorporation in this Kingdom of any body of persons for purposes of study." It was, I remember, as I was looking at this tomb, that I first noticed the exquisitely polished surfaces of the crosses and monuments and little pillars of marble which adorn them.

"But surely these are not old?" I exclaimed.

"Thirteenth century," replied the quiet voice of our guide.

"But the polish?"

A smile of quiet satisfaction lighted up his face. "Ah," said he, "you notice it then? Beeswax, madam; beeswax and turpentine. Nothing else I assure you."

"But it is wonderful," said I, glancing around. "You cannot mean that you polish all these tombs?"

"Little by little," said he. "I hope to get them all into order, if the Dean permits."

Now Rochester Cathedral seemed to me very rich in these ancient and splendid tombs, and I have a special fancy for such things.

"You like the effect?" he asked.

"I think it is perfectly beautiful of you to take all this trouble about the tombs of people

of whom you—well, certainly one cannot say of whom you know nothing, for they all seem to have been friends of yours. Old tombs and effigies are generally so sad and forsaken. But here even the most ancient are cared for. I should like to be buried in Rochester Cathedral and have my tomb kept like these."

There is a most interesting and magnificent monument standing beneath the arch which separates the Chapel of Saint John the Baptist from the Presbytery. It is that of Bishop John of Sheppey, who died in 1360, and it is said to be the finest example of an ancient painted tomb in England. It was bricked up within its arch for two hundred years, no doubt to preserve it from the church wreckers, who turned this sacred and beautiful place into a stable! The colours are most wonderful, and as fresh as the day they were put on. Especially we noticed, lying at the Bishop's feet, two dogs with scarlet collars hung with little bells. I wonder whether John of Sheppey was fond of dogs!

And to the north of the altar is Bishop Glanville's curious tomb, and beside it the marble coffin and effigy of Bishop Lawrence of Saint Martin, who went to Rome and procured the canonization of the Baker of Perth. He was Bishop when Rochester was taken and plundered on that awful Good Friday by Simon de Montfort, "when the satellites of the devil entered the

Church of Saint Andrew with drawn swords, striking fear and horror into its children, who had fled to it for refuge, and crucified them, together with the Lord, who suffereth with His elect."

As I looked round I seemed to see the armed men on their horses riding about the church, dragging people from beneath the altars, where they had tried to hide in their terror.

I have no space to tell of the great square Norman font in which so many thousands of the people of Rochester have been baptized, nor of the stone screen with its eight statues guarding the entrance to the choir. Neither can I do more than mention the beautiful, almost unique doorway leading to the Chapter House, given, it is said, by Bishop Hamo of Hythe in the fourteenth century. It is impossible to believe that the artist who carved the exquisite tracery and statues with which it is adorned has been in his grave for six hundred years, but such our guide assured us was the case. On either side is a beautiful female figure, representing respectively the Christian and Jewish Churches. And then there is the Treasury, where is kept the old church plate, and with it two very curiously shaped ciboria of silver gilt made in 1530, and many other things of interest and beauty. I should like also to take you round the crypt,

with its frescoes and piscinas and vestiges of ancient altars. I suppose that after Canterbury, which it much resembles, it is the largest and finest crypt in England, or so our guide seemed to think.

But for us we must speak of a bishop whom there is some danger of forgetting as we visit the splendid tombs, and hear of the wonderful and magnificent works wrought by his brother ecclesiastics, for his body does not lie in his cathedral, and no monument has been raised to his memory.

About the year 1469 there was born at Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a future Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher by name. Those were the troubled days of the Wars of the Roses, and we know little of the early life or education of the boy, save that at the early age usual in those days he must have gone up to Cambridge, since we find him in 1506 Chancellor of the University and a priest. Henry the Seventh had been for many years on the throne. His mother, Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, one of the richest and most powerful persons in the kingdom, had chosen John Fisher, in spite of his being so much her junior, to be her chaplain and confessor. The friendship which sprang up between these two resulted in much good for the University of Cambridge and the cause of learning and religion. It was, by Fisher's

advice, that the Countess founded a readership in Divinity both at Oxford and Cambridge, and appointed preachers to go through the length and breadth of the country instructing the people in their religion and way of life, by holding what we should now call Missions. She also founded Saint John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and did many other good works.

It was partly, no doubt, to please his "most entirely well beloved Lady and Mother," as he calls the Countess, that Henry the Seventh promoted Master Fisher to a bishopric, though he is careful to say in a letter to the Lady Margaret, that he does so "from the great and singular virtue that he saw in him, as well in talent and natural wisdom, and especially for his good and virtuous living and conversation." And so thereafter for thirty years we may picture John Fisher in his house at Rochester, known to all Europe as the model of a perfect bishop, called by Erasmus the "Divine Prelate," for in all the nation, we are told, there was no more learned man or holy bishop.

It was a poor little diocese, this of Rochester, and many a time Bishop Fisher was offered a richer post. But he used to smile and shake his head, and answer in his whimsical way that it was safer to have fewer souls and less money to account for, and that he would not desert his poor old wife for the richest widow in England.

The Bishop's house was too near the river, and very damp and unhealthy, his study being surrounded with ill-fitting windows which let in the draught, so that Erasmus, in a letter, tells him that, for himself, he "could not live in such a place two hours without being sick."

We have a further picture of this "Palace" as it was in 1534, when the grandson of his good patroness, Henry VIII., ordered an inventory to be taken of the Bishop's goods, which were to be confiscated to the Crown.

"In his own Bedchamber.

"A bedstead with an old mattress thereon. A counterpoint of red cloth lined with canvas. A celer and tester of old red velvet, nothing worth. A leather chair with a cushion. An altar with a hanging of white and green satin of Bruges, with Our Lord embroidered thereon. . . ."

It is all too pitiful to set down. We feel as if we were prying as we wander through the poverty-stricken rooms. And when, on the altar of his private oratory, we come across a coloured model of the head of Saint John the Baptist, our thoughts fly forward to that 22nd of June 1535, and we seem to see the head of another martyr fixed on a pike and left for a fortnight in the sun and the rain on London Bridge, and we give a sigh of relief to think that we do not live in the

days of such monsters as Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

Meanwhile, we can picture John of Rochester in his comfortless study, or seated at his frugal supper, with a dead man's skull before him, "lest the memory of death might hap to slip from his mind," or in some noisome den down by the river, nursing one of his poor sick folk, comforting the soul and giving his steward charge to send daily such food as was required for the body. Rochester Cathedral becomes a different place when we picture the good Bishop there alive once more. His footsteps still seem to echo in the nave, his tall spare figure to glide before us through the aisles and transepts. And when we stand before the site of the high altar, we may even catch a glimpse of him standing with arms spread wide, and uplifted face, in such earnest devotion that tears are falling down his hollow cheeks.

We all know the story of the infatuation of Henry VIII. for Anne Boleyn, and how, when he could not induce the Pope to grant him a divorce from his good wife Catherine, he declared himself head of the Church in England, and expected everyone else, on pain of a frightful death, to acknowledge him as such. Most people did so, but some brave souls, such as John of Rochester and Sir Thomas More, followed their consciences and refused. For over a year, pending their condemnation, they were kept in con-

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE WEST GATE

Underwood

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

FROM THE CASTLE

finement, and the fragile old Bishop, in the Tower of London, suffered great privation and hardship.

"I have neither shirt nor sute nor yett other clothes, that ar necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged and rent," he writes in a letter to Cromwell. "Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if thei wold keep my body warm. Butt my dyett allso, God knoweth how slender it is at meny tymes. . . ."

At last, on the 17th of June 1535, he was tried, and condemned to death, and four days later, executed.

The story of his martyrdom has been beautifully told by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, who has gathered it from various ancient sources. When the Lieutenant came at five and told him that he was to suffer that day, he merely asked at what time he must leave his prison.

"Your hour," replied the Lieutenant, "must be nine of the clock."

"And what hour is it now?" asked the Bishop.

"It is about five."

"Then," said he, "let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity."

And falling to rest again he slept for two hours.

And we read of the care he took over dressing, saying to his servant when he remonstrated

with him, that it was indeed his wedding day.

And when the Lieutenant came to fetch him: "I will wait upon you straight," said he, "as fast as this thin body of mine will give me leave."

Then, taking up the little New Testament which always lay beside him, he made a cross on his forehead and went out of the prison door. . . .

They say that his poor body, which indeed was nothing but bones and skin, was left to lie naked all day on the scaffold, till the King, chancing to remember what had happened, sent a message that it should be buried. So it was picked up on a halberd and slung over the shoulder of one of the guards, to be flung into a hole which had been dug in a corner of the prison yard; while his head, fixed on a pike, was set up for a fortnight on London Bridge, where it is said to have grown daily more ruddy and lifelike, so that it was taken down and thrown into the Thames because of the crowds who came to see the wonder.

Such was the death of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, which as the Protestant Bishop, Burnet, says, "left one of the greatest blots upon this kingdom's proceedings." To-day his body lies with that of his friend and fellow-sufferer, Sir Thomas More, in the little Chapel of Saint

Peter's ad Vincula, which stands within the walls of the Tower of London. But if his blessed spirit ever visits this wicked old world of ours, I think that it will be in his beloved Cathedral of Saint Andrew at Rochester that we shall meet it.

III

CHICHESTER

A GREY sea rolling up in billows to a grey shore, and, reaching almost to the water's edge, the wild forest of Anderida. It was the year 650, and a ship had grounded on one of the many shoals such as still lie around the peninsula of Selsey. For those days it must have been a large ship, for it carried some two hundred souls, chief among whom was Wilfrid, the new Archbishop of Northumbria, who was returning from France, where he had been consecrated.

Selsey in those days was a nest of wreckers, indeed the people lived on little else save plunder, for they understood nothing of agriculture, and had never even learned the art of sea-fishing. So when the news went abroad that a great ship was lying helpless close to land, they came rushing down from their forest lairs, led by their wild and savage priest.

The whole tribe, men and women, made a ferocious attack upon the stranded vessel, and the Bishop's crew and attendants defended themselves. The pagan priest yelled out curses and incantations, while the young Bishop knelt, calling

upon Heaven for aid. At last, as if in answer to Wilfrid's prayers, one of his servants with a sling and a stone struck the wizard in the forehead, effectually silencing him, and his people shortly afterwards gave up the attack and withdrew. Then Wilfrid, rising from his knees, found that the tide had turned, his ship was afloat, and he was soon on his way to Deal *en route* for York.

Thirty years later, the Bishop, an exile from his See, found his way once more to the Sussex coast. He must always have been something of a fighter this Wilfrid, and I think that the courageous attitude of the poor wild people of the woods and marshes on his previous visit, must have stirred his blood and attracted rather than repelled him, for in 680 we find him again at what is now West Wittering, the little village which lies east of the entrance to Chichester harbour, the scene of his former shipwreck. Here he found a friend in the King of the South Saxons, Edilwalch, who is reported to have been already a Christian, and Wilfrid soon made himself so popular with the wild savages of the peninsula, by teaching and helping them to fish, to clear and drain the woods, to plant and sow, and build houses, that they soon followed the example of their King, and were all baptized into the Christian Church.

The grant of land which Edilwalch gave to

Wilfrid was on what is called the Island of Selsey, near the point of the peninsula. Here the Bishop's See remained, until in 1075 it was removed to the mainland, the last of the twenty-five bishops of Selsey—Stigand—becoming the first Bishop of Chichester.

There are all kinds of stories as to the whereabouts of this first Cathedral of Sussex, how the sea has so encroached on the coast that, like the City of Is in Brittany, it lies now beneath the water two miles from shore, so that the fishermen speak of the rocks and shoals as the Bishop's streets and park. But it is quite possible that Wilfrid's original Cathedral of Saint Peter stood much where the tiny Mortuary Chapel and graveyard are to-day, and where until lately was the Parish Church of Saint Peter, which has now been removed stone by stone to modern Selsey.

Saint Wilfrid must always be interesting to dwellers in Sussex as the original founder of the diocese. I have described him as a fighter, that is to say he held strong opinions and was willing to maintain them at all costs, as we may gather from Bede's description of the great controversy he had with the Bishop of Lindisfarne at Whitby, concerning the keeping of Easter and other matters. What he fought, suffered, and would willingly have died for was the unity of the Church, unity in doctrine, ritual, and government.

He believed in the Church with an intensity of faith difficult to understand in these days. In addition to this he was a great missionary, and what he believed he taught with overpowering zeal. Moreover he was a very handsome man, very gifted, very pure and holy, practising in private every form of austerity and self-denial, though when it was a question of defending his Church no one could surpass Wilfrid in magnificence and dignity. Such was the founder of the See of Sussex.

In one of Kipling's most beautiful stories he has given us a picture of a somewhat different Wilfrid, and it is quite possible that in later life he softened, and with the wider outlook of age, realized that different souls require different modes of treatment. I love Kipling's Wilfrid, who was able to say, "One should deal kindly with all the creatures of God, and gently with their masters. But one learns late."

The old City of Cicestria or Chichester is so ancient that it had fallen into decay in the days of which we have been speaking. But the remains of the Roman walls were still there, and when, at the Council of London in 1075, it was determined that all Bishops' Sees were to be removed from villages to towns, Chichester was chosen for the site of the new Cathedral, in place of Selsey.

It had many advantages besides the protecting walls, which were not so ruinous but that they could soon be repaired. Several of the great Roman roads made Chichester easy of access from the landward side, and the harbour of Bosham was in those days quite an important port, leading directly to the city by way of Chichester harbour. To-day, after nearly two thousand years, we can see the great roads running straight through the town; as Camden says: "Four gates the City hath, opening to the four quarters of the world: from which the streets lead directly and cross themselves in the mids, where the market is kept, and where Bishop Read erected a fair stone market-place supported with pillars round about." Only, good Master Camden, it was Bishop Storey who built the Market Cross.

Thus the city itself was divided into four parts, that bounded by South and West Streets being the space allotted by Roger Montgomery, the Norman Lord of Chichester, to the Cathedral and other religious buildings. There was already a convent dedicated to Saint Peter on this spot, and the nuns being removed elsewhere, their chapel was available as the parish church.

It was Bishop Ralph Luffa who took upon himself the task of building a Cathedral at Chichester. See, this is probably his tomb close

against the north wall at the entrance to the Lady Chapel. A huge man was Bishop Ralph, they say, strong in mind as in body, bold enough to withstand William Rufus himself, in defence of his friend Saint Anselm, telling the King that he might "deprive him of his bishopric if he would, but he should never part him from his friend."

The massive pillars and arches of the nave remind us of him, and so do the triforium galleries above. But the delicate clerestory was added later, as was the vaulted roof when the original flat wooden ceiling perished during the second fire in 1187.

But come, let us wander round the old church, and see if we cannot catch a glimpse of the ancient folk who once walked these aisles and transepts.

It is market day in Chichester, and though the chief business is over, the streets are still thronged with farmers' wives and daughters making their weekly purchases before going back to their quiet homes in the country. Just beyond the Cross stand the great motor-buses, each, as soon as full, beginning to roar and groan its heavy way, north, south, east, or west, toward its particular group of villages. It is still winter, and as we enter the west porch of the Cathedral, with its stone tomb on either side, and find our way down into the nave, the warm dusk folds us

in an atmosphere of mystery redolent of past ages, and prepares us for the ghostly company in which we are about to find ourselves. Near the beautiful modern tomb of Bishop Durnford we meet a rosy-faced old verger, who asks if we would like to see the Chapter House. It lies above the ancient Sacristry, now the Singing School, and is approached by a spiral stairway, so steep as to make one wonder how some of the less ascetic ecclesiastics of ancient times could have mounted it in their voluminous vestments. But when we reach the top we are well repaid, for here is the old thirteenth-century Consistory Court, with the original throne of the President, and round the panelled walls the seats of the Canons, each with the name of his prebend blazoned above. In the centre is a great oak table, and on the walls portraits of Stuart kings and queens, William and Mary, Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. And in a corner behind one of the seats there is a sliding panel and a heavy locked door, leading to what is known as the Lollards' Prison, a gruesome vault of a place, where in ancient times prisoners may have sometimes waited before being brought in to be tried, but which later was used as a hiding-place for treasure, as the following story shows.

It was in 1642, a day or two after the sacking of the Cathedral below. Sir Arthur Hazelrig,

one of the robbers, was not satisfied that they had found their full share of the spoil, and in wandering about the dismantled building came across one of the sacristans, who, perhaps in fear of his life, said that the greater part of the gold and silver plate was in a cell behind the wainscot of the Chapter House. Crash, crash went the beautiful carved oak, as the traitor searched for the secret panel known only to the Dean, and all the while Sir Arthur danced and skipped about, crying, "There boy! There boy! Hark! It rattles! It rattles!"

I suppose the noise must have brought up one of the clergy, for as they were carrying the priceless sacred vessels away, someone begged Hazelrig to leave one cup for the Communion. "Use a wooden one," replied he brutally.

By the time we came down again into the nave our old friend had grown quite interested in our enthusiasm, and proceeded to show us the ancient Sacristy, with its original door and huge locks. Near by, in the south transept, just beneath the magnificent window he built as his legacy to the Cathedral, we come upon the tomb of Bishop John Langton, the wise and prudent Chancellor of Edward the First.

On the western wall are the well-known paintings showing the Saxon King presenting Wilfrid with the site for the old Cathedral in Selsey, and Henry the Eighth confirming the grant to

Bishop Sherburne. Standing with its back to the choir screen is a magnificent monument, for long supposed to be the tomb of Saint Richard, and there is the Chapel of Saint Pantillion, now the Canons' vestry, and a strange old reliquary with a slot for pilgrims' offerings. A little farther along the south choir aisle our guide showed us what he called the "Priest Vicar's Vestry," with ovens for baking the "Sacramental bread for the Mass," and in the sacristan's apartment, a hole once used as a receptacle for "the ashes of the incense." It is very weird and perplexing, this mingling of the ancient religion with the new. Here, built into the wall, are the mysterious sculptures said by some to have been brought from the primitive church at Selsey, and between them an exquisite alabaster tomb of Bishop Sherburne, that good and learned old man who built the great tower at Cakeham near West Wittering, where the Bishops of Chichester had their favourite Manor House, whither we will presently follow them. He lived so long, did Bishop Sherburne, that he saw most of the tragic events of Henry the Eighth's reign: the fall of Wolsey, the divorce of Queen Catherine, the rise of the terrible Cromwell, and the murder of the loyal and holy Thomas More and John Fisher. How he himself managed to escape in those awful days I cannot say, but he did, and remained Bishop of Chichester until 1536, when he retired,

and died the same year, at the age of ninety-six. Our old friend had been waxing eloquent over the "lace and trimmings" which this Bishop added to the south choir aisle and transept, and had turned to the tomb of George Daye with his rebus of the daisy engraved upon it, when the great clock sounded outside, and as he wanted to get ready for evensong he left us. For a little while we wandered about by ourselves admiring the exquisite Lady Chapel, where against the walls are the old stone coffins of the earliest Bishops of Chichester: Ralph Luffa, the original builder; Seffrid II., who restored the Cathedral and a great part of the town after the terrible fire of 1187. Here too, used as the Communion Table, we found what may be one of the old altar stones with its five crosses, about which there was so much trouble in the time of Bishop Daye. He had been ordered to remove them, and set up in place of them a wooden table; and upon his declaring that "he could not conform his conscience to do what he was commanded," was bidden to do as he was told, and "in such things to make no conscience where no need was." But Daye's conscience was not so easily quieted, and he was deprived of his bishopric; and after being imprisoned for a year in the Fleet, was sent to the Protestant Bishop of Ely, with directions that he should receive such "Christian advice as shall tend to

the glory of God." But the story goes that meanwhile, by some means or other, someone had contrived that one of the altar stones should be built up and hidden against the wall of the Cathedral, and that it has now once more found its way back to the chapel from which it came.

We had returned to the Retro Choir, perhaps the most beautiful part of the whole Cathedral, the work of that great Prelate and Chancellor, Ralph Neville. Immediately behind what was once the High Altar, and approached by three or four steps, is a stone platform, to right and left of which are the tombs of Bishop Daye and Bishop Storey. Indeed beneath this sacred spot, as the old man said, the vaults are full of bishops, for before the Cathedral was desecrated it was here that the Shrine of Saint Richard stood. It was of silver gilt, and richly jewelled, and at its head was an altar, perhaps the very altar of which we have been speaking. Above and immediately behind, approached from the triforium, was the watchers' gallery, and to right and left of the Shrine were steps forming the path by which pilgrims made the circuit of the tomb in order to kiss the *châsse* which held the sacred bones of the beloved bishop, just as we see people doing to-day at any of the great pilgrim shrines abroad.

For this Richard of Wych was a very holy and

lovable person. Even as a child he had shown signs of his future vocation. At his home at Burford, near Droitwich, he would love to sit beside his mother reading, when other boys were playing the rough games of the times. He lost his parents when he was quite young, and after finishing his elementary education, probably at the Benedictine school at Worcester, worked for a while as labourer and steward of his elder brother's farm, which had been much neglected since the father's death. There is a quaint little story told of this period of Richard's life which suggests how attractive he must have been even as a youth. His brother Robert had made him his heir, and one of the neighbours who had a charming only daughter suggested that the handsome clever Richard should marry her. But possibly the elder brother had himself cast eyes on the maiden, for he seems to have objected to the arrangement, and we hear of Richard going to him, and, while assuring him that he had no desire for his property, suggested that he, Robert, should marry the young lady, adding: "As for me, dearest brother, I have never so much as kissed her."

After this come stories of Richard's Oxford days, when he and two fellow-students lived in one room, with only one cap and one gown between them, so that they had to attend lectures in turn. Firing they had none, and

would probably nearly have starved had it not been the custom of the rich families and the monasteries of the neighbourhood to entertain poor students.

It was during this period of Richard's life that he became acquainted with that other Saint, Edmund Rich, who was lecturing at Oxford just then. He used to gather his students for prayers every morning in the north transept of Saint Peter's in the East, and the young Richard, who was naturally religious, was undoubtedly one of his most constant followers. An old story related of him at this time seems to prove that he was already marked by Providence for a great future. A wealthy young friend was giving a supper to his fellow-students, and Richard was invited. At first he refused, being no doubt unwilling to spare the time from his studies. However, the host insisted, and the merriment was at its height, when a message was brought to Richard that a young horseman was asking for him at the door. I suppose that for once the ascetic young man was really enjoying himself, for he refused to go. Sending the servant to ask what was wanted, back came the message that he was urgently needed and must come at once. When he reached the door, however, no one was in sight, and he was peering out into the darkness when a great crash resounded upstairs in the room he had left, and running in he found that a huge stone from

Underwood

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL

NAVE LOOKING WEST

THE OLD STAR INN OF ALFRISTON

A MONASTIC INN NEAR CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL

the cornice had fallen on his empty seat, and would certainly have killed him had he been there.

After leaving Oxford Richard went to Paris, where he took his degree, and thence to Bologna, where again he had a tempting offer of marriage, his tutor wishing to make him his heir as well as son-in-law.

But Richard had already decided on his future life, and, returning to England, became Chancellor to Edmund Rich, now Archbishop of Canterbury. We all know the beautiful story of the friendship which had sprung up between these holy men, and the devotion Richard showed to the cause of his master. But archbishops in those days required more strength and worldly wisdom than Edmund possessed, in order to combat successfully their greedy and unscrupulous monarchs, and even with the help of his clever and devoted Chancellor the poor Edmund, after some years of unavailing struggle, was worsted, and, worn out by suffering and despair, made his escape to France, taking with him his beloved young friend. Of his subsequent death at Soissy, and of Richard's grief, there is no need to speak here. He had loved Edmund as his own soul, and when, having been ordained priest, he returned to England, and after a short interval became Chancellor to the new Archbishop Boniface, he must often have regretted the days when he

fought the battles and shared the sorrows of his gentle master, Edmund Rich.

For Boniface of Savoy was of quite a different type from the gentle Edmund. Uncle of the reigning Queen—Eleanor of Provence—handsome, proud, worldly, a prelate who had no taste for Holy Poverty, he set himself vigorously to work to repair the ravages Edmund's unstinted charity and care for the poor and needy had wrought to his exchequer.

How Richard of Wych bore with his haughty Superior we are not told, but the new Archbishop must have appreciated his qualities, for shortly after his own appointment to Canterbury, the See of Chichester falling vacant by the death of Ralph Neville, he recommended his Chancellor as the new Bishop.

It was growing dusk. A faint radiance arose from beyond the reredos, lighting the vaulted roof and the pillared arches of the triforium gallery. Then the air began to throb with the rich notes of the organ, and I could hear the slow soft march of the choristers and the clergy as they made their way into the choir. And still we lingered on the site of Richard's shrine. All kinds of memories came thronging round me as the voices rose and fell. I saw Richard at the court of Henry III., presenting his letter of recommendation from the Archbishop, and

watched the King's face as he read it. For Henry, like most of the Plantagenets, was accustomed either to keep bishoprics vacant as long as possible, in order to appropriate the revenues, or he appointed some unworthy favourite of his own, who was willing to pay for the promotion, or share the proceeds of the See with the King. Such an one, the despicable Robert Passleu, had already been promised the Bishopric of Chichester by the King, and great was the rage of Henry at finding himself outwitted by his brother-in-law, the all-powerful Archbishop Boniface. We can hear him raging and storming, and see Richard turning quietly away. It was to the Pope he went in this difficulty, and not in vain, for shortly after we find him consecrated at Lyons by Innocent IV. The story goes that the Holy Oils had run short, so that only a drop had fallen on the head of another bishop who was consecrated on the same occasion: yet how, when Richard's turn came, the liquid flowed in such abundance that cloths had to be brought to prevent it streaming down over his vestments.

The singing had ceased, only a man's voice could be heard reading the evening lesson. We rose and stole softly into the little chapel of Saint Mary Magdalene, where are the beautiful modern paintings recording the life of Saint

Richard. There we see him preaching to the poor, not in his stately Cathedral but out of doors, just as our homeless Lord Himself used to teach when He was upon earth. For on Richard's first arrival as Bishop of Chichester, he found the doors closed against him by order of the King, and became a wanderer through the length and breadth of his diocese. It is thus that we know him best. Often when I am walking along the Sussex lanes, or roaming over the Downs, I fancy I catch sight of his rusty cloak, as he trudges along to some distant village, where he has promised to hold a Confirmation, or preach at some festival.

For this county of Sussex was a wild place in Richard's days, with few religious consolations. True, most villages had churches, but owing to the rapacity of the King and his nobles, many of the village livings were kept vacant for years. And then there were the woodmen, fishermen, remote farmers, and homeless vagrants who tramped the roads or slept in barns or under hedges, and above all, there were the children, and the Bishop loved the children. So there was plenty of work for our Richard, and we may be sure that for all his poverty and weary tramping he was more content than many whom the world counted better off. It was at Tarring that he made his headquarters, in the house of his old friend, the good priest Simon. Tarring

was, and I believe still is, in the gift of the Archbishop, and thus its rector was free to show hospitality to the homeless Bishop, a thing impossible for most of the Sussex clergy, who would have been deprived of their livings had they befriended him. So here Bishop Richard lived, when he lived anywhere, tending the fig-trees said to have been planted by Saint Thomas Becket when on a visit to Tarring, and which still render the village famous. On Sundays he preached no doubt in the old church, whose quaint spiked wooden screen still protects the choir.

No, I feel sure that Saint Richard was very happy during those two years when he made his home at Tarring, in fact, we have his own statement that he had "never passed so cheerful and pleasant a time." Many would have wasted the years in vain efforts to persuade the King to yield, or wearied everyone with complaints and lamentations. That was not the way of our Saint. The more stately functions of his office he was prevented from performing; the rich and noble sided with the King, and turned their backs upon him. So he devoted himself to his poorer brethren.

He was their bishop as he was of the others, and because they were poor they felt more need of him than the rich, and I feel sure that those two homeless years were some of the happiest

and most peaceful of Richard's life. If, from the first, he had been able to live as other bishops of his time, the poor folk could never have grown to know and love him as they did. They might have heard of him as a great prelate and courtier, but he would have remained to them little more than any other Bishop of Chichester. But this holy man who blessed and shared their humble meals, teaching their little ones as he sat by the hearth of an evening, or listening to their parents' joys and sorrows, was their watched-for guest, their familiar friend, so that after his death it was but natural that they should come crowding to his first humble tomb in the Chapel of Saint Edmund.

And it was in fact to the peasants of Sussex, who had grown to love and venerate him during his years of adversity, that our Saint owed the glory of his Canonization.

We had been looking at the beautiful picture of Richard saying Mass in this very chapel, and beside him, represented the niche in which afterwards his head was preserved and venerated. Service was over, the electric lights were being extinguished one by one, so that only a faint gleam from the great window in the transept enabled us to make our way out into the nave. And all the time ghostly forms crowded round us: Henry King, whose father was that Bishop of London whom James the Second called his

"king of preachers," the same Bishop who is said to have spent his last days weeping and trying to wash his hands clean from the blood of the martyr, John Almond.

And there is that forgotten lady, Maud, Countess of Verdun, carrying her heart in her hands, and Hilary, the friend of King Stephen, who had the great contest with the Abbot of Battle; and, most magnificent of all, Ralph Neville, immediate predecessor of Saint Richard, who built a great mansion for himself in what was known as Chancellor's, afterwards Chancery Lane, the same building which became the inn or town house of the Earls of Lincoln, and was long known as Lincoln's Inn.

A packet of old letters was discovered there some years ago, written by the Bishop's steward, Simon de Seinliz, to his master, then at his London house.

"Pray get some foxhounds for your park at Aldingbourne," he says, "as the season for catching foxes is going by." And again later, "Pray send half a dozen foxhounds to Aldingbourne, the foxes are doing great mischief in the park and the season is getting on." "Get the Prior of Boxgrove, if you can, to appoint your clerk Philip to the little village of Walberton, it is in his gift, and I believe he will willingly grant it."

Later he writes that he is sending Philip to thank the Bishop on his bended knees for the

Vicarage of Walberton, and to tell him about all the affairs in Sussex. It is a strange little bit of thirteenth-century local life to have turned up in these days.

As we reach the north transept we once more come across our old friend, who takes us into the library.

"It is too late to see the manuscripts," says he, "but if you like I will just show you the rings of Bishop Seffrid." How ghostly they are, these treasures taken from the skeleton fingers of the ancient bishop, his great sapphire, which the people used to kneel and kiss, and the mystic agate carved with strange emblems, and above all, the precious and beloved chalices which during the Bishop's life were kept so bright and shining, now tarnished, battered, defaced, and yet their fate is surely better than that of the rest of the old church treasure.

And then we go out once more into the nave, and listen while the old man, pausing beside the Chapel of Saint Edmund, tells the story of the death of Richard.

He had probably been failing for some time, for though he was under sixty, his life had from the first been one of privation and hardship, and as Pope Urban said, "He lived upon fastings." So when the order arrived for him to set forth once more on his wanderings, preaching the new Crusade, "bending the wild necks of

the Seamen of Sussex to the Yoke of the Cross, and by the ploughshare of his tongue cleaving all hearts," he was already a sick man. It was at Dover that death found him, and with him, most faithful of friends, was Simon of Tarring, that "man after God's own heart," as Ralph Bocking calls him, to whom Richard gave directions as to his burial, and of his wish to be laid to rest in "the great Church of Chichester, in the nave of the said church, near the altar of blessed Edmund, hard by the column."

And he goes on to speak of the visit of Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards that great and pious King Edward I., and of his wonder at finding Richard's grave thronged by poor sick folk and pilgrims, all telling of the miracles which were being wrought by his means. And of how they begged the Prince to use his influence that this poor man's bishop might receive the honour due to him and be for ever the great Saint of Sussex. And of how a relative of Richard's, Nicholas de Wych, and one of the Canons travelled to Rome and saw Pope Urban, who gave leave for the Canonization, so that on the 16th of June 1276 his body was taken up from the grave he had chosen, and, in presence of Edward, then King, and of his Queen, and crowds of bishops, canons and nobles, was laid in the magnificent shrine which had been raised behind the High Altar. After this the fame of Saint Richard of

Wych became greater than ever, and the pilgrims so numerous, that, on the day of his festival, the Cathedral was literally thronged with worshippers, bearing long painted wands like those often seen carried by pilgrims at the "Pardons" in Brittany.

In the crush which ensued these wands sometimes became dangerous weapons, and two hundred years later we find Bishop Storey obliged to order the carrying of banners and crosses in place of them, and causing the people to be penned off into parishes, and marched up reverently and quietly from the west door in a settled order, notice of which was to be announced the previous Sunday in all the churches of the diocese. I love to picture this great English Cathedral, on the festival day of its favourite saint, in all the glory of the ancient ritual, such as may still be seen in pilgrim churches abroad. And I like to think, too, of the quiet days that came between the pilgrimages, such days as that when King Edward I., arriving unexpectedly, not only found watchers posted night and day to guard the relics, but the harper of Chichester playing before the shrine. I said so to our guide.

"Yes," said he, "it must have been very fine with the Arundel Screen up and all. It was a pity they couldn't save the shrine." And I thought of the days when Thomas Cromwell's letter arrived, "he having been informed of a

certain kind of idolatry about the bones of a certain bishop called Saint Richard," and bidding the clergy "take away the bones of the said Richard, and his shrine," and deliver all the gold and silver and jewels safely to the keeping of the Tower of London.

And then at last came that other day when Waller's troops were let loose in the Cathedral. "And left not so much as a cushion for the pulpit, nor a chalice for the Blessed Sacrament, crying as they dashed the organ pipes with their pole-axes, 'Hark, how the organs goe!'"

Well, it is orderly enough once more, perfect as money and taste can make it. The electric lamps gleam softly on the rude Norman arches of Ralph Luffa, and light up the high vaulted roof of Bishop Seffrid the Second. Even the old stone altar has been respected, and the site of Saint Richard's shrine marked by a Latin inscription. He is recalled to us on every hand by the beautiful old walk, where he used to pace, reading his Office, by the doorway through which he passed on his way to and from the Cathedral, by the charming window in the cloister given quite lately by one who, like himself, was "A Wayfarer." By the exquisite paintings in the chapel, where he so often said Mass, by the precious and beautiful aumbry, where his head was kept and venerated for so many years, by the Cathedral itself.

A few days ago we motored down to Cakeham, near West Wittering, at the mouth of Chichester harbour, where the Bishops of Chichester had a country house. It was a grey day, and the maze of narrow muddy lanes leading from farm to farm was so intricate, that we had wandered nearly all over the peninsula before we came upon the house. It is an old house still, though it has been re-formed, re-built and turned into a farm since Richard's time. And here, again, we were able to wander about in fancy with our Saint. For there are old walls, old windows remaining, which may date from his days; above all, there is the very chapel where he prayed and said Mass. It is a little building with a vaulted roof, too humble I should think to attract the attention of Waller and his troops. To-day it is used as a store-house, but even so, it has a quiet, sacred atmosphere pervading it, so that we hushed our voices as we entered. The garden too, how Richard must have loved it, he who was always at heart a gardener. Here, out in the quiet country, Richard seems perhaps less of a bishop and more of a friend, though he may well have been both when he was on earth. It was he, I feel sure, who put it into our minds to go next day to the ancient village of Singleton, which lies among the downs in the valley of the Lavant, just behind Goodwood.

For it was surely at Singleton that Richard

spent the night before making his solemn entry into Chichester to take possession of his diocese. Henry had at last given way, and great was the rejoicing of the city in consequence. Knowing something of the Bishop's habit of life, we may be sure that he spent most of the night praying in the ancient church, whose Saxon tower can be seen among the trees as we drive into the village. The aisles, with their beautiful pointed arches, had lately been added to the very ancient nave and chancel, and as we enter the porch, with its benitier still in place on the right, we can see Richard crossing himself as he enters, and fancy him kneeling before the altar, where are still found the aumbry and piscina as of old. And in the morning, after Mass, he would mount his horse and climb the steep hill between the high chalk banks, as we did the other day, till he found himself high up on a level with the tops of the Downs, Levin Hill, Court Hill and the like, each with its cap of trees; and always in front the great mass of Rook's or Saint Roche's Hill, better known perhaps to some of my readers as the Trundle, where, as an old Chichester authority assures me, Aaron's Golden Calf lies buried.

There he would emerge from the woods, with which in those days the Downs were clothed, to find on his left a vast level triangle of grass, where now, on Goodwood day, motors are accus-

tomed to draw up and wait. Here the Mayor and Aldermen of Chichester would be assembled with the chief men of the city, and the poor folk too, all eager to welcome home their long-desired and most beloved of Bishops. It is easy enough to picture Richard here. I can see him—cannot you ?—seated on his palfrey with his hand raised in blessing, and his eyes gazing away to the south, where can be seen the three squat towers[1] and long roof of his Cathedral of Chichester.

[1] The spire was not erected until after 1369.

IV

WINCHESTER

Everyone who has visited Winchester will remember, lying about half a mile to the south-west, a hill whose summit is crowned by a tuft of feathery trees, while round its shoulders has been flung a grass-grown rampart. It is Saint Catherine's Hill, and if you climb the steep side, as I did yesterday, and wander about among the rough tussocks of grass, you will come upon a circular depression which, when fitted with a central pole, and roofed with a thatch of branches, once formed the dwelling-place of some prehistoric inhabitant of this Valley of the Itchen.

By the time he and his descendants had built their rampart, the hill must have been quite an important centre, for watchers could see down the valley for miles, and so become early aware of the approach of an enemy. There was a fish-stocked river too, wandering about, as it still wanders, over the marshy ground at the foot of the hill, and forests full of game which these early men hunted with the flint implements that have been found in such abundance in the district,

and which you may study in the glass cases of the Museum. And what perhaps rendered the position even more precious to those early men and women, was, that half a mile to the north-west was a well, famous for the perfect purity and never-failing abundance of its water, and therefore sacred.

As time went on all kinds of beliefs and superstitions gathered around this holy spot, till when the Romans arrived in the Itchen Valley they found the Druid priests offering sacrifices to their Divinity beside it, and predicting the future from the appearance of the water of the well, just as we may still see peasants doing to-day at any of the holy wells in Brittany. As a modern writer says :

> "Her pin she drew from out her shawl,
> Then murmuring forth an ancient charm
> Over the water stretched an arm
> And from her fingers let it fall."

In this case the pin falls to the bottom, and the girl knows that her love will end unhappily, the writer being a true-born Breton and well versed in the superstitions which still underlie the later-born Christianity of his country.

About the year 167, while the Romans were still occupying, and to a certain extent ruling the land, a rather mythical person, alluded to by Bede and Geoffrey of Monmouth as King Lucius,

having heard of the Christian religion—perhaps from some of the Roman soldiers—sent messengers to the Pope asking that he might be made a Christian, and dedicated the temple, which had arisen over the old well, to the Holy Saviour.

As to the subsequent history of this first Church of Winchester, we know very little save that the Christians of that district suffered greatly during the days of the Diocletian persecution. But the Faith revived under Constantine, and the ancient church, by then the Church of Saint Amphibalus—that priest for whom Saint Alban suffered martyrdom—was there when the peace of the Valley of the Itchen was again broken.

In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we read of this calamity thus: "A. 519. This year Cerdic and Cynric obtained the kingdom of the West Saxons; and the same year they fought against the Britons, and from that time forth the royal offspring of the West Saxons reigned."

During the terrible years which followed, the Cathedral of Lucius was turned into a temple for Thor and Woden, whose Golden Dragon was set up in place of the Cross. In this desecrated building Cerdic was crowned King of the West Saxons, and there he was buried in 534.

For the next hundred years we hear little of Winchester, for all the monks had been killed, and they were the only people who knew how to keep records. But if you talk to some of

the old folk of Winchester they will tell you how, during that dark century, Saint Augustine came over from Canterbury and preached under an oak in Hempage Wood, and will even show you the remains of the tree, a hollow bole, which, they say, still, after fourteen hundred years, throws forth a few leaves in spring.

The old legend may be true, for, as we know, Augustine did travel westwards as far as the banks of the Severn to meet the British bishops, and try to come to some sort of agreement with them. But even if he did visit Winchester, it was probably not the proud Saxons who listened to the Saint, but some of the poor British who had escaped to the forests, and whose forefathers had been converted at the same time as the British King Lucius. For when, in 635, Bishop Birinus arrived from Rome, he found the whole nation of the West Saxons given over to idolatry.

This Birinus was a Frank by birth, but had been educated in Rome, and had come over by the advice of Pope Honorius to preach the Gospel in Wessex. He and his little band of monks had already passed through France, and were well on their way across the Channel when the Bishop discovered that he had left on shore a Corporal containing the Blessed Sacrament.

It was in vain that he begged the sailors to return, they were deaf to his entreaties. So with a prayer for aid he stepped quietly over the

ship's side, and proceeded to walk over the waves to shore. Here he found his treasure, and returning to the ship was soon once more on his way to Southampton. They say that it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. This was certainly true with regard to Birinus. For the sailors were so amazed at the miracle, that on reaching shore one and all begged to be baptized, and it was thus with quite a little following of Christians that the Bishop and his monks reached Winchester, where the fame of this wonderful missionary and his miracle soon got noised abroad.

Now the King of Wessex, Kynegils, was entertaining his Overlord, the saintly Oswald of Northumbria, who had come to beg for the daughter of Kynegils in marriage. So Birinus and his monks found themselves well received at court, and when the King of Wessex heard of the miracle, and of this wonderful new religion, he begged for instruction, and, as the old chronicle says, " veiling his princely pride," was baptized before the Northumbrian king and his bride left Winchester, Oswald receiving his father-in-law as he came forth from the baptismal font. Then the nobles followed the example of their king, and everyone came flocking into the Church. And Birinus and his monks destroyed the temple of Thor and Woden, and on its site, still over the Sacred Well, built the new Cathedral of

Winchester. And Kynegils gave to this new worshipping place all the land for seven miles around the city, for the support of the Bishop and the monks, and for the many good works to which they devoted themselves. For we must never forget in thinking about these ancient religious institutions, that they were the only sources of relief which the poor and suffering had to look to, since there were no workhouses, and no hospitals save those which were built and worked by the clergy. So when a king endowed a monastery, he was not only benefitting the monks but helping to provide for the poor and needy of the district. It is interesting to note that much of this land left by King Kynegils is still held by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester.

We have all heard in childhood of Saint Swithun, the old Saxon weather prophet. But there are comparatively few of us who look upon this ninth-century Bishop as a real living personage, whom one meets at every turn as one strolls about the Cathedral, recalling the stories of the Saxon kings who first endowed it. This Swithun was the friend of King Egbert, first king of all England, and tutor of his son Ethelwulf, and of his grandson the celebrated Alfred, whose statue stands in the square at Winchester. Like other boys of his time, Alfred found the forests round his home very distracting, and stole away to hunt when he ought to have

been at his lessons. Asser the monk tells us the well-known story of the boy's mother, troubled at her son's backwardness at learning, promising a beautifully illuminated book of Saxon poetry to the boy as soon as he could repeat it. It was to Swithun that Alfred went, and the monk read and re-read it to him till he knew it by heart, and repeating it to the Queen, received the prize. Afterwards Swithun taught him many things, and particularly many psalms, which were written in a little book the boy kept day and night in his bosom. But I doubt if he ever became a learned man, since the same biographer tells us that he often confessed in later life, with many lamentations and sighs, that his want of learning had been one of his greatest difficulties in life.

It was Saint Swithun who built the great bridge over the Itchen, an arch of which was discovered only a few years ago when they were excavating close by in the road. We thought of him the other day as we crossed the river on our way to Saint Giles's Hill, and pictured the old man sitting beside the stream watching the workmen that his "presence might stimulate their industry."

It was owing to this great and good man's help and advice that Ethelwulf became the fine king he undoubtedly was, and that Winchester rose at that time to be the chief city of England.

It was no doubt Swithun again who persuaded the King to take this promising Alfred of his to Rome, that he might see the world and become acquainted with the great Pope Leo IV., who adopted him as his godson when he was confirmed in the Holy City.

Altogether Bishop Swithun was a very wonderful person, and must have been a great power for good in the wild days in which he lived. When he died he left directions that he should be buried in the churchyard where the rain from the eaves might fall upon him, and passers-by might tread upon his tomb. As we shall see, his body was exhumed later and carried into the church to be placed in a gorgeous shrine behind the High Altar, where it became the centre of a pilgrimage right down to the time of the Reformation.

The other day when I was at Winchester, I was taken up into the ancient library, which lies above the south aisle of the south transept, and there, among other rare and wonderful things, I saw a charter of King Ethelwulf, giving to Saint Swithun and his Minster for ever a tenth of all the royal lands. It was engrossed on parchment, and the King and his son Alfred, and many other royal and celebrated persons had made their little crosses of assent before their names. But perhaps most interesting of all was the cross of the great Swithun himself,

who, we are told, was present with all the clergy when the King laid the document on the High Altar of Winchester Cathedral, where it was received by Saint Swithun "as God's representative on earth."

Two years after the death of the Saint, Winchester was sacked by the Danes, but the great wall which this Bishop had built round his church and monastery (on the foundations of which the present Close wall stands) saved the Cathedral from the fate which overtook the town.

As for Alfred, after his return from Rome he passed most of his boyhood at Winchester, in the old Castle of Wolvesey, the ruins of which lie to the south-east of the Cathedral. Here it was that later he wrote, or caused to be written, his "History of the English People."

It is a lovely quiet spot this Wolvesey, a place where one may sit and dream in the sunshine, and watch the sheep feeding, and the boys playing, just as Alfred and his companions played more than a thousand years ago. Around us are ruins of flint walls still showing the arches of windows, and stones where there may have been a hearth. And high up, in the thickness of the wall, is a broken passage, through which almost any of the ancient people whose bones we visit in the Cathedral may have passed.

Every one at Winchester knows the story of Alfred: how on his marriage with Eadburga,

that "respected lady of Mercian race," he was smitten with a mysterious and very painful disease, which troubled him all through his life; how he was harassed by the Danes, and had to escape to the marshes and the Isle of Athelney, where he lived disguised in the hut of a swineherd named Denewulf, who, according to a local tradition, was later made Bishop of Winchester, a most unlikely story! How Alfred was set by the wife of his host to watch the cooking of the cakes, and falling into a reverie, let them burn:

"Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man, an' doossen zee 'em burn?
I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough, az zoon az 'tiz tha turn!"

as someone has translated the Latin verse of the original story. How the King, still disguised, played the harp in the very court of the Danish King, so learning all the plan of his campaign, and how, by means of the knowledge so gained, he conquered this King of the Northmen, Gothrun, and, having converted him to Christianity, stood sponsor for him at his baptism. And there is the account of the first Parliament, or Witan, held at Winchester; and finally of the great King's death on the 28th of October 901, and of his funeral in the old Minster. But if you ask anyone whether Alfred's bones are with those of the other Saxon kings, in one of

Bishop Foxe's beautiful mortuary chests above the Choir Screen, he will shake his head, and tell you a strange ghostly little story of the King having been continually seen by the canons walking about the cloisters in the moonlight, so that they could get no peace, and begged his son Edward to remove his body to the new Minster, which then stood close to the older building. That monastery was transported to Hyde in 1110, and with it the bones of the great King, and for six hundred years Alfred slept in peace. But with the destruction of Hyde Abbey by the vandals of the eighteenth century, his tomb and his body disappeared for ever.

Another great shade which I am sure must walk the Cathedral precincts is that of Dunstan, the splendid statesman, and pure, single-minded churchman, who has been so much misunderstood and misrepresented. As a youth he was called to the court of King Athelstan, where he gained such a reputation for learning, and especially for mechanical skill, that he was accused by the idle and ignorant courtiers of having dealings with Satan, and sent into exile. It was to Winchester that he went, where he became the friend of Saint Elphege. It was by Dunstan's advice that the unruly secular canons and their wives were expelled from the monastery which

had grown up round the old Saxon church. They were replaced by Benedictine monks from Abingdon, who became noted for their music under the teaching of the precentor, Wulstan. An old chronicler has left a curious description of this Saxon Cathedral, with its many chapels, its numerous columns, and intricate passages, "where a man might easily be lost." Above all there was the mighty tower with pinnacles and balls of gold, and a weathercock which caught the sun and filled travellers with amazement as they watched him boldly facing every wind that blew, and lording it over the city and the men of Winchester. Whether this prodigy was the invention of the gifted Dunstan I cannot say, nor can I be sure if it was he who designed the "pair of organs of tremendous size and power, with twelve bellows above, and fourteen below, needing seventy strong men as blowers, all working like galley slaves with toil and sweat, and noise of shouting." It is added that this amazing instrument could be heard all over the city.

Into the crypt of this wonderful Cathedral Bishop Ethelwold moved the bodies of the ancient kings of Wessex, and also that of the holy Saint Swithun, who, according to his wish, had lain for more than a hundred years in the churchyard. He had lately appeared to a poor labourer, charging him to tell Bishop Ethelwold that, if

he would remove his body to the new Cathedral, it should be to him a treasure more precious than pearls. The day fixed for the translation, however, was so wet, and for forty days after continued so unsettled, that the ceremony had to be postponed; which gave rise to the saying:

> "Saint Swithun's day, if thou dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain;
> Saint Swithun's day, if thou be fair,
> For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

Many scenes rise before our eyes as we think of this Saxon building. We can see the pilgrims flocking to the shrine of the Saint, thus fulfilling his promise that he would be to the Church a treasure more precious than pearls. The sick came in such multitudes, we are told, that the very monks themselves grew weary, and the holy Saint was obliged to appear and remind them of their duties.

There is Cnut too, one of the greatest of all the royal ghosts who flit about this ancient building. It is said that after the well-known scene when the waves had refused to obey him, he came riding up from the shore, carrying his golden crown in his hand, and, going straight to the Cathedral, placed it on the great cross which stood above the altar. And never more would Cnut wear his crown, so humble

was he before his God, although so mighty a king.

And his wife Emma? I remember as a little child being taken to Winchester by my father, and as we walked up the nave with its towering pillars, I feeling like a tiny ant creeping over the pavement, he told me the story of Emma and the Ploughshares. He said she was a foreigner, a sister of the Duke of Normandy, ten years older than Cnut, a widow with two sons when he married her. She seems to have fascinated Cnut completely, with her round merry face and gay French manners, and as for the people, they called her Elfgifu, the gift of the fairies.

Now she was a widow again, and none too popular, for she was very fond of money, and had lavished all her affection and much of her wealth on the son of her second husband, the worthless Hardicanute, who died of drink at a marriage feast. A great deal of gossip had arisen about Emma, one way and another, and she had begged to be allowed to prove her innocence by the ordeal of fire. I remember my father picturing the crowds that filled the nave, and the thousands of excited spectators who had gathered outside in the graveyard, and we wondered where they laid the ploughshares, and how they kept them red hot on the stone floor. As I entered the Cathedral the other day the scene arose before

me once more. I saw the people all leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the beautiful woman, who, having laid aside her royal robes and bared her feet, was standing before the glowing irons. "O God," she cries, "who did'st save Susanna from the malice of the wicked elders, and the three children from the furnace of fire, save me, for the sake of Thy holy servant Swithun, from the fire prepared for me." And all the while her son, King Edward, sat up in the choir anxiously watching the strange scene.

For, stretching out her hands to be held by the bishops who walked one on either side of her, she fixed her eyes on the roof and went forward boldly, amid the shouts and prayers of the crowd, calling on God to save her.

"When am I coming to the ploughshares?" she asked presently. And a murmur of amazement ran through the building, for she had reached the steps leading to the choir, the ordeal was safely passed, and her white-haired son was lying sobbing at her feet, begging her forgiveness, and asking the bishops to beat him with his sceptre.

Such is one of the great scenes we always associate with the nave of Winchester. I know that, if it really ever happened, the Cathedral has been transformed out of all recognition since those days, even if it was not entirely rebuilt by the Norman Bishop, Walkelyn. Still, for me

these old buildings remain the same. Changes of architecture mean little to one who is no architect. British churches may have been erected over Druid wells, heathen temples have replaced Christian churches, a Saxon cathedral stood where Thor and Woden were once adored, a Norman bishop altered it according to the fashion of his taste and nation, while his successors changed it, added to it, beautified it, lavished upon it all their wealth, skill, and loving devotion, in order to render it a fitting abode for the God they adored. For me all these changes go to make up the Cathedral of Winchester, and the ghosts of the great men who once walked its aisles and transepts haunt it still, and relate the stories and légends of their time. I believe them all, especially while I am there.

And they crowd round one, each anxious to be heard, so that one gets confused, and can only set down a few fragments of what they tell one.

Here is Walkelyn, the stately friend and cousin of William the Conqueror; Bishop Walkelyn, "whose good works, surpassing fame, will resist the power of oblivion, so long as the Episcopal See shall there continue," or so says old William of Malmesbury. After the Bishop has shown us his nave—for we must not forget that it is really his nave, though changed out of all recognition by one of his successors—he will lead us into one of the beautiful transepts, and tell

us how William Rufus gave him half a hide of land in the Isle of Wight, with permission to excavate stone for his Cathedral, and how the monks of his monastery carried it home across the Solent at low tide, a strange and rather tough story, but one which is told at Winchester to this day. And then, passing through a little door, we shall climb, and climb, and climb, till we reach a stone chamber which he calls the Priest's Room, and a gallery from which, through the carven lacework, a monk could keep watch on the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin lying far below. And so presently we shall emerge into the old Norman Bell Tower, and see the twelve ropes of the great bells hanging through the ceiling. And the Bishop with a sigh will tell us how the original tower fell in 1107, and how everyone said it was a judgment of God for having buried the wicked king, William Rufus, in the choir beneath. And then, if we have good heads, we may venture out upon a wooden gallery which runs between the exquisite present vaulting of the nave and its outer roof, and the good Bishop will tell us, perhaps a little regretfully, of his own wooden ceiling, and point to the mighty beams of oak, still as strong as ever, which support the roof. And be sure that we shall hear the story of how he got the better of his redoubtable kinsman, William the Conqueror.

For William, who took a great interest in

the rebuilding of this Cathedral, finding his cousin Walkelyn at a standstill for timber, gave him permission to take as much oak from Hempage Wood as his men could fell and carry in four days and nights. So the Bishop, being a wise man, and knowing that the oak of Hempage was some of the best in the country, gathered together every woodman he could think of, and they all went in a body to the wood, and by the end of the allotted time had completely cleared it of its best trees, leaving only Saint Augustine's Oak, which, as I have said, remains to this day.

Now, shortly after, the King came riding over the hills on his way to Winchester, and drew up in amazement at the sorry spectacle his favourite forest presented.

"Are my eyes bewitched?" cried he, "or have I lost my senses? I thought I had a beautiful forest here, close to Winchester!" Then someone told him what his cousin Walkelyn had done, and so great was his rage that he refused even to allow the Bishop to enter his castle. But Walkelyn, who well knew the generous nature of his cousin, and the affection the King bore him, disguised himself and so managed to slip in unobserved, and cast himself at the King's feet, confessing what he had done. Then the great William smiled in spite of himself. "Ah, Walkelyn," said he, "I was as much too

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

THE CHANTRY CHAPELS OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT AND BISHOP FOX

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

generous in my gift as you were too greedy in availing yourself of it." And so the matter ended.

But the affectionate relations which existed between the Conqueror and his cousin the Bishop did not continue with the second William, and one day a demand arrived from Rufus for Walkelyn to deliver up a vast sum to defray the cost of the King's wild extravagances. The poor old man had spent his all, both strength and wealth, on this beloved Cathedral of his, and was in despair. Knowing it useless to appeal to the King's mercy—a quality which indeed Rufus did not possess—Bishop Walkelyn raised a despairing cry to God that He would take him out of a world in which he no longer found himself wanted, and a fortnight later he received an answer to his prayer, and fell thankfully asleep.

A gruesome scene which took place shortly afterwards was the burial of William II. himself. Through the woods near Romsey, and over the hill-top above Otterbourne, and so down into the Valley of the Itchen, came the "crazy two-wheeled cart of the charcoal burner, drawn by a sorry nag," and in it the swollen, distorted form of the Red King, and all the while, we are told, the blood fell in heavy drops, staining the dust as he passed. The charcoal burner, one Purkis by name, took him to the castle, where he had passed his last restless night, haunted by dreams of blood, which flowing from

him reached to heaven and veiled the very sun. Thence he was borne to the west door of the Cathedral, and buried in a tomb which had been prepared beneath the great lanthorn, now the tower, which Walkelyn had raised only a year or two earlier. One of the vergers told me that a few years ago he was showing some people round the Cathedral when an old man asked to see the tomb of Rufus.

"There it is," said the attendant. "You know the story, how he was shot in the New Forest, and brought here by a charcoal burner, who found his body lying on the ground with the arrow sticking in his chest?"

"Aye," said the old man, "I know. And what was the charcoal burner's name?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't tell you that," answered the other.

"Well, I can," said the old man. "Purkis 'twas. I'm a Purkis myself. We're still charcoal burners and live in the same place we lived in then, a few yards from the Rufus Stone. I've always meant to come and have a look at that tomb since I heard the story from my old grandfather, as he did from his."

And the tale does not even end there, for when a few years ago there was a great pageant at Romsey, I was told that the driver of the cart which carried the King's body was one Purkis, who claimed to be a member of the

Purkis family, who for generations were charcoal burners in the New Forest.

A sweet and gentle person who, I am sure, must still sometimes flit about this Cathedral in the twilight, is "Good Queen Molde," as she was affectionately called by the citizens. Her mother, Saint Margaret of Scotland, had sent her, when yet a little girl, to be educated by her aunt, Christina, Abbess of the royal Convent of Romsey. Henry Beauclerk was feeling none too easy about his right to the English crown, which he had seized immediately he heard of the death of his brother Rufus. So he thought it prudent to marry into the old Saxon royal family which his father had dispossessed, and Molde, or Matilda, was the grand-daughter of the brave and popular Edmund Ironside. There was at first some difficulty about overcoming the young lady's scruples, as she had made a private vow that she would become a nun, and had even worn a veil. But as this had been chiefly to escape the attentions of her unspeakable cousin, William Rufus, she easily obtained a dispensation from Archbishop Anselm, and after her marriage lived much at Winchester. Her memory comes to us like a spring day amid the storms of winter, for she is one of the sweetest and most attractive characters we meet here. She loved the old city and its Cathedral. Especially was she fond

of music and the singing of the monks, and we can fancy we see her stealing in, in her quiet way, to pay her evening visit to the Cathedral, and say a prayer for one of the poor sick patients she was so fond of visiting and tending. It was at Winchester that her son William was born, and when she died she was buried in the east end of the mysterious crypt, in which is situated the Sacred Well.

But the peaceful days of Henry I. were followed by some of the most stormy Winchester ever had to endure. For the Bishop, Henry of Blois, was brother to King Stephen, and some of the worst fights between that King and the Empress Matilda were fought around the very walls of the Cathedral. Indeed it is difficult to understand how the building escaped entire destruction, as we picture the awful scenes when the fireballs were sent raining down upon the wooden houses, and the whole city north of High Street was in a blaze. Those were terrible days for Winchester, for Matilda was more like her warlike grandfather William the Conqueror than her gentle mother the good Queen Molde. She was so proud that she disgusted even the Bishop with her haughty manners. At last, food and water having failed up at the old Castle, she had herself carried out, wrapped up in lead like a corpse, and so escaped from Winchester to continue the war elsewhere.

As for Bishop Henry of Blois, good pious man that he was, he settled down to a long and peaceful old age. We hear of him years after on his deathbed, in Wolvesey Castle, chiding King Henry II. roundly for his share in the death of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and prophesying all manner of evils which would fall upon him in consequence. "Never," says a contemporary writer, "was any man more chaste, prudent, or pitiful. He has now passed to the Lord whom he loved with all his heart. . . . May his soul rest in Abraham's bosom."

It was Henry of Blois who founded the Hospital of Saint Cross, which still lies among the green meadows that border the Itchen. I should like to take you to see the wonderful Transitional Norman Church, and ask one of the charming old brothers to show you his sweet little home and beautifully kept garden, where he and his wife live out their sunny old age in peace and plenty. There is the great hall with its central hearth, and dais, and the chairs of the later benefactors—William of Wykeham and Cardinal Beaufort. And you can see the kitchen with its ancient roasting jack, and huge pewter dishes and beer mugs, and the old gateway and porter's lodge where they will still serve out to you, if you ask for it, a slice of bread and a horn cup of ale. And overhead the statue of Our Blessed Lady with her little Son in her arms still

watches over the peaceful sunny place as she did of old; though, as our old guide is careful to explain: "'Tis the Madonna and God, now. There used to be a statue of the Virgin Mary there in Popish times, but that fell down."

As the old man ambles along in his black gown and cap, his silver cross on his breast, he will tell you tales of Winchester which you never find in books. For he has plenty of time in this quiet spot to dream about the past. What a foundation to have lasted more than seven hundred years! There are nurses and doctors to see to the brethren when they are sick, and ten shillings a week for the wives when they lose their husbands, and a hundred poor folk provided for besides as non-resident pensioners. People talk about the old bishops and their riches, but if one takes the trouble to read their true histories, one generally finds that they lived sparingly enough themselves. For charity in those days was voluntary, and men gave for the love of God, and not because they were forced to do so by contributing to the poor laws, or by buying stamps.

One of the first things one notices in Winchester Cathedral is the strange contrast between the early perpendicular nave and the Norman transepts—and if you speak of this to any one of the pleasant and learned people who seem so

pleased to help you to understand the building, one of them is sure to tell you the story of the Transformation of the Nave by the great William of Wykeham. See, here is his magnificent Chantry Chapel filling the space between two of the huge columns on the south side of the nave. Within it lies his painted effigy, perfect as the day his sculptor left it, and at his feet crouch three little monks, said by some people to be portraits of his doctor, his lawyer, and his architect. And if you ask why this tomb is so perfect, you will be told that when in the days of the Commonwealth soldiers were sent to wreck the Cathedral, they were commanded by an old Winchester boy, Colonel Fiennes, who stood by and protected the tomb of the beloved founder of his great school. And you will hear of an old altar to the Virgin which once stood against the eastern pillar, before which the boy William of Wykeham used to kneel every morning during Mass, and so conceived an affection for this spot, and decided that his body should lie there after death. But you will hear much more than this about William of Wykeham. For it was this great man who completed so marvellously the idea of his predecessor, Bishop Edingdon, of Transforming the Nave.

It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that these mighty piers, twelve feet square, are the solid stone casing within which still exist

the Norman columns of Bishop Walkelyn. It is the same with the rest of the nave, it has been recased, transformed, and in the process greatly strengthened, so that even if we sigh after the rude majesty of the Norman Cathedral, as some of us cannot help doing, we must admire the extraordinary genius of those great architects—Bishop Edingdon and William of Wykeham. The latter designed many of our best known castles, among them the Round Tower of Windsor, upon which he placed the well-known ambiguous inscription, "This made Wykeham." Altogether he was a very gifted person, and so beloved and trusted by his royal master Edward III., that Froissart tells us that nothing was done without his advice. He became immensely rich, but devoted his wealth to all kinds of good works, especially to the cause of education, so that many of our sons even in these present days are benefitting by this good Bishop's wealth, either at his great school at Winchester, or at one of his university colleges.

Another great Winchester bishop, best remembered I am afraid by the terrible description of his deathbed by Shakespeare, is Cardinal Beaufort, the son of John of Gaunt by his third wife. There is not the slightest ground in history for the picture which the great writer drew of this really wonderful man, and so far from dying and making no sign, his last hours

were most peaceful. A week or two before he passed away, knowing that his days were numbered, he had himself carried into the great hall of his palace of Wolvesey. There he caused to be assembled all the clergy and monks of the city, and lay on a bier in their midst as though already dead, listening while a dirge was sung, the funeral ceremonies performed, and his will read. Next morning he was again laid there while his Requiem Mass was celebrated, and his will read once more. Then, after taking leave of all who were present he was carried back to his chamber, and so passed peacefully away. These strange and somewhat gruesome ceremonies certainly do not suggest that he had a guilty conscience or any fear whatever of death, and it seems very hard that the really fine character of Cardinal Beaufort should have suffered so grievously because Shakespeare saw in his death the possibility of a fine dramatic scene. Among many excellent objects on which he lavished his wealth was the foundation of another order of Brothers at Saint Cross, to be known as the Almshouse of Noble Poverty, for the relief of university men in reduced circumstances. The money is still used for the purpose for which the Cardinal intended it.

Cardinal Beaufort's Chantry stands in one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the Cathedral, the Retro Choir, where formerly was

the shrine of Saint Swithun. The Bishop is represented lying on his tomb in his scarlet hat and mantle, and one cannot help wondering what this Uncle of Kings, and Prince of the Church would say if he heard his features and character being discussed by some of the visitors.

These wonderful chantries form one of the great attractions of Winchester Cathedral. Perhaps the most beautiful is that of Bishop Foxe, the friend of Henry VII. and godfather of Henry VIII. It was Foxe who built the exquisite stone screen round the choir, and designed the vaulted roof of the Presbytery, with its amazing painted bosses. Below the Chantry itself, in a niche, lies his effigy, the statue of his dead body, which he kept in his house for twenty years to remind him that he must shortly pass away.

And now, before we visit the choir and Lady Chapel, let us return to the nave, for we have forgotten to notice that great curiosity of Winchester, the Norman Font. A cubic block of blue-black marble it was originally, hollowed out above, and undercut below, so that it stands on a solid central pedestal, and four squat pillars. The sides are sculptured in the strangest fashion, two with various symbols of baptism, the others representing scenes from the life of either Saint Nicholas of Myra, or, as some say, of Birinus, the Apostle to the West Saxons.

In the year 1486 there was a great christening in this font. The reigning King, Henry VII., who knew that he had a very doubtful right to the throne, had married Elizabeth of York, the real hereditary heiress. After her marriage she kept her court at Winchester, living with her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, and her mother-in-law, the Countess of Richmond. It was here that her eldest son was born, and was christened in the old Norman font. Elizabeth Woodville herself was godmother, and the young Queen's sister Cecily carried the baby, whom they named Arthur after the greatest of the British kings, from the last of whom, Cadwallader, King Henry claimed to be descended.

But what a day for the child's adoring grandmother, the Countess of Richmond! They say she had made astounding preparations for the coming of this child, ordering his cradle, which was to be "faire, set forth by painter's craft, and to be furnished with great magnificence like as the Princess herself were lyinge therein."

I wonder what presents she made to the Cathedral after the ceremony? Perhaps some of the wonderful and precious things we shall presently picture on the High Altar came from her. For I think the time has come for us to visit the choir, and try to imagine it as it was before the second grandson of this same Countess of Richmond robbed the church she

loved of everything that was worth carrying away.

At the top of the steps leading from the nave was, in former days as in all cathedrals, the *pulpitum*, from which the Scriptures were read to the people, and sermons preached. And because a great crucifix was set up here it was also called the Rood Loft. At Winchester this crucifix, and the statues which stood below, had been left to the Cathedral by Bishop Stigand, and were of silver and gold, of great size and value. Beneath were sculptured and painted histories from the Old and New Testaments, so that even in those days, when few people knew how to read, they could easily become acquainted with the Bible, for there were always monks to explain it to them, either from the sculptures or from the stained glass of the windows.

On either side of the doorway beneath this Rood Loft was an altar, where Mass was said, and passing through the door itself one entered, as now, the choir with its matchless thirteenth-century stalls, delicate as lace, black as ebony, no two alike, all marked with the quaint individuality, humour, and genius of the sculptor monks who wrought them more than six hundred years ago. And there is Bishop Silksteed's pulpit, only less wonderful and ancient than the stalls,

with its skeins of silk, and image of a steed forming the rebus of his name. And beyond there is the stone altar screen of which no words of mine can picture the beauty and majesty. How it escaped destruction at the hands of the Puritan soldiers, I cannot understand. The figures of the bishops and other holy persons were indeed removed, but the exquisite frozen lace of the niches remains, and to-day with statues restored, one can gain some idea of this glorious place as it once was, "with its altar plated with gold, and garnished with precious stones, with tabernacle and steps of embroidered work ornamented with pearls, and six great silver gilt candle-sticks, and reliquaries wrought with gold and jewels; while above was Cnut's great crucifix set with gems, and higher still the golden crown which he placed there in honour of the Lord of the Universe."

Well, it is beautiful even now, and interesting beyond words. The chests above the choir screen yet contain the bones of Saxon kings, though we cannot be sure of which, since, when the Parliamentary troops used them for throwing at the stained glass of the windows, they did not trouble to put them back where they found them!

I was allowed to wander where I would at Winchester, and one afternoon had made my way up the north aisle, past the memorial to

Jane Austen, the beautiful Norman Chapel of the Epiphany, and the Easter Sepulchre with its marvellous wall paintings. Crossing the Retro Choir, where one always thinks of Saint Swithun and Saint Birinus, I came at last into the Lady Chapel, and sat down to rest and think over all I had seen. I was leaving Winchester the next day, and my mind was full to overflowing, for one might spend years instead of hours in the old city and yet know but a tithe of its history.

The organ had begun to sound, not as in olden times when two monks were playing, and seventy blowers working, but softly, solemnly, and sweetly, as though the great Wesley was once again dreaming his visions in the twilight. And as I listened I began dreaming too. Once more the walls were uncovered, and the paintings representing scenes from the life of Our Lady glowed with colour. And I fancied I saw kneeling before the altar the figure of a woman, her face raised in supplication, and in her still beautiful eyes a new-born hope of happiness. For it is once more the twenty-fifth of July, 1554, and Mary has come very early in the morning to beg her great Patroness to pray for a blessing on her marriage with Philip of Spain.

. . . . .

And now in the nave all is astir. Crowds have gathered from all parts of Europe to be present at the royal wedding. The church is richly

hung with arras and cloth of gold, festooned with brilliant draperies and gay with the dresses of lords and ladies. A raised platform covered with red cloth has been set up all along the centre of the nave, rising in height as it approaches the Rood Screen, and broadening out on each side so as to form a stage. On either hand is set a canopied chair draped with cloth of gold, in one of which, surrounded by Spanish nobles, Philip is seated waiting for his bride.

For some days it has seemed as though Saint Swithun did not approve of the marriage, for he has been sending violent storms of wind and rain, so that the Prince, on his ride from Southampton, had to cover his black velvet suit with a heavy red cloth cloak. He has been put up at the Deanery, the ancient house with the triple-arched entrance we all know, and Queen Mary has taken possession of the Bishop's palace. I suppose the weather must have cleared during the night, for we are told that Mary walked from the palace to the Cathedral, her cousin, the Lady Margaret Clifford, bearing her train of cloth of gold, bordered with large pearls and diamonds. Her robe of rich brocade on a golden ground must have been very magnificent, and also her coif with its two rows of large diamonds. Beneath all this splendour was her white satin wedding dress embroidered with silver, and she

wore little red shoes, while on her bosom glittered the magnificent diamond which was the Prince's wedding gift.

And now the music sounds louder, and up the raised pathway comes the woman about whom such contrary opinions have been held. Perhaps it is the cloth of gold she is wearing, but for myself I seem to see her again as a baby child in a dress of the same rich material, a cap of black velvet covered with precious stones on her fair little head, standing with her adoring father and mother while she is betrothed to the Dauphin of France. Poor little girl, that marriage never came off. And now she is a woman of thirty-eight, with her youth behind her, her beauty which set all Europe in a flame, faded, about to be married to another king's son eleven years her junior. And the trumpets are sounding, and Philip is rising from his seat, while Mary comes slowly up the raised pathway, the sword of state borne before her by the Earl of Derby.

Then out from the choir comes Bishop Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, and many other bishops and clergy, and the banns are bidden in English and Latin, that all may hear and understand, and so the marriage is solemnized, the nuptial blessing pronounced, the Lady Margaret slips Philip's three handfuls of gold and silver into the Queen's bag, a plain gold ring is placed on

Underwood

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

THE NAVE

Underwood

EXETER CATHEDRAL

WEST FRONT

the bride's finger so that according to her wish she is married "as maidens were in the olden time." And after they have heard Mass in the choir, and Philip has given the Bishop and the Queen the kiss of peace, they return hand in hand by the way they have come, the music sounding from the beautiful Minstrels' Gallery, from which the carven figures of the musicians look down derisively on the elderly bride and her young husband, and so to the hall of the Bishop's palace, where the wedding feast has been spread.

I have no space to tell of this wedding feast, or of the dancing which followed, when Philip and his followers "were put out of countenance by seeing my Lord Braye and others so far exceed them." For the organ has ceased and I am just rising to turn my steps westward, when the Verger, to whom I owed so much for his kindness and help during my stay at Winchester, entered with his keys.

"Why, it's gone six," said he. "I wonder I didn't lock you in among the ghosts. Been dreaming about Queen Mary? She was married in this chapel, you know."

"I have been thinking about that story of Dr Milner's," said I, "but I'm inclined to agree with Miss Strickland, who says they were married in the nave and before the High Altar."

"Ah, but they say she's not reliable."

"Well, then, what about Dean Kitchin, and Rosso, and the Wriothesley Chronicle, and the rest?"

There was a pause.

"Come along," said he. "It's time to be going."

V

SALISBURY

We had been staying at Winchester in a tall old house in Saint Peter's Street, and one morning when the sun was shining gaily, and the girls of the High School opposite, whose garden we looked down into, were playing on the green lawn, we suddenly made up our minds to run over to Salisbury. The distance was nothing, twenty-five miles or so, but there is scarcely a level yard all the way, particularly if, as we did, you go by Stockbridge.

We had scarcely climbed out of the Valley of the Itchen, when the heavy clouds which had for many days been lying on the horizon arose sullenly, and the wind awoke, till, reaching a summit, we were caught by a storm of sleet and hail, which almost put an end to our further progress. What a drive that was for a May morning! What must it have been like in winter when the monks of Old Sarum came toiling back from visiting the distant farms or villages? At about five miles from Salisbury, where the road reaches its highest point, and on a fine day the view over the landscape makes

one think of the Plains of Heaven, we met the full fury of the gale, and it took all my husband's strength to induce our car to keep a straight course. . . .

Suddenly, in the distance, a valley, and on its further side, on the skyline of the hills, a flat-topped mound or rising . . . Old Sarum, the site of the first Cathedral of Salisbury!

We entered Old Sarum through the Castle Inn, whence a pathway leads direct to the eastern entrance of the fortifications, which, as one approaches, are very impressive. There is an outer embankment, then a deep ditch, and we come to the main rampart towering above to a height of fifty feet or more.

Through a gap in the defending wall, where once stood the eastern gate, and above it the Church of the Holy Cross, we pass into what was the town, and see directly fronting us the imposing mass of the Citadel. Here we find a little cabin, the only actual dwelling-place remaining of that fortress which, under the Earls of Salisbury, played so important a part during the Middle Ages. The wind, which had sunk a little, now rose again to a tempest, and the rain and hail lashed our faces, so that we were glad enough to accept the invitation of the guardian, and sit by his stove while he fried his midday chop, and told us about the excavations. He had an old dog with him, more like one of the

gargoyles from the long vanished cathedral than anything canine. And we bought a little book which spoke of the prehistoric days of Sarum, and of the coming of the Romans with their roads to Silchester, Winchester, Dorchester, and the rest.

It seems that it was King Alfred who thought it worth while to have the old ruined fortifications of Sarum repaired, and King Edgar actually held a Parliament here, while in 1002 the savage Sweyn and his Danes sacked and burned the town after his usual manner. On taking possession of the country, however, the castle-building Normans decided to raise once again the fortifications, and added to the height of the ancient earthworks, supplementing them by a curtain wall twelve feet thick, and constructing the inner citadel with its Ring Motte and the buildings within it.

As for the Cathedral, it occupied the north-west corner of the outer enclosure, and must have been a great place in its day. It was Bishop Herman who, in 1075, began this Cathedral of Sarum, and Bishop Osmund who finished it, and it was, of course, built after the manner of the time, in the Norman style, with semi-circular apses at the eastern end.

Bishop Osmund, or Saint Osmund as he was called later, was a Norman Earl. In his younger days he had accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and in return for his many services,

had been created Earl of Dorset and Lord Chancellor. On his succession to the See of Sarum his first care was to finish the Cathedral, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and furnished abundantly, "not only with all proper ornaments, but more especially with a set of learned ecclesiastics whom he invited from all parts, so that the Canons of Salisbury were the most esteemed in all the Kingdom for their learning and piety." But Saint Osmund's most celebrated work was his compilation of the Consuetudinarium, or Use of Sarum, which later became the model Service Book for the South of England, and is used in some churches even at the present day.

Now William the Conqueror had put the town of Sarum under the charge of the Bishops, and as long as they ruled it all went well. But unhappily the successor of Saint Osmund, one Roger, of whom we shall hear later, quarrelled with King Stephen, and a lay Governor was appointed over Sarum. From that time peace was at an end.

At best the town was in a most inconvenient situation, as Camden quaintly says :—

> "No water there, but chalk ye have at will !
> The winds there sound, but nightingales are still ! "

And this was not all. The storms were bad enough, so violent that the priest could not

be heard at Mass. But since the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace had been placed under a lay governor, the life of the monks had become intolerable. At last there came a day, when, after a solemn procession lasting some hours, they found themselves shut out from their precincts, and obliged to spend a long winter night without shelter in the open country, and if you have been to old Sarum you can imagine what that would mean! As a Canon of Sarum, Peter of Blois, wrote :—

" A place that was ! open to the winds, barren, dry and desert. In it stood a tower like that of Siloam, which oppressed the townsmen with the burden of long servitude. . . . The Church of Sarisburie was captive on that hill, let us, therefore, in God's name go down to the plain country, where the valleys will yield store of wheat and other corn, where also the large fields are rich fat in pasture." And so the question of removal began to be talked of in earnest.

It was Bishop Richard Poore who at last carried out the great scheme, the site of the new church being revealed by the Virgin herself, who appeared to him in a dream and told him of her favourite spot. Later writers declare that the flight of an arrow settled the question, but that story probably dates from after the Reformation, when men had ceased to believe that Our Blessed Lady interested herself in

the affairs of men. However, in any case it was a pleasant spot, that Meadow of Merryfield where the Avon, the Bourne, and the Willy unite. No lack of water there, nor of fish for Fridays! And as to nightingales, the only fear would be that they might keep one awake with their singing. And so, on a beautiful April day, in the year 1220, the foundation stones of the new church were laid. The first was for Pope Honorius who had given leave for the removal, the second for the Archbishop, Stephen Langton, the third for Bishop Poore himself, the fourth was laid by William Longspear, Earl of Salisbury, who still had his castle at Sarum, and the fifth by Ela his wife, from whom he took his title. And many were the gifts presented on that day, while some bound themselves to contribute yearly toward the building, for everyone was glad to help found that most stately and beautiful Minster. But Bishop Poore did not live to see it completed, for it took forty years to build, and when finished, it was the admiration of all beholders, for as Camden says :—

"How many days in one whole year there beene,
So many windows in one church (men say) are to be seen,
So many pillars cast by art, of marble there appear,
As hours do flit and fly away throughout the running year,
So many gates do entry give, as months one year do make,
A thing well known for truth, though most it for a wonder take."

We will enter the Close from the north, passing beneath the ancient gate which leads in from the High Street. There can be nothing more beautiful and reposeful in the whole world than this Close. Once beheld the picture of it never fades from the memory.

Imagine a vast extent of velvet lawn, on the borders of which, among exquisite gardens, lie the peaceful homes of the clergy; and in the midst that architectural wonder, of which the great Pugin declared he had never seen the like. Grey it is, but softened with age, and tinted by the lichen that has spread over it during the seven centuries that have passed since its foundation, so that it seems to rise from the green sward like a flower from its leaves, perfect, matchless, " a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

After admiring the west end with its rich sculptures and statues of Bishop Poore and William Longspear, we enter the vast north porch where, in olden times, weddings were celebrated, and the early portion of baptismal rites performed. Then, passing a swing door, we enter the nave.

Now the interior of the Church of Salisbury is very difficult to write about. It is not, as our other cathedrals, the growth of centuries, one portion rebuilt as its predecessor fell into ruin, a chapel added here, a porch thrown out there, the whole telling its story to anyone who

has time and patience to study its architecture, and dream about the different centuries which have given it birth. Salisbury sprang forth perfect from the brain of one man, William Poore, like Athena from the head of Zeus. Its uniformity is its beauty, it reminds one of the face of Maud: "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

But this is not the fault of the original builders, as we shall see. For there were tombs of the ancient bishops and earls, and chantries, and magnificent memorial glass, the latter being an especially valuable and exquisite feature in a building with "as many windows as there are days in the year." All these, especially the tombs, had stories to tell. For as one wandered from grave to grave one thought of the great dead who lay below, and the history of the Cathedral began to live again. But the so-called "improvements" of the vandal Wyatt, carried out some century and a quarter ago, put an end to all this, turning the beautiful Temple of God into a museum of sculpture. The jewelled glass he removed, and mostly destroyed, so that the stone which once glowed like a rainbow when the sun shone in through the windows, is now cold and grey. Between the nave columns runs a plinth about the height of a seat, and on this are arranged the effigies removed from the destroyed tombs and chantries.

Here, just within the north porch, is that curious and celebrated little image of a Boy Bishop, about which so many stories have been told. The little fellow this stone once covered must have died between Saint Nicholas' and Holy Innocents' Days, the duration of his rule, or he would not have been represented in cope and mitre. But there is no inscription to tell us his name, and the stone looks as if it had been levelled, or perhaps worn by the feet of generations of people who occupied the seat beneath which it was discovered.

I picked up at Exeter the other day a curious old book giving an account of the "Boy Bishop."

Saint Nicholas has, of course, always been the Patron of Children, which is why his image is seen on ancient fonts. Even in these days I suppose my readers will remember the story of his restoring to life the three little boys, who had been cut up and salted by the wicked innkeeper, who intended to sell them for pickled pork. The Salisbury Missal of 1534 contains a prayer for the Saint's intercession, accompanied by a curious old woodcut representing the three children, rising up out of the pickling tub at the call of the Bishop, while the innkeeper at a table above is chopping up a human leg. Well, it was on Saint Nicholas' Day that the choir boys of Salisbury, and of many other cathedrals, chose one of their number to fill

the office of the Boy Bishop. As Bishop Hall says: "What merry work it was in the days of our holy fathers, that from Saint Nicholas' to Holy Innocents' Day children were wont to be arrayed in chimers, rochets, surplices, to counterfeit bishops and priests." The Boy Bishop was elected by his fellow choir boys for his good character and handsome appearance, and with him were chosen two other children to act as deacons. In the year 1299 Edward I., being on his way to Scotland, heard one of these boy bishops and his deacons sing vespers at Heton, near Newcastle.

After his election the small ecclesiastic, in full Episcopal vestments, with mitre and crosier, accompanied by his deacon and sub-deacon, and the other choir boys, would repair to the Cathedral and take possession, just as if he were a real bishop, performing all the services of the church except the Mass. In an old book preserved at Salisbury, there is an account of an actual procession of this kind held on the Eve of Holy Innocents by the Boy Bishop and his young clergy,

As we look down at the small stone effigy we wonder what the little fellow died of. They say that the children took the matter so seriously, and fasted so rigorously, that their parents were sometimes obliged to force them to take food for fear that they might injure their health.

But of this boy we know not even his name, or the place of his burial. Only his stone coffin lid lies there reminding us of a curious custom which has long since passed away.

Another stone which reminds us of the past is that of Bishop Roger of Old Sarum, the Chancellor of Henry I. The King had discovered him, a poor parish priest near Caen, and was so struck by his ability that he made him steward of his household, and later Bishop of Sarum and Chancellor of England. At first Roger was unwilling to undertake the heavy work and responsibility of the latter post, but was over persuaded by the King and Archbishop Anselm, and during the remainder of that reign Roger might almost be said to have been, like Joseph of old, the chief ruler of the kingdom. At the same time he by no means neglected his bishopric, but, as William of Malmesbury says, "daily diligently transacted his duties in the morning, that he might be ready and undisturbed for other business later." Like most of these early bishops he was a great builder, both of castles, and especially of churches, so that, as the same old chronicler observes, "he had just cause to say, 'Lord, I have loved the glory of Thy house.'"

Between the south choir aisle and the eastern aisle of the south-eastern transept is a very beautiful chantry and effigy covered with sculp-

ture which for a wonder seems to have escaped the hands of Wyatt. It is the tomb of Bishop Bridport, and the sculptures on it are supposed to represent scenes from his life.

But for most of us the monument which sets our memory working is that of William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury. As we stand looking down at his noble form in its chain armour, his long sword on his thigh, and his great shield with its six lions, our thoughts turn to the story of his mother, Fair Rosamund, daughter of Baron Walter de Clifford, and her childhood's friendship with Henry II. Was she, as some have thought, his real wife, set aside and concealed that Henry might make a great political match with Eleanor of Aquitaine? In any case this William and his brother were the only ones of the King's children who remained faithful to their father, Geoffrey alone of all the world being with him at Chinon and tending him on his sorrowful and lonely deathbed.

As for William, for a long time he refused to desert even his half brother, the despicable John, and took a very active part in the wars of that unhappy reign. Matthew Paris tells us one of his stories of the three months this William spent passing from La Rochelle to England, of a great storm, and a miraculous candle of unearthly brilliancy fixed to the mast of his ship, and guarded from the wind and

rain by a young maiden, who was none other than the Blessed Virgin come down to succour this her favourite knight, and lead him to a port of safety. For a day or two he and his crew are sheltered at an abbey on the Island of Rhé, but are driven thence by a French patrol, and forced to set out once more on their tempestuous voyage. After three months tossing about, he lands on Christmas Day in Cornwall, to find that someone of low birth has been trying to marry his wife during his absence. And then we hear of a patched-up quarrel, and an invitation from his enemy to a banquet, and very shortly after he dies at his castle at Sarum, "not without suspicion of having been poisoned," says the old writer. And so having made a three days' confession to his bishop, and received Holy Communion, he passes away from our sight. And as they carried his body from his castle on the hill down to the new Cathedral in the valley, the wind blew, and the rain fell, but the great funeral candles round the bier only shone the brighter, proving, as the old monk says, "that the Count, so sincerely penitent, was already among the Sons of Light." And over him they placed this epitaph: "The noble William, flower of Counts, of royal race, is dead. His long sword is for the future sheathed in a short scabbard."

The son of this William, also called Longsword,

was as gallant as his father, and fought by the side of Saint Louis at Damietta. The magnificent though terrible story of his death is told by the same historian who wrote the account of the first William. The Christians were being worsted, and the Earl, alone in the midst of the wild and shrieking mob, was still "sending the souls of many to hell!" when his horse gave way, and, overwhelmed by showers of stones, this grandson of Henry and Fair Rosamund "breathed forth his spirit to receive the crown of martyrdom." On account of his marvellous bravery his bones were buried by the enemy, but later, as they evinced an uncomfortable way of rising up from his tomb on dark nights, were handed over to the English, who laid them in the Church of the Holy Cross at Acre.

Another story one hears at Salisbury is of a certain Lord Stourton, whose curious monument, with three large holes on either side, you will find in the south aisle of the nave. Above it formerly hung a noose, for this young nobleman was hanged in the market-place of Salisbury for the brutal murder of his land agents, father and son.

But even when all has been said the interior of this Cathedral is unsatisfying. The multitudes of black pillars arranged against the grey walls give the church an appearance of mourning for its past beauty and splendour. Before the

EXETER CATHEDRAL

REAR VIEW

Underwood

WELLS CATHEDRAL

reredos was removed from behind the High Altar and the beautiful screen from the entrance to the Lady Chapel, there may still have lingered some of that mystery which even in these days haunts the more sacred portions of our ancient Cathedrals. One never passes the grille at either Winchester or Chichester, but a sentiment very like awe comes over one at the thought that one is trespassing in what was for hundreds of years the Holy of Holies. But at Salisbury all that feeling has been swept away and we are left to stroll about as freely and unconcernedly as though we were in some splendid but rather empty museum. True, just behind the present reredos we pause, for there, on the low platform, lies one of the old altar stones with its consecration crosses; perhaps, who knows, the very altar from Old Sarum upon which Saint Osmund offered the Holy Sacrifice. But there is no one to enquire of, and so we pass out to the exquisite cloister.

Here we have once more that charm of colour we noticed in the exterior of the building, the delicate grey of the lace-like windows springing from the green velvet of the garth, and here and there, in striking contrast, the deep shade of a dusky cedar. And so we enter the octagonal Chapter House with its central column of black clustered pillars, and the eight great windows filling its walls above, and below, the stone

seats of the prebendaries and the bishop. But the wonder of the place is a series of sculptures above these seats, scenes from the Old Testament, exquisite little stone pictures as fine as ivory carvings, showing Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit, or hiding themselves behind a bush in the Garden, or again, Adam digging, while Eve sits by nursing a baby Cain. And there is Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, and a kid having its throat cut in order to stain Joseph's garment. . . .

. . . . .

The storm of the morning has long since blown itself out, and the sun shines down from the great windows, and birds are singing outside in the green of the cloister, and we . . . what are we waiting for? Is it the coming of Bishop Lionel Woodville, the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, and brother-in-law of that "deep revolving witty Buckingham" who was beheaded in the market-place of this old city of Salisbury? Or, if we listen, shall we hear the footsteps of John Jewel, or of Bishop Burnet?

Well, I should not know what to say to them if they came. So we will go out once more into the Close, and sit under one of the great trees in the north-east corner, and study that most matchless view of the vast building. Here all is beauty, there is no flaw. From the moment it emerges from the earth it draws one's gaze upward, upward past the buttresses, the windows,

the roof, till it rests upon that greatest miracle of all, the spire pointing upward like a tapering finger to the blue sky above. There is no change here. No Wyatt was let loose to work his wicked will on the exterior of Salisbury, and we see it much as it was in the days of old.

VI

EXETER

"Situate on the eastward banke of the river Ex, upon a little hill," as Camden says, lies the city of Exeter, an ancient place even in Saxon times, since we hear of King Athelstan expelling the British from the city, and driving them beyond the Tamar, after which he built a rampart, and wall of squared stones, and other bulwarks of defence, perhaps also founding, on the summit of the slope, that great and strong Castle of Rougemont, at one time the seat of the West Saxon kings, and later of the Earls of Cornwall. King Athelstan also built at Exeter, or Isca-cæstre, a church in honour of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, "replenishing it with a monastery of Benedictine monks."

But nearly two centuries before Athelstan's foundation, there is said to have been a religious house at Exeter, at which Winfred of Crediton, afterwards the renowned Saint Boniface of Germany, received his education. His name is one of the first associated with Exeter, and a very holy and great name it is, the name of an apostle and a martyr, for at the end of his

long life of devotion to the wild tribes of Germany, he and fifty-two of his fellow-missionaries were martyred at a place called Dockum, on the banks of the river Borna in the land of the Frisians.

It was not until 1050 that Exeter became a Bishopric. Before that time the Bishop's Stool was at Crediton, the last prelate of that town being Livingus, originally a monk of Winchester, and the friend and companion of King Cnut, with whom he went on a pilgrimage to Rome. This Livingus was a wonderful preacher, being known as the *words-notera* or eloquent bishop, and was of great service to his king in persuading the nation of the Saxons to submit to the Danish rule. But he was a proud and ambitious man, very different from the gentle and holy Leofric who succeeded him. Bishop Leofric was the friend and counsellor of Edward the Confessor who, with his Queen the Saxon Edith, supported him, one on either side, to his Episcopal throne on the day of his ordination. It was under Leofric's rule that the Bishopric was removed to Exeter, probably because of those strong battlements which Athelstan had set up around the city, and which were rendered very necessary in the unsettled state of the country. All through the Norman Conquest, when other Saxon bishops were deposed, the peace-loving old man Leofric remained undisturbed, till, in 1107 he died and

was buried in the crypt of his church, where for all I know his body still reposes.

But come, let us visit this Cathedral of Devonshire, and before we enter notice the two huge and massive towers, the lower parts of which now form the north and south transepts of the building. These towers, and probably much of the original Cathedral, were erected by Bishop Warelwast, the nephew of William the Conqueror. They form a very unusual feature of a cathedral, standing as they do half-way down its length, and there are some who think that the original church only reached as far as their west walls, so that if so they then formed part of the western façade.

However that may be, Bishop Quivil, who lies buried in the Lady Chapel, removed the wall separating the lower portion of each from the church, and so formed them into transepts, which they still remain.

As at Wells, the west front of Exeter Cathedral is a kind of screen, pierced by three doorways, and richly ornamented with three rows of statues. There we see kings, princes, great men of the Old and New Testaments, and above, King Athelstan, the founder, and Saint Edward the Confessor. On the right of the central doorway, built in the thickness of the wall, is the little Chapel of Saint Radegonde, the sixth wife of the Merovingian King, Clotaire. And here, until

the days of Elizabeth, rested the bones of the great Bishop Grandisson, descendant of the Dukes of Burgundy, and the nuncio of Pope John XXII. to all the greatest courts of Europe. Twice he had the honour of receiving the Black Prince at Exeter, once when he returned victorious from France bringing with him, as prisoner, the French King, and the second time, when the Prince was dying.

It was this great Bishop Grandisson who built the nave and the lovely screen within which he was buried. But his bones have long since been cast to the winds, and nothing earthly remains of him save the beautiful additions he made to his Cathedral.

As we walk up this nave we shall notice the wonderful carved supports of the vaulting pillars, and the superb Minstrels' Gallery, with its angels all playing different instruments. Some think that it was placed there at the time of the coming of the Black Prince, since two of the corbelled heads below represent a king and queen, supposed to be King Edward III. and his wife, Philippa of Hainault. On the south side of the nave is the tomb of Hugh Courtenay, second Earl of Devonshire, and of his wife Margaret, granddaughter of Edward I., and on the pavement the brass of their son Peter Courtenay, who served in France and Spain under the Black Prince. And when we reach

the choir, and pass in beneath the organ which disfigures the beautiful screen, we shall find tombs of old bishops lying in their ancient state: Bishop Marshall with his long nose and pastoral staff, and at his feet a weird little dragon with cat's ears; Bishop Lacy who died from trying to fast during the whole forty days of Lent, and who was so holy that his grave was once visited by pilgrims; and the beautiful Episcopal throne where Bishop Antony Sparrow used to sit with his wife and nine children below in a wooden pew. And after we have looked at the old choir stalls, with their grotesque misereres, and the ancient glass of the east window, where Saint Sidwell is represented with the scythe, with which she was martyred, and the Sacred Well which long bore her name, we shall go by way of the Retro Choir to the Lady Chapel, to find in the centre of the pavement the tomb of Bishop Quivil, the great artist who designed the Cathedral; and on the south side the splendid thirteenth-century monument of Bishop Simon of Apulia lying in his rich vestments; and just east of him the earlier effigy of Bishop Bartholemew of whom old Matthew Paris tells so quaint a story that I cannot resist repeating it.

As we look at the curious bearded face of the Bishop, and the fringe of hair escaping from beneath his mitre, we picture him once more journeying through his diocese, overtaken by

night, and obliged to sleep in a village where the only room which could be offered him was at the top of a house, overlooking the cemetery. Toward midnight, so goes the story, the Bishop awoke to say his night prayers, but found that the light, which was always kept burning beside his bed, had gone out. Calling his servant, he reproved him for allowing him to sleep in the dark, and sent him to fetch a light. Then, as he waited, from far below came voices, small thin voices, like the voices of children, crying and lamenting in the darkness: "Woe to us! woe to us! Who now will pray for us? who scatter alms for us? who celebrate masses for the repose of our souls?"

Now the Bishop was very much surprised, as well he might be, and perhaps, who knows, a little uneasy considering the prospect from his window. Moreover, he was alone, and in the pitchy darkness, for the servant, not having been able to obtain any fire in the house (the days of matches not having arrived) had gone into the village seeking what he required. There, at length, he saw a lighted window, and hastening thither, found a dead man laid out, and with him a priest, and a crowd of men and women, all weeping and tearing their hair. Taking no notice of them the servant lighted his lantern, and ran back to the Bishop, to whom he related what he had seen. After matins Bishop

Bartholemew sent for the priest, and some of the villagers, and enquired what manner of man this was who had just quitted the world.

"Oh," replied they, "he was a good man, one who feared God, a father to the orphans, a consoler of the afflicted, during his life he gave his gifts to the poor, and never refused hospitality to anyone. Moreover, in his house he kept a priest, to offer each day masses for the faithful departed."

Then the Bishop understood the meaning of the voices and lamentations he had heard, and appointed the priest, who had been accustomed to celebrate these masses, to continue his pious duty at one of the altars in the parish church.

Poor Bishop Bartholemew! He has no one in his Cathedral now to offer up prayers or masses for him. For more than seven centuries the little angels at his head have swung their stone censers, and the Bishop has held up his two fingers and thumb in benediction; no one takes any notice. Indeed I doubt if one out of a thousand of the visitors to the Cathedral have ever heard his name, for he was but a peasant's son, educated by the Cistercian monks of Ford, and only chosen as Bishop of Exeter because of his great learning and holy life. It was he who, a year after the murder of St Thomas of Canterbury, assisted at the re-consecration of the Cathedral and preached the sermon on that

occasion. For all the preceding twelve months no mass had been celebrated, the pavement had been removed, the walls stripped of their ornaments, the bells left silent, while the clergy had remained clothed in sackcloth and covered with ashes. Now, on the feast day of Saint Thomas the Apostle, the bishops had assembled to reorganize the Cathedral, and it was, as I say, Bartholemew, Bishop of Exeter, who at the Mass commenced his sermon with these words: "After the multitude of sorrows which are in my heart, your consolations have rejoiced my soul."

Another Bishop of Exeter whom we must remember is Miles Coverdale, once a Canon of Saint Augustine, better known as a translator of the Bible and a zealous preacher. And there is Bishop Seth Ward, who removed the terrible brick screen which during the rebellion was built up, dividing the church into two portions, East Peter's for the use of the Presbyterians, and West Peter's for that of the Independents.

But for me one of the most interesting objects in the Cathedral is the old font, for in it was baptized the little daughter of Charles I., born at Bedford House, Exeter, on 16th June 1644. As we look at the old marble basin, our thoughts fly back to that summer month, and to the unhappy Queen obliged to rise from her sick bed only a few days after the birth of her baby, and make her escape to France. The tiny girl

was left with Lady Morton in Exeter, where her father, a few days later, having fought his way into the city, found her and took her to the Cathedral, where she was baptized Henriette Anne; the second name being no doubt given her after her aunt, Anne of Austria, without whose generous help Queen Henrietta's fate would have even been more disastrous than it was. Later, the baby Henriette was taken by Lady Morton to France, and finally, as we know, married to the Duke of Orleans, the despicable brother of Louis XII.

These old cathedrals are full of such odds and ends of history. Every corner has its story, if only one has time in these days of rushing and excitement to listen to them. Even the sculptured pulpit, modern as it is, reminds us of a hero, Bishop Patteson, martyred almost in our own days by the savages he was trying to convert, just as, more than a thousand years earlier that other hero of Exeter, Boniface, perished at the hands of the wild tribes of Frisia.

Before leaving Exeter, it may be interesting to some persons who, like myself, are fond of old customs to remember the great ceremony of the Lammas Fair, which was held here, and elsewhere, every first of August. This fair, properly called the Lamb's Mass, took its name from a mass offered on the day of Saint Peter

ad Vincula, to beg the great Saint's intercession for the newly shorn lambs, Saint Peter being regarded as their special patron on account of those words which our Lord addressed to him, "Feed my Lambs."

Now the Cathedral of Exeter was as we know dedicated to Saint Peter, and it was therefore not unreasonable for the simple farmers of those days, believing as they did in the literal meaning of those gospel words, to bring their lambs to be blessed at the door of his Church. These beautiful old customs, with the childlike faith which prompted them, have long since passed away from England. But still in some parts of Brittany dumb animals are brought to be blessed by their patron saint, horses to Saint Gildas, farm beasts to Saint Nicholas and Saint Cornély.

Here at Exeter, with the Reformation, the religious ceremony degenerated into a fair, the charter for which was perpetuated by a huge glove carried through the city on a long pole, decked with ribbons, and accompanied by music and much ceremony. Finally it was fixed up on the top of the Guild Hall as a sign that the fair might commence.

VII

WELLS

"THERE are places in the world so beautiful, so happy, or so sacred, that to speak of them now without a certain reverent hesitation might seem impossible: of these Wells is one." So says a modern writer, and proceeds to paint such a picture of the ancient Fontanensis Ecclesia that it is with trepidation a mere bird of passage like myself ventures to tell of its charm, and hint at its story.

I will try to recall the last time I saw Wells. We had with us the little son of a great Colonial Catholic, and had just been to Glastonbury, where he had heard the story of the coming of Joseph of Arimathæa with his eleven monks, and of the mysterious Holy Graal they bore with them; he had watched the planting of Saint Joseph's staff, had seen it bud on Christmas Day, and had listened rapt and wondering to the rest of the charming legends which have gathered around that Isle of Avalon. Together we had watched Arthur rowed across the watery waste, and laid to rest in the little Chapel of Saint Joseph. We had pictured Dunstan at

work in his cell, and seen him catch the devil by the nose, and listened to Satan's roars of pain as he fled away down Beere Lane. We had stood in the ruins of the Abbey Church and talked of Savaricus, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his attempt to bring the ancient abbey under his rule. How he arrived at Glastonbury on Whitsunday with an armed company, broke open the doors of the abbey and church, seized the sacred vestments, and enthroned himself as abbot, chasing away all dissentient monks with swords and sticks.

We had even climbed the Tor, following in the wake of Richard Whyting's hurdle, and had told the boy of that awful 15th of November, when the good old abbot and his two monks were butchered on this very spot, for no fault save that they refused to acknowledge the king as head of the Church, and deliver over to him the riches which the faithful throughout the ages had placed in charge of the abbots of Glastonbury for the service of God.

I think the boy must have lost himself in the misty past through which we had been guiding him, for later, as we entered the nave of Wells Cathedral, he stopped, evidently staggered by its beauty, and looked for the holy water stoup. When I explained that it was not now a Catholic Church: "Then why don't we buy it back?" said he. "Oh, I shall tell my father we ought to

get it back. It was built on purpose. I should think the Catholics who built it wouldn't like to see it Protestant. It doesn't seem fair, does it?"

Then as we made our way round the building we pictured together, half aloud, the great processions of the past, the splendid voices of the singing canons, the lights, the vestments, the incense, the Blessed Sacrament carried under its canopy of white and gold. And we saw once again the beautiful chapels each with its altar, and the rich tapestries and paintings, and above the screen, instead of the organ, the towering symbol of our faith. The boy had spoken truly, certainly the old Catholics who built the Cathedral would not like to see it as it is to-day!

Let us, however, commence our survey with that most marvellous feature, about which such different opinions have been expressed, the west front. Old Camden in his quaint way thus describes it:—

"It ariseth up still from the foot to the top all of imagerie in curious and antike wise, wrought of stone carved and embowed right artificially," and Fuller, after speaking of it in much the same way, adds: "England affordeth not the like."

Indeed we should have to go far, even on the Continent, to find anything to compare with

WELLS CATHEDRAL

STEPS TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL
SOUTH PORCH

Underwood

the west front of Wells Cathedral. Many great architects have found fault with it, and it is not for me who am neither scholar nor architect to say whether they are right or wrong. But as a great symbolical picture, as an expression of the beliefs and aspirations of those great and simple-minded men who built our Cathedrals, this marvellous piece of work surely stands unrivalled.

The statues with which it was formerly entirely covered stand tier above tier, leading the thoughts upward to where Our Lord, His hands and feet marked with the print of the nails, once sat in glory. And below Him stand His followers, those who for the most part came out of great tribulation, and now form His court in Heaven. There are, or were, for most of the lowest tier of statues are gone, the saints of God, martyrs, virgins, priests, confessors. Higher we see the heroes of the old and new dispensations: Adam tilling the ground, Noah building his ark, the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca, and, further along, the Nativity, Our Lord among the elders, the Sermon on the Mount, all the story of the Cross, and over the central doorway the coronation of the Virgin. Raising our eyes still higher we come upon kings, queens, great churchmen of England: Ina, founder of the first church at Wells; Assar, the bishop historian of King Alfred; Egbert, first king of all England; Cnut,

Queen Emma, Robert Courthose, they are all there, the men and women of whom we have been thinking as we strayed through our Southern Cathedrals.

Above these are scenes representing the general resurrection, strange startling pictures, the lids of tombs being pushed up, dead men awakening from centuries of slumber, still half dazed and waiting for the final call to judgment. They are naked, as befits souls, but wear their crowns or mitres to distinguish them. Mounting still we come upon nine great angels, representing, as some have thought, the nine great orders of the Heavenly Court, who stand just below the twelve apostles, while on the summit of all, in an exquisite tabernacle, there formerly sat Our Lord Himself. The whole reminds one, on a vaster scale, of those calvaries in Brittany, which, like this great and wonderful stone picture, were used during the sermons at the great festivals to illustrate the teaching of the Church, in the old days when few could read even if they possessed books. And below all this wonderful façade are the small doors which have been so much criticized, reminding one nevertheless, as they may have reminded Bishop Jocelin who conceived the design, how strait is the gate and narrow the way leading unto life.

But let us enter the Cathedral, not through this narrow door, but by the broad north porch,

perhaps the finest, as it certainly is the oldest, part of the existing church.

How magnificent it is, this work of Bishop Reginald. Among the exquisite foliage, which springs from the tops of the clustered columns, one may read in stone the story of the martyrdom of King Edmund. There he stands bound to the tree, transfixed with arrows, while on either side Danish soldiers are drawing their bows afresh. In days of old, when so much took place in the Porch, how often have men read here the story of the saintly young King. He is almost forgotten now, save at Hoxne, the scene of his martyrdom, where a few old people still relate the story of his death to any who will pause to listen. How he had been conquered by the Danes at Thetford, and was flying to his castle at Framlingham, when the Danish chiefs Hingwar and Hubba discovered him hiding beneath the little bridge which spans the river at Hoxne. He was offered his life if he would renounce his faith, and on his refusal was bound to the trunk of a tree, which is still shown, and transfixed with arrows. Then as he was not dead, he was beheaded.

His body was quickly discovered by the handful of Christians left in the neighbourhood: but the head which had been cast away by the executioner was missing, till one day someone heard coming from the depths of the forest a

voice crying, "Here! Here!" And lo, as they came to the place, a great wolf, and in her paws the missing head. So with prayers and hymns of thanksgiving they carried it to Hoxne, and buried it with the sacred body, the wolf following and watching, and when all was done, trotting back quietly to her home in the forest. Later, as we know, the Saint was removed to Bury St Edmunds, where a great abbey arose over his shrine.

As we enter the nave of the Cathedral, and stand looking up toward the east end, a strange sight meets our eyes, two vast arches, the upper inverted and resting upon the lower, stretch from pier to pier forming a great Saint Andrew's cross, the emblem of the Cathedral. The view through the lower arch is blocked by the choir screen and organ; but through the upper can be seen the exquisite groined roof of the east end, lighted by the rich colouring of the great stained window. These inverted arches (and we must remember that there are really three pairs, the others supporting the piers of the north and south tower arches) produce a very curious effect, and one which remains in one's memory long after the more beautiful features of the Cathedral have faded away. Their purpose is to stiffen the piers at the intersection, to enable them to bear the enormous weight of the central tower. But they are so peculiar, so startling,

that to many they spoil the otherwise perfect beauty of the Cathedral.

As we walk up the nave we notice the richly sculptured capitals of the pillars. Indeed at Wells, it seems as though an army of sculptors must have spent their lives in decorating and beautifying every corner. And what a humorous set they must have been! Look at this fox stealing a goose, and the man with the stick who runs after him; or the bird with a frog in its beak; or indeed all these quaint beasts and monsters. Did they dream them, the old artists, or are they remembrances of stories heard in their childhood, legends which have long passed away?

And there are the chantries, the little chapels such as these of Bishop Bubwith and Hugh Sugar, built and endowed, so that for all time prayers might be offered up in them for the repose of the souls of the founders. How would they like to see them used as they are? And there is the stone pulpit of Bishop Knight with its inscription, "Preache thou the word, be fervent in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort."

Near the west end of the south choir aisle, on the north side, is a low slab of Purbeck marble, and on it the figure of a bishop. It is the tomb of William Button or Saint William Bytton who died in 1274 and quickly became renowned

as a curer of toothache. The age of dentists had not then arrived, and persons afflicted with the complaint came from all parts of the county to pray at the tomb of the bishop; just as, in Brittany, we still see the peasants resorting to the shrines of saints renowned for the treatment of certain complaints. The offerings of grateful patients to Saint William Bytton's tomb were so numerous that they helped largely toward the completion of the Cathedral, and it is interesting to find in the sculptured capitals of the transepts frequent representations of persons suffering from toothache. Were they portraits, I wonder, of some of those whose visits had been successful?

Our little friend was immensely pleased with these stone pictures, and still more so when the Verger told us how, when in 1848 the Bishop's tomb was opened, his skeleton was found in perfect preservation, the teeth especially being complete, without a sign of decay.

"I expect he was known for his fine teeth when he was alive," said the boy shrewdly, "and that was why people came to ask his help with theirs when they went wrong."

"Or," said I, "do you think he left behind some prescriptions for the treatment of teeth?"

"Anyhow," said the boy, "when I get toothache next time I shall come to Wells to have

it cured. It'll be much nicer than going to the dentist."

One would like to wander about Wells for days, visiting the quaint old Vicar's Close, with its fine gateway, or walking in the beautiful gardens of the palace, where still rise the fountains that gave Wells its name, and dreaming of good Bishop Ken composing his morning and evening hymns as he walked up and down the terrace. And in the Cathedral how much more time we need. There is the Norman, perhaps even Saxon font; the beautiful painted tomb of Bishop Marchia; Dean Husee's curious monument; the Easter Sepulchre; the great clock from Glastonbury; the choir with its ancient sculptured misereres; and the tomb of the founder, Bishop Jocelin, lying in the midst. And there is the exquisite octagonal Chapter House, and the staircase leading to both it and to the Vicar's Close.

But perhaps most beautiful of all is the Lady Chapel, with the Retro-choir forming a link between it and the main body of the Cathedral. A well-known writer has called this "the most beautiful east end to be found in England, a thing beyond criticism and praise, an immortal and perfect loveliness."

It was just as dawn was stealing through the windows of this heavenly temple, paling the candles upon the altar, and staining the fronds

of the great stone palms which meet and form the roof, that daily Mass was sung in the Lady Chapel at Wells. Some of the richest and most beautiful music composed in the years immediately preceding the Reformation was used at this Mass, for though in the Cathedral itself Plain Chant was the rule, for Our Lady all that was exquisite, delicate, and feminine, had place.

But these beautiful things have long since passed away, together with the symbolism and poetry of the ancient Church which gave them birth. The world is growing old and lazy. Even if the clergy held a musical service at dawn in the Lady Chapel would there be found any to assist? Yet perhaps, as our little friend suggested, if we were to hide in the pulpit or organ loft all night, and steal down just before daybreak, we might find the ghosts of the old canons coming in from their houses in the Close, by way of the Chain Bridge and the stairway past the Chapter House; and perhaps the bishop would be there and the dean in their beautiful vestments, and we should follow the procession as it passed through the Retro-choir into the Lady Chapel, where the candles would be glowing upon the altar, and watch the faint rosy dawn enter by the great east window, and listen to the rich solemn voices of the canons as they sang once more the

Mass of Our Lady at daybreak in Wells Cathedral.

"Tell me," said the boy wistfully, "do you think they ever will do it again? I should like to be there. What a difference it would make."

VIII

GLOUCESTER

Long, long ago, on the banks of the Severn, just where the ancient folk used to ford the stream by way of the Isle of Alney, the Romans built a fortress to guard themselves and their territory against the attacks of the savage people of the West. Very soon a city grew up around the Castle, the people of the open country being only too anxious to shelter themselves within the great outer walls; and so, by the second century, the frontier town of Gloucester lay crouched beside the Severn, like some giant watch dog, guarding Western England from the wild fierce tribes of Southern Wales. For the next hundred years or so stories of battles loom out now and again from the clouds which shroud the history of the ancient city, and there are legends, vague and uncertain, of that shadowy King Lucius, of whom Bede speaks, of his baptism at Gloucester, and of a church he built in which he was baptized. After this, we hear little of the city, till somewhere in the seventh or eighth century, Osric, the under King of Mercia, founded an abbey for monks and nuns beside

the river, and placed over it his own sister, the Lady Kyneburga. It is on the site of the church of this monastery that the Cathedral stands to-day.

Not that it became a Cathedral for many centuries after King Osric had been laid to rest in the church he had founded. To-day he lies in a "faire tombe of stone on the north syde of the high aulter," as Leyland tells us; and not so very many years ago the dean, wishing to know if the King's bones were yet there, opened the tomb, and saw them lying. As for the Abbess Kyneburga, she died a little later, and was succeeded by other ladies of royal race. But this abbey of nuns did not last long: during the wars between King Egbert and the King of Mercia the poor nuns came to a terrible end. Then in 823 another King of Mercia, Bernulph by name, finding the abbey in ruins re-built it, and peopled it with secular clergy who brought their wives and families with them, and lived much as the other townspeople did, earning for themselves a somewhat undesirable reputation, so that, two centuries later, Cnut "For yll lyvynge expelled the secular clerks, and . . . brought in monks." And thus we come to the time of the great fire, and the rebuilding of the abbey church by Abbot Aldred in the seventh year of the reign of King Edward the Confessor.

The years which followed were a golden age for Gloucester, which quickly became one of the three chief towns of England; the place where, at the Christmas festival, the King wore his crown, and went in gorgeous state to assist at Mass at the great Church. And then Abbot Serlo built the nave which we see to-day.

This Serlo was a Norman, the friend of William the Conqueror and Archbishop Lanfranc, a very great and holy churchman, with an altogether different standard of life from that of most of the clergy who had preceded him at Gloucester. He found the abbey in a very poor condition, the community reduced to two old monks and eight young novices. But with such powerful and devoted friends as he possessed he was able to re-build his church, and re-people his monastery, so that it shortly became one of the most important Benedictine institutions of those days, and an immense blessing to the city in which it was situated. For Serlo came to Gloucester with all the ideals and traditions of Lanfranc's great school at Bec in Normandy, and we may be sure that his monastery was a very different place from what it had been before. The sick were tended, the poor relieved, the children taught, the services of the Church regularly performed, and all the while the monks were writing their chronicles of the past, and illuminating the splendid missals which we so

prize to-day, while quietly and ceaselessly the building went steadily forward. These huge pillars and round arches supporting the strangely small and mysterious looking triforium and clerestory are Abbot Serlo's work, the work of one whose truly Norman ideal was strength rather than elegance. Indeed as a modern writer has said, speaking of this nave of Gloucester, "It is not beautiful, but it is something more, it is awe-inspiring. It suggests power, endurance, devotion, dread of the unseen world, the fear of God rather than the love of God." No wonder that such architecture appealed to the Norman! It is the nave of Gloucester that, after years of absence, rises before the eye of memory as we try to call up a picture of the great Cathedral.

And it was up this nave, past these very pillars and arches, that they bore the body of Robert Courthose, Robin Shortboot as his father, William the Conqueror, had called him when he heard of the boy's attempt to seize Normandy.

"By the Resurrection of God," said he laughing, "this little Robin Shortboot will be a clever fellow."

Certainly he was a wild and restless fellow, now joining with the King of France against his father, now raising an insurrection against his brother Rufus, now setting out for the Holy Land to join the Crusade, now returning to claim the crown of England. It was a happy thing

for her that his beautiful young wife died when her first baby was born! All her huge dowry, intended to pay off the mortgage her husband had raised on his Duchy of Normandy, had been squandered in a few days on his worthless favourites. And then, at last, they caught and caged him. Henry Beauclerc was on the throne, and having got possession of his brother, ordered his eyes to be put out with red hot irons, and so, having rendered him helpless, cast him into prison for the rest of his life. For thirty years he lay there in the darkness, growing old and feeble in body, but no less restless and active in mind. Then one day he died, died of rage at some imagined slight put upon him by his brother, who had sent him a garment, which, having been prepared for himself, had turned out too small to pass over Henry's large head.

"See, see my brother, this traitorous felon who supplanted me, me his elder, this coward, this fine scholar who has stolen my inheritance, who has cast me into prison, and who moreover has put out my eyes; see how he despises and treats me as a beggar, see what he sends me as alms, as though I were some poor minor canon, old clothes, half made rags!"

And then he began to sigh and to weep with his sightless eyes, and would neither eat nor drink, and his sorrow so gnawed at his soul that he died.

Perhaps Henry's heart smote him for his cruelty, for he had Robert buried with all state, and if one has any imagination, one can easily picture the funeral procession passing slowly up Abbot Serlo's new Norman nave, to disappear under the archway of the choir, where, before the High Altar, in a painted wooden mortuary chest, such as one sees to-day, or possibly beneath the pavement, they laid the bones of this unfortunate prince. And over him they placed his wooden effigy, representing him as he was in his youth, all in chain armour, and surcoat, a coronet upon his head, his right arm and right leg crossed that all might see and understand that he had served in the Crusade against the Infidels.

The choir of Gloucester is a very wonderful place, perhaps dating back to the days of Abbot Aldred and Edward the Confessor, though, as its walls have been "hidden behind a veil of perpendicular lace work" by Abbot Stanton, and the old vaulted roof raised and beautified exceedingly, it is difficult to tell its date. On entering, one's whole attention is at first taken up with the east end, which may almost be said to have no wall, being entirely closed in by the glory of an immense painted window. There, to the north of the altar steps, we shall find the tomb of King Osric, and close to it the exquisite monument of the murdered Edward II.

What a strange condition of things this tomb recalls. The story of the poor weak monarch is one of the saddest in our history. We see him at the bedside of his dying father, Edward I., swearing to do all manner of things he never meant to perform, such as having his father's bones collected and carried at the head of the army to terrify the Scotch; never to abandon the war till the northerners were thoroughly subdued; to banish his evil genius, Piers Gaveston. We meet him again squandering upon that unworthy favourite the wealth his father Edward had stored up for carrying on the war with Scotland. And there is his marriage with Isabella, the beautiful young sister of King Philip of France, and all the miserable unhappy story of their estrangement, and of the King's foolish infatuation for the De Spencers. It is a squalid unhappy tale, that leads to that most black of days when the foolish weak creature found himself alone and helpless in Berkeley Castle, in the hands of his enemies. No one knows all the story of the deed which followed; but it is said that his cries of agony were heard far away through the night, and the distorted lines of his face, when the body was exposed to view, showed plainly what agony he had suffered. For days no one dared to move him, and the monasteries of Bristol, Kingswood, and Malmesbury refused to allow the body to be

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THE CLOISTERS

buried within their precincts, so great was the fear of offending the Queen and her lover Mortimer, who had ordered the murder. At last the Abbot of Gloucester arrived at the Castle, and with uplifted crosier, followed by his monks, entered the chamber where the dead King lay. Throwing a pall, emblazoned with his arms and those of the monastery, over the bier, he commanded his servants to take up the burden and convey it to his own carriage, which was waiting outside. They say, that no one daring to lend the Abbot horses for the return journey to Gloucester, he made use of some white stags which came and offered themselves for the purpose, and that is why we see round the capitals of the great piers which bound the tomb to east and west, paintings of white harts chained and collared.

So there they laid the poor King in the beautiful choir, just where he had wished to lie, for he loved the old city of Gloucester. And it was not long before the simple peasants, who came to visit his tomb, began to tell of miracles wrought by his intercession; so that, much to the wrath of the Queen and Mortimer, the King, who in life had been such a nonentity, after death became so renowned, that the gifts left by pilgrims to his tomb, during the reign of his son, would have been sufficient to pay for the rebuilding of the whole abbey.

There is so much to see at Gloucester, the ancient crypt with its disused chapels and remains of altars, where perhaps if we paid a visit just before dawn we might find that great historian, Robert of Gloucester, he who wrote the rhymed Chronicle of Englonde, offering his daily Mass. And there is the south porch with its statues of King Osric and Abbot Serlo; and above, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and the four evangelists. And the whispering gallery mentioned by Camden, "built in form of a semi-circle, full of corners, with such an artificial device, that if a man speak with never so low a voice at one part thereof and another lay his ear to the other, being a good way distant, he may most easily hear every syllable." And the Lady Chapel with its walls of painted glass, and superb vaulted roof.

But the cloisters! Were there ever such cloisters as those of Gloucester? It was Thomas de Horton who began them, and Walter Froucester who completed them. But which of the great abbots was responsible for the wonderful design of the vaulted roof, or the idea of giving to each of his monks one of the delightful little carols or studies, where he could sit and read his Office, I do not know; only I am sure that on moonlight nights some of the old black robed fellows must find their way back, and sit saying their prayers in the light which

streams in through each little perpendicular window. And in the north walk are the places for these much considered Benedictines to wash their hands, a long trough into which flowed the water, and in the opposite wall recesses for the towels. And then there is the Chapter House, and the Library, and the magnificent central tower with its ancient bells still playing their four tunes to mark the time of day.

As to the clergy we meet with at Gloucester, comparatively few of them seem to have left a great mark on history, but we must at least mention that strange character Bishop Hooper, who, had he lived in a different century, might possibly never have been heard of. John Hooper began his career as a Cistercian monk at Gloucester, and ended his days as a martyr to his Protestant beliefs, and between these extremes he lived a curiously chequered existence.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, we find him in London "living too much of a court life in the palace of the King" as some contemporary writer has said, and steward to Sir Thomas Arundel. Later, disguised as a sea captain, he had to make a hurried escape to France, possibly for those very beliefs for which he afterwards paid the penalty. Thereafter follows his marriage with the Antwerp lady, Anna Tserelas, and for a time we lose sight of him, till he reappears as chaplain to Protector Somerset.

As we study his story, there rises before us the picture of a gloomy dark-eyed man, with lawn sleeves, and furred hood, on his head a black cap covering short dark hair, and below it a large prominent nose, moustache and pointed beard. It was this stern and somewhat contradictory character that Edward the Sixth named Bishop of Gloucester, and a curious conflict ensued, for these reformers were no more agreed save in their hatred for the Roman Church, than are the non-catholics of to-day. The Calvinist Hooper, for instance, refused at first to accept the bishopric, because of the oath he would be required to take by Cranmer under the new régime, which made mention of the Saints of God, but more especially because of the *Aaronic abominations* or vestments he would have to wear at his consecration. "You have got rid of the Mass," said he; "then rid yourselves of the feathers of the Mass." Upon this, Cranmer the Protestant Archbishop was ordered by Protector Somerset to consecrate him without vestments, but declared that his conscience would not allow him to do so. Ridley was then commanded to persuade him, but merely succeeded in arousing the bitter wrath of the stern Calvinist, who replied that he refused utterly to don "the impious garments," and from the pulpit proceeded to "declaim against the habits, the ordinal, and the council." So there was a great quarrel,

everyone disagreeing with everyone else, till, as a well-known writer has said, "the new church was on the point of being torn into fragments by the intemperance of her own children." At last the royal authority interposed, and committed the refractory preacher to the Fleet, where the rigours of prison life apparently cooled for a time his somewhat excessive zeal, and he condescended to put on the "polluted habit," and taking the oath was put in possession of the See of Gloucester.

There he seems to have lived an active popular life, liberal to the poor, preaching the stern doctrines of his creed three, sometimes four, times a day, till on the death of the boy King Edward he found himself once more out of favour.

We have all heard some version of what followed. A great Catholic writer, Cardinal Gasquet, has expressed it thus: "The old English Heresy Laws were, most unfortunately, revived by Parliament. Then followed that series of miserable executions and burnings which have left a lasting legacy of prejudice against the name of Mary and her advisers, as well as against the Catholic Church, which the lapse of three centuries has not been able to remove."

As he stood bound to the stake in the market-place of Gloucester, pardon was offered to the Bishop, but stern to others he was no less stern

to himself, and died a martyr to his creed. Persecution is a very difficult subject to deal with, and every one must study and decide upon it for himself. It was, however, a Catholic of Catholics, a Spanish Friar, the Confessor of King Philip who first expressed the feelings we shall all I think have to-day with regard to the death of our martyrs, whether Protestants under Queen Mary, or Catholics under Henry, Elizabeth, James I., and the other Stuarts. Alphonso di Castro, preaching before the court shortly after the death of Hooper and his fellow bishops, condemned these proceedings as contrary, not only to the spirit but to the text of the Gospel. It was not by severity but by mildness, he said, that men were to be brought into the fold of Christ, and it was the duty of the Bishops not to seek the death but to instruct the ignorance of their misguided brethren.

Another well-known character whose statue we shall find at Gloucester is that of Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox. It stands at the west end of the nave, but his body lies buried in the parish church of Berkeley, of which town his father was vicar, while his mother was daughter of the previous vicar.

The boy Edward we are told early showed

his love for science, and after three years at Saint George's Hospital, London, during which time he became the close friend of the noted John Hunter, he returned to practise as a surgeon at Berkeley, where he was regarded as something of a dandy, riding to visit his patients in a blue coat, top boots, and silver spurs.

Smallpox was in the eighteenth century a children's disease, an appalling scourge from which very few escaped the ravages. Indeed its prevalence is sometimes given as an explanation of the very ordinary looks of the court beauties of those and previous days, they being some of the very few women whose faces were not disfigured by the disease. Now Jenner had noticed for some time past that the dairymaids at the farms around his home had beautiful fair complexions, while their hands were covered with the marks of cowpox taken from the cows they milked; and the idea came to him that the inoculation of persons with the virus of cowpox might prevent the far more serious smallpox. So on the 14th of May 1746 he tried his experiment on a boy named James Phipps, with virus taken from the hand of a milkmaid, and the boy had cowpox. In July the same boy was inoculated from a case of smallpox, and one can imagine the doctor's delight when the days and weeks passed and no sign of the terrible complaint appeared. But it was a long time

before he could get patients to be vaccinated, even in London where smallpox was rampant.

And now after years of freedom, the complaint has again broken out, and at Jenner's own county town of Gloucester. Why ?

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

(NORTHERN)

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

I

ELY

The Northern Cathedrals of England, what a subject! Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Ripon, Durham, Chester, Lichfield, each with its history, its legends, its crowds of ghosts who follow one about from tomb to tomb, trying to make themselves articulate, that we may recall them to life in our pages, and gain for them some of the sympathy and understanding they lacked when in this world. There are kings, queens, bishops, abbots, monks, nuns: many saints there are among them, and, alas, sinners. All go to make up the story of our cathedrals and minsters. At Ely, for instance, we shall meet Saint Audrey, the stately royal abbess, and her sister Sexburga, holding their phantom court behind the high altar. A strange, isolated place this Isle of Ely still is, in spite of railways and motor cars. What must it have been like in the days when the beautiful daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia, founded her monastery?

We had left our Sussex home that morning, and driven, not by old Stane Street, as the Romans would have done, but by those beech avenues and hawthorn-bordered lanes which wind about below the forest-covered shoulders of our Southern Downs. How beautiful it was that May morning! The hawthorns were in flower, and the laburnums, the meadows paved with golden buttercups. Truly it was the youth of the year, for larks were singing, and birds mating, and little calves, lambs, and foals frisking about in the fields. Even our dear shabby old car Elizabeth seemed to feel the intoxicating joy of the morning, and flew up and down hill as though she had been a swallow, rather than a staid, middle-aged, black-robed Ford.

It was not long before we reached Petworth, and that beautiful country beyond, where the trees grow in such abundance, and goats feed peacefully among the gorse of the roadside. Here, away to the left, on a crest above Haslemere, lies Aldworth, once the home of Lord Tennyson. And so through North Chapel we sped onward to Ram's Nest, and entered the region of the rhododendron and azalea, to find the land glowing with flowers of every hue.

Between Guildford and Windsor we lunched beside the road, as is our gipsy custom, and afterwards drove through the great park, with memories of Herne the Hunter, and kings and queens innumerable, to the town itself, with its crowded High Street, and noticed the flag flying

on the Round Tower, and so down the hill into Eton.

After Eton I think I must have got a little sleepy, but I have hazy recollections of Beaconsfield, Amersham, Luton, and other places. In the late afternoon we reached Cambridge, and found the streets as crowded as ever, and the stately colleges glowing in the tinted light. Then, just as the sun was beginning to show signs of setting, we found ourselves out on a great causeway crossing the Fen Country.

It is rich enough now, but how desolate it must have been in ancient times. For miles and miles one gazes over flatness unbroken, and through it runs the Way, eighty or ninety feet broad. On either side grass, shot with buttercups, beyond which is a deep ditch and a hawthorn hedge. Then cornfields and meadowlands, but neither villages nor farms, nothing to stop the wind, which fortunately just now is warm and soft, laden with the scent of the flowery waste over which it has been wandering.

After some miles the monotony of this Dutch-like landscape became wearisome, and we strained our eyes forward to catch a first glimpse of the Cathedral which we knew we should presently see lying somewhere on the skyline. And sure enough, suddenly, through a gap in a distant hedge, appeared a tiny square tower, Ely. Then the road, crossing an ancient bridge, twisted like a snake, and for a while we saw no more of our goal, till, passing a village with a pilgrim cross,

there again, nearer but still far off and unsubstantial, appeared a second vision of the great church, standing upon the culminating point of Hereward's Camp of Refuge. And the sun was still shining, and across the immense blue sky the breeze was wafting great white clouds which took the forms of two huge flying angels with snowy garments and long diaphanous wings, and to our tired fancy seemed the spirits of the royal sisters, Audrey and Sexburga, come to welcome two belated pilgrims to their ruined sanctuary.

. . . . .

It was next morning that we first entered the Cathedral. How lovely is the approach to the west door! To the south lies the Bishop's Palace, built of mellow red brick, with stone mullions, and an oriel window in which I wish I were sitting, that I might more worthily picture to you the scene. For the palace is not hidden away behind high walls as in most cathedral cities, but, being a long building, forms one side of the pleasant garth, where children play in the sunshine, and women sit working and gossiping beneath the lime trees. We sit there, too, for awhile, looking up at the strange one-sided end of the Cathedral, trying to picture it as it was before the north-western portion was destroyed, till presently we leave the sunshine and enter the Galilee or porch, where in ancient times dead bodies were laid to await burial, penitents were stationed, and processions formed up.

There are only three of these beautiful Galilees

now remaining in England, and as we make our way northward, we shall be fortunate enough to visit them all, for they are at Ely, Lincoln, and Durham.

As we enter the Cathedral from this outer chapel we pause to gaze up into the great west tower built by Bishop Riddell. Open it is almost to the very summit, and when the sunlight shines in through the many tiers of round-headed windows, the effect is extraordinarily beautiful and inspiring. Then next moment we find ourselves face to face with the long, unbroken vista of the Cathedral, the Norman nave with its painted roof, the choir, the matchless presbytery, to where, in the eastern wall, are the eight tall lancet lights, set three below and five above, forming together a wonderful and so far as I know unique whole, one vast window closing, and yet lighting this matchless perspective. And this is not the only wonder. For between nave and choir, supported by eight groups of tall, reed-like columns, is what is called the octagon, and above it the great lantern, known as Saint Audrey's crown, which floods with light this usually dark portion of a cathedral. Of it a modern writer has said: "There is no such a lantern in the world." Though I am no architect I can well believe it. To our eyes, become accustomed to the heavy magnificence of the nave, there suddenly appears, coming down from above, a dazzling radiance, falling from the twelve great windows of the lantern. Beyond lies the

mystery of the choir, and further still, in the presbytery, surely heaven itself, but faint and distant, as heaven I fear is to most of us.

It was in 1322 that the central tower, built by Bishop Simeon, collapsed. For a long time it had been threatening to fall, so that the monks had not dared to sing in the choir. Early one morning, just as they were returning to their monastery after matins, there was a mighty rumbling crash as of thunder, and looking up at the Cathedral they saw that the great tower had disappeared into a heap of ruins. As soon as they dared they returned to search for the treasured relics of their ancient foundress and her sisters, and beheld, oh miracle, that not a stone had fallen near the shrine. It was to that great monk-architect, Alan of Walsingham, that the task of rebuilding was entrusted. It was he who conceived the masterly and original idea of the octagon, which he achieved by omitting to replace the four fallen tower piers. It thus naturally occupies the full breadth of the nave, being carried up in stone as high as the vaulting, while on its summit was placed the wooden cupola popularly known as the crown of Saint Audrey.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the beauty of this fairy-like structure. It seems as though loving hands had wrought for centuries, as indeed no doubt they have, to fill every nook and corner with beauty. There you may see the heads of King Edward III. and Queen Philippa,

ELY CATHEDRAL
FROM THE DEAN'S GARDEN

ELY CATHEDRAL

DEAN'S DOOR

for whose visit to Ely the beautiful hall opposite Prior Crauden's Chapel was no doubt built, for this good Queen was a great benefactor to the Cathedral, and lived just at the time when Alan of Walsingham was finishing the octagon. There, too, are the heads of Bishop Hotham and of Alan himself. And carved quaintly into the huge stone brackets which support the vaulting, you may read the story of the great Audrey. You see her being married to the King of Northumbria, there she is making her escape from the King; again she is seen kneeling before Abbess Ebba receiving the veil. And there is that not unusual miracle of her staff taking root, which we find again at Glastonbury in the case of Saint Joseph of Arimathea. She is also represented during her escape from her husband taking refuge on a hill round which the waters have gathered to protect her. At last we find her at Ely being consecrated Abbess by Saint Wilfrid, and finally there is her death and burial. They are certainly a wonderfully interesting series of thirteenth-century sculptures, and being situated at so high a level, have happily escaped the vandalism which later destroyed most of our ancient monuments. Here, too, we shall find choirs of angels with glittering wings, playing on harps and trumpets, and above all, in the very centre of the roof, a boss representing Our Lord, His hand raised in blessing all who pass below. And it was just here, in this most beautiful place, that they laid Alan of Walsingham when he died.

But come, it is time that we, like the pilgrims of old, should make our way eastward to where once stood the shrine of Saint Audrey, the gentle saint, who for so many centuries was the one civilizing and purifying influence in this wild, savage Fenland. And as we walk slowly along we may picture the beautiful daughter of Anna, King of the East Anglians, married against her will when yet a child to Tonberct, ruler of the Southern Fenmen. Little girls in those days, especially if they had the misfortune to be born the daughters of kings, had usually a very unhappy fate, for their fathers looked upon them as mere chattels to be bartered away in exchange for political advantages. So poor little Audrey, in spite of her tears and prayers, was given to the Prince of the Gervii, as he was called, who bestowed upon her as her marriage gift this Isle of Ely which she was to love so well. For to Ely she came three years later on the death of her husband, and for five years lived happily in this lonely spot, surrounded by impassable swamps and rivers, till she was again forced for political reasons to quit her sanctuary, and become the wife of King Egfrid of York. So for twelve long years our Saint was Queen of York, and used her charming personality and holy influence for the good of her subjects. But all the while her heart was at Ely, and she remained a wife only in name, constantly beseeching the King, her husband, to allow her to retire from the world, and devote herself body and soul to her

first love, that Heavenly Bridegroom to whom through life she remained faithful.

At length Egfrid gave way, and after a year of preparation spent in the convent of her husband's aunt, the Abbess Ebba, Audrey went to rule over the religious house she had built on her Isle of Ely. As I have said, we may read her story in the sculptures of the Cathedral, just as the pilgrims, who came in ancient days to visit this most popular saint, read them. For we must never forget the primary object of the sculptures and pictured windows which adorn our cathedrals and churches, and how in early ages when very few could read, or had access to manuscripts, it was by means of them, aided by the explanations of the monks, that people learned the histories of the saints, and especially of the saints and heroes of the sacred scriptures.

And so we find Audrey at length established in her Fenland Home, and before long her faithful friend and spiritual advisor Wilfrid comes to visit her. They say that King Egfrid, repenting of his consent to her retirement, offered Saint Wilfrid untold wealth if he would only induce the Queen to return to him. But Wilfrid knew doubtless more about that marriage than we do, and decided that Audrey had better stay where she was. There in her Camp of Refuge, as it was called later, she lived a life of such austerity as would be impossible to most people, "never washing in a warm bath save when the greater festivals were at hand, and then using

it last of all, having first helped to wash the other handmaids of Christ," as the old writer says. She ate but once a day, and then most sparingly, and remained for hours in the wooden church she had caused to be built, lost in prayer and contemplation.

It was no doubt while she was thus engaged one day that the spirit of prophecy came upon her, and she foretold the coming of the plague which should depopulate the Island, and of which she herself, still young and beautiful, was to die. And here we are at the foot of the pedestal upon which for so many centuries rested the gorgeous shrine of Saint Audrey. In ancient days it stood immediately behind the high altar, and the CHASSE itself was of gold and silver set with jewels, glorious exceedingly, dazzling the eyes of the vast crowds of pilgrims who came, especially on the twenty-third of June, the anniversary of her death, to be healed of evil spirits by touching the linen in which her sacred body had been wrapped.

The old chronicler tells us, speaking of this most popular of East Anglian saints, that: "She was taken to the Lord in the midst of her people, and, as she had herself ordered, was buried there among them in a wooden coffin."

After she had lain undisturbed for sixteen years, her sister Sexburga, who had succeeded her as Abbess, having prepared a white marble coffin which certain monks had providentially discovered among the ruins of Grandchester,

had the Saint's body exhumed, and laid in its white sheet beneath a tent for the sisters to wash and prepare for translation to the church. Then suddenly the brothers and sisters who had gathered around heard a great cry of astonishment from the Abbess, for on removing the covering there lay the beautiful Audrey as though sleeping, and the physician Cynefrid who had lanced a terrible tumour in her neck only a day or so before she died, found, instead of the gaping wound with which she had been buried, nothing but a tiny scar.

And so having robed her afresh, and carried her into the church, they laid her in the white stone coffin which seemed as though fashioned expressly for her, and when her sisters died they themselves were laid near to her. And through the centuries which followed her death how many have sought her shrine. Hither came the hero Brithnoth, who, having been refused food and shelter for his men by the Abbot of Ramsey, came on to Ely, where the whole huge party was royally entertained. And so pleased was the chief at his generous treatment, that he not only gave to the monastery many valuable gifts of land, but ordained that if he fell in battle (and few men died in their beds in those days) he was to be buried in the abbey church. And so he was, with his six companions, and to-day they all lie, or their bones do, in seven strange little niches walled up on the south side of Bishop West's beautiful chapel. The great Canute

arrived one Candlemas day, driving over the frozen Fens, to worship at the shrine of the great Saint Audrey. Hither came Hereward the Wake, to beg her to exert her influence with the Almighty to save the land she loved from the foreigners who were threatening its liberty. And to the sacred Well of Etheldreda walked Torfreda, Hereward's wife, barefoot, clothed in sackcloth, and laden with self-imposed fetters, to beg the aid of the great Saint against the Norman hosts who were gathered around the Isle of Refuge. All who have read Kingsley's well-known book will remember how Torfreda, having made her petition to Saint Audrey, was inspired by a sudden thought: "As I prayed I looked out over the Fens," she says to Hereward, "and Saint Etheldreda put a thought into my mind. . . . Will the reeds burn Hereward?" And later, when all was over, and Normans and Saxons lay rotting together beneath the black waters of the Fens, came the great William himself, and many another royal and noble personage, all bestowing gifts upon the monastery and church of the Virgin Saint of Ely and her sisters. And yet I think it was the poor whom Saint Audrey loved best, those helpless sick and suffering who crowded to Ely every year on the anniversary of her first translation. It was then that the celebrated Fair of Saint Audrey was held, when little cheap mementos were sold to the pilgrims, which gave rise to the word tawdry.

The abbots and bishops of Ely were veritable

princes in those days, some of the greatest statesmen of their time. They owned no less than ten palaces, and Ely Place, Holborn, was their magnificent London house. There was Simeon, own cousin to William the Conqueror. He it was who began the present Cathedral. And there was Nigel, Treasurer of Henry I., and William Longchamp, Chancellor of Edward I., who governed the south of England whenever the King was absent. And then there was Hugh Northwold, of whom Matthew Paris tells, who was sent to Provence to arrange for the marriage of the Princess Aliénor with Henry III. of England, brought her home in triumph, and was one of the bishops who assisted at her coronation in Westminster Abbey. It was this same Hugh who paid for the building of the magnificent presbytery at Ely, where his body still lies buried. His is that curious monument in the north choir aisle where the Bishop is depicted lying in his vestments, and on the soles of his shoes he has caused to be sculptured the story of the martyrdom of Saint Edmund, Edmundsbury having been his native town. He had also a marble throne, one arm of which may still be seen, and on it a wolf bearing in its mouth the head of the martyr. Thomas Arundel, too, whom we have seen later when Archbishop of Canterbury, crowning King Henry IV. at Westminster, was once Bishop of Ely and rebuilt the Bishop's Palace in London. And perhaps best known and most practical of all was John

Morton, who was one of the first to attempt the drainage of the Fens by means of the canal which still bears his name. He is that Bishop of Ely who, according to Shakespeare, grew such fine strawberries in his gardens at Ely Place in Holborn! Another great bishop was Nicholas West, the son of the Putney baker, who accompanied Henry VIII. on his journey to France to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. We are not likely to forget Bishop West, for he built that most exquisite of chantries which bears his name, and where Brithnoth and the other Saxon worthies lie buried.

But in the south aisle near the west end of the Cathedral is to be seen the foot of an old stone cross, which appears so ancient, even in this most ancient portion of the Cathedral, that we pause before it.

I was trying to read the scarcely legible inscription when the verger, Mr Wells, to whose kindness I already owed so much, happened to pass—

"LUCEM TUAM OVINO
DA DEUS ET REQUIEM, AMEN"—

he read, and suddenly we found ourselves back in the days of Queen Audrey, long before the present Cathedral, or the tombs we have been visiting were thought of. For this is believed to be the foot of the cross set up in the graveyard of the first monastery at Ely, in memory of Ouini or Ovin, the faithful servant of the saintly Queen. We may read in that most delightful of books,

Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, the beautiful story of Ovin. How in his early days he had followed and guarded Audrey in her long journey to the north, and remained her faithful servant and steward, till, like so many in those fervent times, he felt himself called to renounce the world and its honours, for he was indeed a great noble. It was to the door of Saint Chad's monastery at Lastingham that he came. There, having stripped himself of his rich garments, even to the coarse hair shirt he had always worn beneath them, and carrying nothing save an axe and a hatchet, he begged to be admitted, not for leisure, as he said, but for labour. And labour he did for years, growing holier and holier, working out of doors while his brethren read, wrote, taught, and meditated within. When Saint Chad was finally removed to Lichfield, Ovin followed him and continued there his laborious manner of life, and so acceptable was his honest toil to Almighty God, that it was the humble Ovin who was chosen from among all the brethren, to hear the songs of the angels who came to announce to the holy Bishop his departure from this world.

"Father," said Ovin, prostrating himself upon the earth, "Father, may I ask you somewhat?" And Chad replied: "Ask what you will, my son." "I beseech you tell me what of that song coming down from Heaven, and returning thither again." And the Abbot answered: "They were angelic spirits who came to call me to the Heaven I have always loved and desired.

After seven days they will return and take me with them."

After this passing of Saint Chad, Ovin must have sought Saint Wilfrid when he was driven away from York. For we find them both at the new monastery which Saint Audrey had built at Ely, the twin establishment for monks and nuns. And though we hear no more of the faithful steward, there can be no doubt that when he died this cross was erected by his affectionate and grateful mistress.

And there we must leave the interior of the Cathedral, and wander out into the town, which stands so strangely on its hill overlooking the boundless flats. We shall find it quiet enough to-day, pleasant and prosperous, with its old tea-shop, and Bell Inn, which my husband assured me had scarcely changed since he stayed there as a little boy. While walking in the park which lies on the southern side of the Cathedral, we meet an ancient *beadsman*, who, seeing us stop to admire a certain matchless view of the vast building, enquires what we think of *OUR* Cathedral, and when we express our admiration: "Nothing finer in the world," says he, and gazes up with such intense pride at the mighty structure, that he might well be a reincarnation of the great Alan of Walsingham who designed the greater part of what is most beautiful in it. These beadsmen are very picturesque, and interested me greatly. I suppose they must have taken to their beautiful purple gowns, which give

such a charming note of colour to the grey interior of the nave, subsequently to the days of that shivering beadsman of whom Keats wrote, for they look extremely comfortable and well to do. If I had not feared to shock the protestant sensibilities of this good man, I should have liked to have asked him for which of the ancient benefactors to his Cathedral he was employed to pray, those many "knights and ladies praying in dumb oratories," who left large sums to the Church of Ely that they might be remembered after death. However, I found that he sang every morning at matins in the lovely Lady Chapel, and had done so for forty years.

I think that one of the great charms of Ely Cathedral is its lovely setting. In this respect I find it unsurpassed save by Durham. It is so intimate and friendly. To the south is the beautiful park, with Cherry Hill rising toward the west, and great shadowy chestnuts and limes beneath which fat lazy Fenland cows are feeding, or lying half hidden among the luscious grass. Here, after school, little girls bring tiny brothers and sisters, scarcely smaller than themselves, and sit making daisy chains, gossiping in their grave old womanly fashion, while the babies gather buttercups, so that the air is full of shrill little voices and the sound of childish laughter.

You may reach this children's paradise by way of the Ely Porta or Monastery Gateway, built in the fourteenth century by Prior Buckton. All the ground just now is covered with a thick

carpet of snowy blossom, from the group of huge chestnuts, which have grown up and shade the courtyard as it must once have been. Here you will find ancient walls, and wonderful old houses, chief among which is the Deanery, once the refectory of the Monastery, in which so many great visitors were entertained in days of old. And the Deanery garden! Picture in the background the Minster, grey, ancient, dreaming over its past joys and sorrows, with birds of yesterday nesting among its arches, and circling above its pinnacles, domed with the same blue heaven that watched over its foundation and will doubtless one day look down upon its ruin. And between it and ourselves the flowers. For the garden of the Deanery is an ordered wilderness of spring blossom. There are pansies of every hue, and wall-flowers, and forget-me-nots, and borders of great pink daisies, while by an old southern wall tall tree fuchsias are already crimson with blossom. And in the midst is a birds' bath which would have delighted the heart of Saint Francis, so filled is it with clear cold water for tired wings to bathe in.

. . . . .

Before we leave Ely we must be sure to go and see Prior Crauden's Chapel, perhaps the most beautiful because the least changed building in all this wonderful little city. The prior for whom it was built was the bosom friend of that great monk-architect, Alan of Walsingham, and the bishop of those days was John Hotham. For

the latter, Alan designed the magnificent altar tomb which formerly stood just behind the high altar. But for the prior he conceived this most perfect of architectural gems which, even in our days, still bears the name of his beloved friend. This Alan of Walsingham may well be regarded as the second founder of Ely, so much of its beauty and charm are due to his genius. This little chapel for instance. It is approached from without by a tiny turret stair, so narrow that one cannot but hope that the good prior for whom it was constructed was of slender build. At the top one enters a door to find oneself in the north-west corner of a tiny, tiny building, so perfect, so little changed that one seems to have stepped back six hundred years, and to be waiting for good Prior Crauden to arrive and offer Mass at his ancient altar. True the colours which once adorned it have disappeared, and the brackets have been robbed of their statues, but in spite of this it still retains an extraordinary amount of the loving work which was lavished upon it.

A short time ago a lady asked me why the churches of old were so much more beautiful than those of to-day, and I replied that perhaps it is because they were not built by contract, but that the ancient folk worked for the love and glory of God, as was but natural when the church was regarded as a house for God Himself to dwell in. Certainly if one may judge Alan of Walsingham by this standard, he was not only one of the greatest of artists, but a religious enthusiast, for

he has filled every nook and corner of this chapel with beauty. Even the tiles which pave the eastern end are wonderful. There you have the story of the Fall of Man. Eve is giving her husband an apple, and a human-headed snake with a most disagreeable face has twined himself round the tree. As for Adam he is already eating one apple while he holds out his hand greedily for another. I cannot describe the tabernacle work of this chapel. It is like frozen lace, or the delicate tracery which frost draws on a window pane. What must have been its beauty on the day of its consecration!

And then, think that this one man was responsible for the Lady Chapel, ruined now, but matchless even in its decay. Indeed most of the exquisite features of the Cathedral are due to his genius, and when we turn from them and leave Ely to continue our way northward, I think it will be with a greater respect and gratitude for the old monks who gave their time and talents so generously, and worked for love rather than money.

II

PETERBOROUGH

The road from Ely to Peterborough would be intolerably monotonous save with a motor. It consists for the most part of a causeway running between broad dykes, filled with brown stagnant water, beyond which lie vast flat regions of black soil, deep and rich, where crops are beginning to spring. Occasionally one is startled by the sight of a sail moving slowly across these gloomy fields, for the whole landscape is intersected by canals, most useful for traffic in this land where roads are scarce. In very ancient times the region we are traversing must have formed the vast estuary of the five rivers which drain the midland counties, and Ely was an island, several miles from the actual shore. According to Kingsley, the Fens, even in the seventh century, when the anchorite Guthlac settled at Croyland, were probably very like the swampy shores at the mouth of the Mississippi, "a labyrinth of black wandering streams, broad lagoons, morasses submerged every springtide, vast copses of willows, alder, and grey poplar. . . . Nature, left to herself, ran into wild riot and chaos, . . . till the whole fen became one dismal swamp."

Even to-day, with its ordered canals and well cultivated fields, it is dreary enough to one accustomed to the sunny hills and flowery vales of Sussex, and we grew weary of the desolate landscape as we sped over it, wondering how Hereward and his mare, Swallow, made their way through the swamps and quagmires, when, before departing into exile, he journeyed to Peterborough to bid farewell to his uncle, Brando the Prior, and Abbot Leofric. Every now and then, on the far horizon, one would see a group of trees, and know that a village had taken advantage of some slight elevation to plant itself. At Chatteris and March the women were coming in from their day's work among the flats, looking far more attractive in their old-world sunbonnets than their high-heeled, frowsy-haired sisters of the towns. During the latter part of our way our attention was much taken up with crossing and re-crossing the canals and railways, which as one nears Peterborough become intricate and rather annoying. Then at last, when our eyes were free once more to wander out into the distance, we saw the skyline bristling with tall chimneys, and dulled by the smoke of a city. Then came the first glimpse of the great Fenland Church of Saint Peter, growing vaster and vaster as one approached, till gradually even it vanished, lost among the forest of factories, warehouses, and other huge buildings, which have of recent years grown up under its shadow. What would Peada, King of Mid Anglia, and Bishop Saexwulf think of their little Monastery of

ELY CATHEDRAL

THE OCTAGON AND SANCTUARY

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

VIEW FROM S.W. OF NAVE AND TRANSEPT

Medeshamstede, if they could see the city to which it has given birth! For this crowded metropolis of the Fens into which, with much hooting and stopping we are now trying to force our way, was known in the seventh century as Medeshamstede, or The Place of the Dwelling in the Meads. There was no town there in those days, not even a village. It consisted probably of just a few acres of solid ground lying on the borders of the great marsh. Here Peada, the newly converted King of Mercia and Mid Anglia, full of enthusiasm for the spread of Christianity, determined to build a monastery of which Saexwulf the Earl should be architect and Abbot. The church itself was dedicated to Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Saint Andrew, and I suppose the cabins and huts which the workmen built for themselves (there being no village in which they could shelter) formed the beginning of the new town. Later would come traders, and hostels would be set up for pilgrims, till to-day the city of Peterborough, as it has come to be called, is a great and populous place, into which, being market day, it was extremely difficult and unpleasant to enter. However, at length we found our hotel, and a garage for Elizabeth, and after tea set forth to visit the Cathedral, which stands on the site of the first ancient worshipping place, destroyed like all the other Fenland churches by the Danes in the ninth century.

The approach to Peterborough Cathedral is sudden. One moment you are threading your

way through the crowded streets, pushed and jostled by pedestrians, and constantly in fear of your life from motor lorries and bicycles, when suddenly, just opposite the market hall, one is startled by a grim old Norman gateway. The town itself appears so modern, with its Liptons, its Maypoles, its International and World's Stores, its Cash Chemists and cheap clothing depots, that the sight of this eight-hundred-year-old veteran is very impressive indeed. How indignant Abbot Benedict would be at the crowds of noisy trippers who arrive in huge char-a-bancs, and stroll about photographing and criticizing his holy places. In his time no one, of whatever rank, ventured to pass into the Minster Close without removing his shoes, so sacred was this great House of God esteemed. In those days the precincts of the Abbey were enclosed by a high wall pierced by the gateway beneath which we are standing. And the Benedictine monastery of Peterborough was one of the most renowned in England: "Proud Peterborough" it was called, and I dare say with reason, for it was a place which kings and nobles delighted to honour with their presence and gifts. It was a Benedictine monastery, and the Benedictine order was extremely popular in England, the genial character of its rule suiting the English temperament better than that of the more austere orders, which flourished later on the Continent.

At the time when King Peada founded the first church and religious house at Medeshamstede,

little more than a century had elapsed since the great Saint Benedict had been laid to rest in the oratory of Saint John, which he had re-formed out of a Temple of Apollo, and his life and teaching were yet fresh in the minds of the monks. Later, no doubt, defects may have crept in, so that some of the stories we hear of the worldliness and insubordination of Benedictine houses were not without foundation. But the poor people of East Anglia would have been in a far more sorry plight than they were, had it not been for the good monks of Ely and Peterborough. It was to the monastery gate they came in times of famine and sickness, never departing without relief, for the monks were the only poor law officers and doctors in those days, and saw to the bodies of their neighbours as well as their souls. When we read of persons leaving vast sums to these great religious houses, we must try to place ourselves back in the times when they existed, and were the only relief houses and hospitals, just as they were the only places in which travellers could find food and shelter. Anyone who has tramped over the Simplon or the Great St. Bernard will realize what travelling must have been like in ancient days, when the world was sparsely populated, and hotels almost a thing unknown.

So when the good Peada and his sisters founded the church and monastery of Saint Peter, they were not only providing for the religious wants of their people, but feeding the hungry, tending the sick, and sheltering the homeless. This is perhaps

seen even more clearly when we come to the time of the robbing and destruction of the monasteries under Henry VIII. For then, we are told, "so much poverty and misery was seen abroad as had not been known since England was a nation."

But it is time we turned our attention to the great Cathedral itself. As we look up at the huge west front we shall, I think, not disagree with those who consider it the finest in the world. In the lower part of the central arch, which is narrower than the others, is a curious and very beautiful porch, flanked by two little towers, and surmounted by a chamber. In spite of its beauty, which is undeniable, I think that it rather spoils the grand simplicity of the façade, detracting as it does from the height of the central arch, but its effect is so quaint and original that one cannot resent it. Passing beneath the low doorway of this "Parvis," we find ourselves in the west transept, which stretches from north to south across the huge, towering, Norman nave built by Abbot Benedict in the twelfth century. He had been Prior of Canterbury, and the devoted admirer of Saint Thomas Becket, precious relics of whom he brought with him to Peterborough.

It was while we were looking at the portrait of the old sexton, Scarlett, that we fell in with a party of gentlemen who I think must have belonged to some archæological society, and were visiting the Cathedral under the guidance of a very well-informed official, who recited the epitaph :—

" You see old Scarlett's picture stand on hie
But at your feet here doth his body lye,
His gravestone doth his age and death time show,
His office by these tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdye limm
A scare babe mighty voice with visage grim.
He had interd two queens within this place
And this townes householders in his lives space
Twice over : But at length his own time came ;
What he for others did for him the same
Was done : No doubt his soul doth live for aye
In Heaven : Tho' here his body clad in clay."

The two Queens interred by the old sexton were Katherine of Aragon and Mary Queen of Scots. We shall find the grave of the former in the north choir aisle ; a plain slab of dark marble, too much worn by the feet of passers-by for any inscription to be discernible. There she still lies, this good, faithful wife, whose only fault was that she was not young and gay enough to keep the wandering affection of her selfish, licentious husband.

As we stand looking down at the stone we think of the long years which had passed since she left her Spanish home to become the wife of Henry's elder brother, Arthur. We are told that she charmed everyone by her beauty and her modesty, just as she charmed her avaricious father-in-law by her splendid dowry. Four months later we see the little girl a widow, and listen to all the sordid bartering which takes place between money-loving old Henry VII. and her equally greedy parents, leading at last to the second wedding with

the young Henry, who was six years her junior. Of their five children only the Princess Mary lived to grow up, and Henry, disappointed at the death of the three boys Katherine bore him, began to tire of his already ageing wife, and to find consolation elsewhere. It is a sad, cruel story, yet through it all the beautiful Spanish lady passes unsullied, but with a heart ever growing heavier, and a soul more and more detached from this world which had treated her so cruelly. Then came the divorce, and Katherine's pure mind must have sickened unto death as the real soul of this husband whom she had loved so faithfully, this father of her dead children, and her lovely young daughter, was gradually revealed to her.

The woman for whom the Queen was being set aside had already supplanted her own sister in Henry's affections : now she aimed at nothing less than the crown. She had had a French governess named Simonette, and had moreover gone to France in the train of Henry's sister Mary, at the time of the marriage of the latter with King Louis. She could dance the latest French dances, she could sing the latest French songs, she knew all the latest games, and could invent others. She dressed in the most exquisite French fashions, in short, according to her biographer, " she rivalled Venus herself ! "

Katherine, on the other hand, was a sad, middle-aged woman, whom sickness and neglect had rendered older than her years. Her auburn hair, so admired at the time of her marriage, was faded,

her eyes grown dim with sorrow. What chance had she against this handsome siren who was determined to captivate the pleasure-loving King? We see her driven from Windsor and living her solitary life at Ampthill: for Henry had taken Mary her daughter from her, and left her in such poverty that she had not even the means to keep a horse or pay her servants their wages. And all this was done in order to force Katherine to acknowledge that her marriage with the King had been illegal, and that her daughter Mary was illegitimate, in order that Anne's daughter might inherit the crown. But all that they could extract from her was: "As to the Princess, my daughter, she is the King's true child." And so the divorce was at last resolved upon, and Henry, not being able to induce the Pope to grant it, declared himself head of the Church in England, divorced himself, and married the mother of the little Elizabeth.

And now we are standing looking down upon the slab which still covers all that remains on earth of Queen Katherine. She had been removed from Ampthill to Bugden; from Bugden, as she refused to be taken to the malaria-haunted swamps of Fotheringay, she was conveyed to Kimbolton Castle, "an ancient pile, with tower, and gateway, and double ditch, a very strong place, guarding the road from Bedford to Huntingdon." And it was in this grim fortress that she breathed her last. So worn was she by sickness and sorrow that when her doctor begged her to have a second

opinion, "Nay," said she, "I will have no other physician, but wholly commit myself to the pleasure of God."

Before she passed away she wrote to the King begging that she might see her daughter once again. But even this last request was refused by Henry. However, about six o'clock on that bitter New Year's Night there arrived at the castle a very dear and old friend of hers, Marie de Salucci, one of the four maids of honour who had accompanied her to England when she came a young bride to Arthur, Prince of Wales. In spite of resistance this lady forced her way into the presence of the dying Queen, and never left her till all was over.

Then followed a pompous funeral: for Henry, so mean that immediately on hearing of the death he sent one of his own hirelings to seize the dead woman's gowns and jewellery, gave orders for her to be buried in Peterborough Cathedral with the utmost grandeur, saying that he would have to her monument one of the goodliest in Christendom, meaning the great church itself. And when, shortly after, the other monastic churches were more or less destroyed, Peterborough was spared for the sake of the good, faithful Queen who lay buried therein. As we stand by the grave we can picture the funeral procession marching slowly up the nave, and hear once more the voices of the monks as they sing the Dies Iræ: while before our mind's eye stands the great black velvet hearse with the arms of Spain, and the silver

cross, and the tall yellow candles casting their light on the coffin of Katherine, Queen of England.

There was a strange story told about these same candles. It was, as we know, but a very short time after the death of Katherine, that Anne Boleyn, who had dressed herself and her ladies in gayest attire on hearing of the event, was herself laid low. On the day before she was beheaded, they say that the great candles around Katherine's grave lighted themselves before matins, and extinguished themselves at the close of the service.

But the great hearse has long since disappeared, and no candles cast their yellow light upon the stone. Old Scarlett, the sexton who buried the Queen, has been laid to his rest for centuries, and we only know by tradition where Katherine, once Queen of England, lies buried, for no inscription which I could read marks her grave.

On the south side of the choir, immediately opposite the tomb of which I have been speaking, was buried another Queen, Mary of Scotland, the victim of Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Anne Boleyn. We have all heard the story of this beautiful and unfortunate Queen. We have met her in her girlhood over in France, at Amboise and at Chenonceaux, with her first husband, the young French King. We have accompanied her in her long sea passage back to Scotland, and followed her through all the unhappy years of her stormy reign, till now we find her imprisoned in that very Castle of Fotheringay, to which Queen Katherine

of Aragon had said she would not go "unless drawn by ropes." There the poor Queen of Scots remained until that woeful seventh of February 1586, when the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with their followers, arrived bearing the news that she was to die next morning. I suppose we have all read in some form or other the pitiful story of those last few hours. How she was refused a priest to visit her and give her Holy Communion, how she spent her last evening comforting her servants who adored her, looking through her will, and at the usual hour going to rest and sleeping peacefully till five, when she rose to her prayers. After that she was clothed, "having on her head a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace, and above it a veil of the same, bowed out with wire, and her cuffs suitable. About her neck was a pomander chain, and an Agnus Dei hanging at a black riband, a crucifix in her hand, a pair of beads at her girdle with a golden cross at the end." Her dress was of black satin training upon the ground, with long hanging sleeves trimmed with acorn buttons of jet and pearl, the sleeves over her arms slashed to give sight of purple velvet beneath. And so she came forth from her chamber, and was met by the English Earls and conducted to the great hall of the castle where she was to suffer. Two only of her women and four of her men were allowed to remain with her, and that only after much persuasion on her part. "Alas!" said she on being refused, "Alas, poor souls, it will do them good

to bid their mistress farewell: Your Mistress being a maiden queen for womanhood's sake would not deny me this courtesie!" (I wonder what Elizabeth felt as she heard the gentle words of her victim repeated!)

While the Dean of Peterborough uttered a long prayer, Mary was engaged with her own devotions, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in English. Then the two executioners and her ladies helped her to unrobe, at which she smiled, saying that she had never before been helped by such grooms, nor was she used to put off her clothes before such a company. Then after her women had wrapped her head and face in a Corpus Christi cloth, she knelt down on a cushion, saying: "In te Domine speravi, ne confundar in aeternum." After groping for the block a moment, she laid down her head, crying out: "Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit." . . .

They say that when the executioner showed the head to the company, it looked much older than her years, and the hair was grey and polled short. As the man went to remove her stockings, her little dog crept from under her coat and laid himself down between her head and her body, and being stained with her blood had to be taken and washed.

Gunton, in his "History of the Church of Peterborough," written within a century after the execution, gives an account of the funeral. Mary had been embalmed, and the burial did not take place until six months after her death. The

whole church was then draped in black, and a rich hearse was erected close to the grave which old Scarlett the sexton had prepared. The day previously the body had been brought from Fotheringay by torchlight, in a chariot covered with black velvet, and attended by Garter King at Arms and other heralds. The Bishop met the body at the great west door, and followed by the coffin, which weighed nine hundred pounds, led the way to the southern side of the choir, where an opening had been made into a vault below. And there Mary of Scotland was laid to rest, and the grave covered in, all but a hole which was left that the staves might be broken and cast upon the coffin, for after all she was a Queen, and own cousin to Elizabeth. The actual service took place a day later, when these Norman arches looked down upon a great procession of Scotch and English nobles, headed by the Countess of Bedford as chief mourner. And as they passed along, the choir sang an anthem, and after the Scots who were Catholics had visited the grave and departed, the Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon, in which he remarked that he had not much to say as to the *life and death* of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland, as he was not acquainted with the one nor present at the other, . . . but that they must hope well of her salvation, for, as Father Luther was wont to say, "many a one that liveth a Papist, dieth a Protestant."

About twenty-five years after this great scene at

Peterborough, the son of Queen Mary, James the First, being on the throne of England, ordered her body to be exhumed and taken to Westminster Abbey, where the murdered Queen now lies, buried in the same chapel as her murderess.

There is a very curious and beautiful feature in Peterborough Cathedral called The New Building, though indeed it is four hundred years old. It is the only portion of the church which is not Norman, and the view which strikes one on passing from the severity of the Norman choir into this brilliant, dainty, fairylike structure, is very startling, and I think is heightened by the absence of stained glass. This lovely place was erected by Abbot Ashton and Abbot Kirton between 1228 and 1241 to contain the relics of which there were then an immense number at Peterborough, chief among them being the celebrated Incorruptible Arm of Saint Oswald. This exquisite roof, which spreads like a forest of giant palm fronds above us, has often looked down upon this celebrated relic, which was exhibited to pilgrims on certain days of the year, when they would be told the story of the holy King sitting at meat one Easter day, and beside him his friend Bishop Aidan. The country folk in those days were in a very different condition from what they are now, and it was the custom for the poor to crowd around the castle door hoping to receive some of the "crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." On this Easter morning the steward had already given away all there was to spare, and yet there

were numbers of poor souls crying out for bread. So coming to the King, who was just about to begin his meal, he asked what was to be done as there was no food left save that which lay upon the King's heavy silver dish. "Then the King," says the chronicler, "commanded the meat which was set before him to be carried out to the poor, and even the dish to be broken up and divided piecemeal among them." And Aidan, delighted at such an act of piety, seized the right hand of Oswald, crying: "May this hand never, never wither!" And it never did. For when the good King, of whom we shall hear more when we reach Durham, was killed in battle by the savage pagan Penda, who cut off his victim's head and arms and exposed them on a stake, they remained incorruptible, and the head, which had for eight years been beloved by rich and poor, was carried to Lindisfarne and thence to Durham, while the arms were preserved at Bamborough Castle, till one, that very right hand which had given the meat to the hungry, was taken to Peterborough and, enclosed in a magnificent reliquary, was regarded as one of the chief treasures of the Cathedral. In 1515 a seditious monk named John Walpool was accused of having stolen jewels from the shrine of Saint Oswald, to give to certain women of the town. That was the beginning of the end! True, a few years later, Cardinal Wolsey came to Peterborough and kept his Easter, carrying his palm on Palm Sunday, walking in procession with the monks, and on Maundy

Thursday washing and kissing the feet of fifty-nine poor people. But the Abbot at that time was John Chambers, of whom the old historian of Peterborough says :—

" He loved to sleep in a whole skin, and desired to die in his nest wherein he had lived so long " ; which I take to imply that when the emissaries of Henry arrived to take their inventory of the treasures of the Cathedral, the Abbot made no difficulties, but, as Gunton says, " complied with that great dissolution of Abbeys that the King should continue him in his place." I have before me a copy of this inventory, including a list of the wonderful vestments. I wonder what became of them ! During the French Revolution the rich copes and chasubles from the churches were given to the women of the town for dresses ; it may well be that the ancient embroidered vestments of Peterborough underwent a similar fate. And the arm of King Oswald ? I do not know. Perhaps some faithful monk hid it in the cloister well, where, centuries earlier, Saint Chad is said to have concealed the heart of his young disciple Wulfade. And speaking of the cloisters reminds one of the painted glass which once adorned them. In the south was portrayed the history of the Old Testament ; in the east the Life of Our Lord ; in the northern windows were pictures of the kings ; while in the west was to be read the history of the Church of Peterborough from its first foundation by the repentant Peada, to its restoration under King Edgar. They were not only of the

greatest interest, but valuable for the teaching of sacred history to those many persons who could not read. But Cromwell and his soldiers had no mercy on things sacred or beautiful, and not only wrecked all they could reach in the Cathedral, but utterly destroyed these priceless records of its past history. For beneath each picture was a verse explaining the event it portrayed, thus :—

Window 1. King Penda a Paynim as writing seyth
Gate yese five children of Christien feyth.

2. The noble King Peada by God's grace
Was the first founder of this place.

3. By Queen Erminyld had King Wulfere
These twey sons that ye see here.

4. Wulfade rideth as he was wont
Into the forest the Hart to hunt.

The old rhyme goes on to tell, much as I have told it when speaking of Lichfield, how Prince Wulfade was led by the Hart to the " Well that lay beside Seynt Chaddys cell," the beast forthwith disappearing. Much astonished, the Prince asked the hermit what has become of the Hart, and receives the answer :—

" The Hart that hither thee hath brought
Is sent by Christ that thee hath bought."

And the story continues :—

" Wulfade prayd Chad that ghostly Leech
The faith of Christ him for to teach."

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

VIEW FROM NORTH-EAST

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

And forthwith becomes a Christian, and

" Is baptized and hoseled Christys knight."

Although, as I say, I have told the story elsewhere, I give the remainder of the ancient rhymed version for the sake of its quaint and charming simplicity. Each window was in four panels, and the numbers refer to each division.

1. Wulfade told his brother Rufine
   That he was christned by Chaddys doctrine.
2. " Rufine to Wulfade said again
   Christned also would I fain."
3. Wulfade Rufine to Seynt Chad leedeth
   And Chad with love of Faith him feedeth.
4. Rufine is Christned by Seynt Chaddys
   And Wulfade his brother his Godfather is.

Then follows the tragedy which leads to the foundation of this great Christian church we are visiting, for the fifth window bore these verses, and above them paintings of the events.

1. Werbode steward to King Wulfere
   Told that his Sons Christned were.
2. Toward the Chapel Wulfere gan goe
   By guiding of Werbode Christys foe.
3. Into the chappel entered the King
   And found his Sons worshipping.
4. Wulfere in woodness his sword he drew
   And both his Sons anon he slew.

1. King Wulfere with Werbode yoo
   Burying gave his sons two.

(They were buried among the ruins of the oratory, which the King destroyed.)

2. Werbode for vengeance his own flesh tare
The Devil him strangled and to hell bare.

3. Wulfere for sorrow anon was sick
In bed he lay a dead man like.

4. Seynt Ermenyld that Blessed Queen
Counselled Wulfere to shrive him cleen.

1. Wulfere contrite hyed him to Chad
As Ermenyld him counselled had.

2. Chad bade Wulfere for his sin
Abbeys to build his Realm within.

3. Wulfere in hast performed then
Brough (old name for Peterborough) that Peada his brother began.

4. Wulfere endured with high devotion
The Abbey of Brough with great possession.

1. The third brother King Ethelred
Confirmed both his brothers' deed.

2. Saxulf that here first Abbot was
For Ankerys (anchorites) at Thorney made a place.

3. After came Danes and Brough brent (burned)
And slew the Monkeys (monks) as they went.

4. Fourscore years, and sixteen
Stood Brough destroyed by Danes teen.

Then followed the account of the restoration under King Edgar and King Athelwold, and the chronicler from whose pages I have copied the poem ends by a prayer that the church may stand

and be employed for God's glory, and his people's good; though, he adds quaintly, "How far the usurped authority of the late times was propitious I leave the world to judge." And there follows an Act concerning the Minster in Peterborough, passed in 1651, enacting that the great church called the Minster shall for all time be used for the public worship and service of God, and for a workhouse to employ the poorer sort of people in manufactures, the inhabitants to pay for the upkeep of the building.

A certain monk of Peterborough has left a curious and charming legend of the interview of the repentant Wulfere with Saint Chad, which I cannot forbear telling: "The Saint having prayed with the King in his oratory put off his vestment, and hanged it upon a sunbeam, which supported it that it fell not to the ground: which seeing King Wulfere put off his gloves and belt and assayed to hang them there also, but they presently fell to the ground, whereat King Wulfere was the more confirmed in the Christian Faith."

Before leaving Peterborough we should return to the New Building and notice that remarkable stone about which so much has been said and written. It is called The Monk's Stone, and has something of the appearance of a great Noah's Ark, the roof-like top being sculptured with leaves, and birds, and strange knots and circles, such as we see also on two old Saxon coffin-lids, still in place just below the pavement of the north transept. On either side of the Monk's Stone are

sculptured what are probably the monks who were martyred by the Danes on that terrible day when, having destroyed Croyland, they fell upon Peterborough, or Medeshamstede as it was then called. Unfortunately one of the Danish leaders named Tulba was killed by a stone cast down from the monastery, whereat his brother Hulba was so enraged that he slaughtered all the monks with his own hand, while his soldiers massacred the villagers. As to the aged Abbot Hedda he also was slain, and the altars were broken, the ancient books and manuscripts destroyed, and the whole place left desolate. Now Croyland had fared somewhat better than Medeshamstede, for some of the monks had escaped, and had begun to set their house in order again. To them came the news of the awful fate of Medeshamstede, and how the dead were lying still unburied around their ruined Minster. Then arose the good Godric who had been elected Abbot in the place of Theodorus whom the savage Danish king had slain upon the high altar. With him Godric took a few monks and made his way across the Fens, to the ghastly ruins among which lay those remains of the slaughtered dead that had been spared by the beasts and birds. They gathered them together into one vast grave at the east end of the church, and in the midst laid Hedda the Abbot, setting over him this stone. And every year afterwards so long as he lived, upon the day of the Feast of Saint Cecilia, Godric made a pilgrimage to the place, and pitching his tent over the stone, said Masses

during two days for the souls of Hedda and his martyred monks.

Finally, we should descend through a trap-door in the south choir aisle into what was once the Saxon Church. For it was here that the wild, untameable Hereward the Wake watched before the altar, and in the morning was armed a knight by his uncle, Brando the Prior. There is not much of this first church left save the foundations, but our imagination will readily call up the scene of the huge English champion and his companions laying their belts and swords upon the altar, that altar, the remains of which assuredly lie in the dark beneath the pavement we have been treading.

III

LINCOLN

We spent the Sunday at Peterborough, for it was a cold, wet day, and the hotel lounge, with its big fire and deep soft chairs, was very comfortable. There was no one else to enjoy it save a honeymoon couple, who took possession of the couch on one side of the hearth while we, lulled by their billing and cooing, dozed over our books on the other.

Next morning was clear and fine, and we started off north by the Lincoln Road, which, after passing under the railway, winds curiously about over the Fens as it finds solid ground to rest upon. Away to the left lay the remains of the great Roman highway going straight ahead, climbing a hill, and dipping down again on to the flat. And so presently we came to Market Deeping, the Deep Meadow mentioned by Ingulf as being granted by the monks to Hugh de Evermue, and through other indefinite little villages we sped till we reached Bourne, the town where King Edmund was crowned, and the birthplace of Hereward the Wake. To-day the home of the Wakes is but a group of grass-grown earthworks, scarcely distinguishable from the meadows which

surround them. Kingsley tells us that it was once a Roman Camp guarding the road to Sleaford. He speaks, too, of an ancient, sacred fountain which still bubbles among the ruins, if ruins they can be called, and which gave the name to Bourne. He hints at fairies and elves who had to be exorcised by the monks who came and settled beyond the castle ditch, and re-christened the fountain Peter's Pool, after the Chief of the Apostles. It was in the great house here that Hereward was born and brought up by his mother, the Lady Godiva and her husband Earl Leofric.

Bourne, too, was the home of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's spirit as she used to call him. Much has been written about this Lord Burleigh. He owed his position to the Protector Somerset, who found his character exactly suited to his requirements, and created him Secretary of State. But it was under Queen Elizabeth that William Cecil attained his greatest position, and when we hear that for forty-five years he kept his seat safely in the cabinet, we shall realize what kind of man he must have been. He was, as a great historian has said, "one in whom it is difficult to discern a trace of original genius, but one who made expediency the polar star of his policy . . .; and few men have ever equalled him in the sophistry with which he could cajole, or excuse, or mislead." Those of us who have studied the real character of the great Tudor Queen, under whom he lived and flourished, will realize how exactly such a man was suited to her needs.

After leaving Bourne we travelled by the North Road, passing Folkingham, once the home of the Gaunts, to whose ancestor the Manor was given by William the Conqueror, and so reached Sleaford, where Bishop Alexander of Lincoln, surnamed the Magnificent, built himself a castle. I remember passing a curious old lighthouse somewhere about here. It was set up in the eighteenth century to guide travellers over this sparsely inhabited country, which indeed is solitary enough even now.

It is many years since I first saw Lincoln, but the same words leapt into my memory the other day as when I first caught sight of the Cathedral crowning its hill: "To Thee have I lifted up my eyes who dwellest in heaven." For indeed one has to raise one's eyes higher and higher as one nears the city to consider the mighty building; and when, after passing through the long and crowded street which leads through the lower town, one begins climbing the steep hill toward the ancient Lindum, one realizes that pilgrims to the Shrine of Saint Hugh must indeed have felt that they were about to visit one whose dwelling was on high.

In speaking of the earliest Lincoln, Camden says: "The ancient Lindum of the Britons stood on the very top of the hill, which had a very hard ascent up to it, and reached out beyond the gate called Newport, the expresse tokens of a rampier and deepe ditches which are yet very evident doe plainly shew." These rampiers or

ramparts are to be seen flanking the old Roman Gateway, which even to-day, after nearly two thousand years, bears the name of the New Port. Their grass-grown undulations serve as kitchen gardens for some of the townspeople. It was in this old upper city of Lincoln that Vortimer, the brave son of the British King Vortigern, died, poisoned by his young stepmother, Rowena, the beautiful daughter of the invading Saxon chief Hengist. With his followers Vortimer had just succeeded in driving the foes beyond the sea, when he found himself struck by death. And as he lay there he called together his British warriors and gave them commandment that his body should be buried on top of a brazen pyramid, set up at the entrance to the port where the Saxons had been accustomed to land. "For," said he, "none will dare approach the country that should but get a sight of my tomb." However, according to Camden, he was interred at Lindum or Lincoln, though no one knows the actual place of his sepulture.

Then the Saxons, when they knew that the hero was dead, returned, and destroyed the old hill city, and on the southern side of it set up a gate and fortifications, built from the huge stones of the British Lindum. And down beside the river they established a town called Wickanford.

It was to this pagan city that there arrived one day the great Paulinus, companion and friend of Augustine of Canterbury. He had the good fortune to convert the prefect of the city, whose

name was Blæcca, with all his household, and built a stone church which was considered a wonder in those days, and was dedicated to Saint Paul. That, so far as we know, was the first arrival of Christianity at Lincoln, and the memory of it has been handed down to us by Venerable Bede, who tells us that he himself met a man named Deda who had been baptized by Paulinus, and even described him with his tall figure and slight stoop, his black hair, and thin face with its birdlike nose.

After this visit of Paulinus, Lincoln began to flourish and grow, the Church of Saint Paul being its religious centre. William of Malmesbury says that at the time of the Norman conquest it was one of the best peopled cities in England, so that the Conqueror thought fit to raise one of his strong castles on the summit of the hill; while Bishop Remigius, who had come over with him from Fécamp, bought land beside the fortress, and built the first Cathedral of Lincoln. We shall meet him again, this Remy, "so little of stature and so great of heart," as Matthew Paris says, for not only shall we see traces of his work in the great west end of the Cathedral, but shall visit the traditional site of his tomb.

I think there is no one who can stand unmoved before the present west front of the Cathedral of Lincoln. When the sun is setting, and the birds wheeling and crying around the statue of Saint Hugh on the turret to the south, or settling on the horn of the swineherd of Stowe to the north,

when the shadows deepen the arches of the rich arcading, and the golden light turns the stone to opal and amethyst, how wonderful it is, how very, very wonderful and beautiful! How Remy would open his little black eyes could he see what his church has become in the course of ages. For it has needed many men and many centuries to produce this perfect building, and yet it looks as though it had grown up in a night like a flower, so harmoniously has the original scheme been developed under the one inspiration of achieving the glory of God.

Certainly that was the ruling idea of Saint Hugh of Grenoble, the Carthusian bishop who is really responsible for all that is most noble, most religious, most inspiring in this wondrous worshipping place. Never was a work more typical of its author than this Cathedral is of Saint Hugh. From the moment you come in sight of it you feel him at your side. The very shape of the pointed lancet windows suggests the singleness of purpose of the Saint whose mind was ever soaring upward to Heaven. The marvellous double arcading of the transepts tells of one for whom no detail was ever insignificant enough to permit inferior work. Even the inner sides of the leaf mouldings, which no human eye could ever examine, must be perfect to satisfy one whose most secret thought was pure and holy as his public speech. And there is the rich magnificence of the west end and the nave, suggesting the stately grandeur of the great saint of Lincoln, who feared neither man

nor devil; and the stern beauty of the choir, typical of his utter humility when he knelt in the presence of his God. . . .

All this may seem very fanciful and unnecessary, but I have just been reading for the last of many times "The French Life of Saint Hugh," translated by Herbert Thurston. When one has finished it one lays it down with a sigh, and a vision of a white-robed Carthusian monk stands looking down at one with great, dark, searching yet kindly eyes, and a mouth firm yet very tender. And the face looks out from the white cowl with the all-comprehending benevolence of one who dwells so continually in the presence of God, that, stern and unbending as he is to himself, he cannot but be forbearing with the failings of others.

Hugh of Grenoble, Bishop of Lincoln, was born in the Castle of Avalon in Burgundy in 1140. He was the youngest of three boys, and only eight when his mother died. The father, who must have been a good deal older than his wife, was so broken down by his loss, that, having placed his estates in trust for his elder sons, he took the little Hugh and together they entered a house of the Order of the Canons Regular. Many are the charming stories told of the life of the young boy among the monks of Villard-Benoit. There can be no doubt that from the first he possessed some peculiar charm, which attracted all with whom he came in contact. Certainly as a child he was the darling of the monastery, and we can see the little fellow in his white cassock and surplice,

wrapped in his black cope trotting along beside the old Canon, to whose charge he was entrusted upon his reception into the community. Saint Hugh has himself left us a picture of this dear old man: "There was one distinguished above all others by his virtue and learning. With fatherly caresses and wise counsel he endeavoured to keep me occupied and interested in ever-varied studies. 'My dear little Hugh,' he would say, 'my dear little Hugh, it is for Jesus Christ and His service that I am educating you.' If the boy cried, he would cry also. 'Do not weep, my son,' he would say, 'do not make an old man weep!'" And so, educated by love, and surrounded by affection, the child developed day by day.

When he was fifteen his father, grown sick and helpless, was placed in his sole charge; and when at length the old man died in the arms of his son, Hugh's desolate heart opened wide to embrace every form of suffering. There never was any man more tender than the future Bishop of Lincoln. When one begins to speak of him one never knows where to stop. We follow him through the days when the Canons discovered his gift of preaching, and sent him back into his own country near Avalon to act as parish priest for awhile, and thus become better acquainted with the needs of the suffering world. And there was the day when he followed the example of that other great Canon Regular, Saint Bruno, and for ten years retired from the world, together with his beloved old master, and lived a life of heavenly

contemplation and prayer in the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse which had lately been founded in the mountains above Grenoble.

It was there that the messengers of Henry II. sought him, begging him to return with them to England, and become Prior of the Carthusian monastery which the King had founded at Witham.

The house had not proved a success so far. The poor monks had been living in wretched huts in the forest, and the Prior, Dom Norbert, having broken down completely, had returned to the Grande Chartreuse. It seemed a forlorn hope, and even Hugh at first begged to be left where he was. But his fame had spread abroad, and had reached the ears of Henry, and when Hugh's own Bishop commanded him to depart, he set off in his cheerful fashion to become the one holy influence in the life of that strange contradictory character Henry Plantagenet. For the humble-minded, self-effacing monk seems to have been able to turn the vain, selfish, passionate murderer of Saint Thomas of Canterbury round his little finger. Whether it was due to his personal charm, his utter fearlessness, his European reputation, his gentle, patient, persistent manner, or the reverence due to his great learning we do not know. But Henry seems to have been powerless to resist him. In the National Gallery there is the picture of a monk in a white cowl supposed to represent Saint Hugh of Lincoln. It is the purest, most lovable, yet powerful and determined

face I have ever seen, and if it does represent the Bishop, it is no wonder that poor erring unhappy Henry lowered his eyes before that gaze, and granted Hugh whatever he asked. And so the Monastery of Witham became a great religious house, and a centre of prosperity and comfort for all the neighbouring poor.

Some of the most charming stories told of Saint Hugh are those relating to his fondness for birds, beasts, and especially for little children. While at the Grande Chartreuse the swallows and squirrels had been his pets, crowding round him with cries of delight whenever he appeared out of doors, settling on his shoulders, and feeding from his hands. At Witham we are told a goose fell under his charm, never leaving him save when she was hatching, and bringing her young to him as soon as they were out. After he became bishop he had at his manor of Stow a swan, a huge savage creature which would suffer none to approach her save Saint Hugh. With him however she was not only tame, but most affectionate, feeding from his hand, caressing him, guarding him during his repose, driving away all who tried to approach the sleeping man. For fifteen years this friendship continued, the bird always foretelling when her master was expected at Stow, by flapping her wings, and uttering cries of joy. . . .

But it was the little children whom the Saint loved best of all. There is a story of a tiny baby laughing and crowing with delight at the very sight of him. "He stretched out his little arms

and turned his head from side to side, clasping the Bishop's hands and putting them to his lips."

And Saint Hugh himself tells of a baby nephew who was brought to his bedside by the nurse, and how "the dear little creature seemed to beam all over, and went into transports of delight." Is it surprising that one who so loved and attracted the babies should have captivated the heart of the lonely old monarch?

This Bishop of Lincoln was generally surrounded by a crowd of little boys whom he had adopted, educated, and brought up in his house. One in particular seems to have been a great favourite, having been given to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who bought him from his wretched parents. As we wander about the Cathedral we fancy we see the holy man, followed by his train of adopted little ones, passing on to them the affection which had been so freely lavished on himself by the old Canon Regular, his master, and can hear him using the very same words which were once used to him: "Dear little ones, it is for Jesus Christ and His service that I am educating you."

Lepers, too, seem to have had a claim on the sympathy and charity of Saint Hugh, who used to bring them into his own room and wash and kiss their sores. Matthew Paris has left an account of his doings in this respect. "The holy man," says he, "was accustomed to visit lepers, whose houses lay on his way. He would embrace them, however hideous their wounds rendered them, and

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

TWO OF THE GARGOYLES

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

SOUTH DOOR

upon leaving would give them abundance of alms. On one occasion William his chancellor, wishing to discover whether pride had not taken hold of the soul of the Bishop, said to him :—

"Martin cured a leper by embracing him. You never cure the lepers whom you embrace!" And the Bishop answered immediately, "The kiss of Martin cured the flesh of a leper, but the kiss of a leper cures my soul."

The poor dead, too, were a special object of Saint Hugh's charity, and he is said to have given up dining with the King, in order to shroud and inter some unfortunate wretch whose body he had found lying in the road.

For fourteen years Saint Hugh continued Bishop of Lincoln, loved and adored by high and low. During this time a large portion of the present cathedral was rebuilt from the heap of ruins into which it had been cast by an earthquake just before the Saint's arrival. And now the time was approaching when the Bishop would be called from this world. But before the summons came he went back for a visit to his old home at the Grande Chartreuse, and it was on his return, while he was still in London, that he was seized with quartan ague. His old friend Henry II. was dead, and so was his successor Richard. But John came to visit him and made great promises of reform, which, alas, he never kept. Day by day the Bishop's sickness increased, yet in spite of his sufferings he never complained, and refused to allow them to remove the hair

shirt he had always worn, or in any way to change his ascetic mode of life. And when at last he felt death close upon him, he bade the monks make a cross of ashes on the ground, and lay him thereon, that he might die even as his Lord and Master had died, upon a cross.

"Oh Merciful Saviour, give me rest! Give me rest!" he prayed, and just as the clergy were singing the words, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," he breathed his last.

They say that the candles which were carried before the body on its journey to Lincoln burned for four days and nights, though the rain fell in torrents, and the wind did its best to extinguish them.

When the body arrived at Lincoln it was met by King John of England and King William of Scotland, together with three archbishops, thirteen bishops, and counts, barons and lords innumerable. Even the Jews came to bewail this merciful man, who had done his utmost to shelter them from the storm of hatred with which their riches had caused them to be overwhelmed. And the two kings, aided by the chief of the nobles, carried the bier on their shoulders to the beautiful west door of the Cathedral, where it was received by the clergy and taken up into the choir, the choir whose very stones the dead Bishop had helped to carry, and which to this day I should fancy no one can ever enter without thinking of him. There they passed the night around the Bishop, who, according to his wish, had been re-

clothed in the same simple vestments he had worn at Westminster for his consecration. And though he had now been many days dead, his flesh was fair and white, and his cheeks glowed like the rose, so that he looked as though he were asleep. And rich and poor came flocking in together, to kiss the hands and feet of the father they had loved, who had always been so ready to succour the needy and suffering.

"And while he was thus lying came a knight, whose arm was eaten to the bone by a terrible ulcer, and he laid it weeping beside the body of the Bishop, and the ghastly hole began to close, the wound to heal, and the skin to cover it, and the knight, giving thanks to God and the holy Bishop, came and shewed the wonder to the Dean."

Then, the news spreading, other cures were wrought. And after the watching was over they laid the body near the altar of Saint John Baptist, in "the new church which Hugh himself had raised in honour of Mary the Mother of God."

Eighty years later Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, together with their children, and a great concourse of bishops, abbots, lords, and ladies, assembled at Lincoln, for the purpose of removing the body of Saint Hugh to the magnificent reliquary which had been prepared for it in the Angel Choir, for which the great and good Robert Grossteste was chiefly responsible. But both body and reliquary have long since disappeared, and the head, which was kept in a separate

case, was stolen in 1364 for the sake of the rich jewels which ornamented its covering. The robbers flung the skull itself into a field, where it was watched over by a raven till some one found it and restored it to the Cathedral. Two centuries later the shrine itself, together with all the treasures of the church, fell into the hands of that most rapacious of robbers, Henry VIII., and the bones of Saint Hugh disappeared for ever.

Let us walk round the Cathedral, trying to fancy ourselves back in the days and circumstances for which each portion was intended. And first, as we enter the great door, we shall find on our right an Early English chapel called Saint Hugh's. On its walls were painted the names of the "Company of Ringers of Our Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln." I do not know whether these men formed part of the great association founded by Saint Hugh, and known as the Guild of Saint Mary of Lincoln. It was due to this latter Society that the funds were so generously contributed for the building of the greater part of this splendid church we are visiting. Their official place of meeting was what is now known as John of Gaunt's Stables.

As we begin walking up the nave we think of Bishop Hugh of Wells who built it, and picture him over at Melun, being consecrated Bishop by his friend, Stephen Langton, the exiled Archbishop of Canterbury. These aisles, which were later added to his nave, are furnished with a beautiful arcading, beneath whose arches one

may sit on the stone bench on which the little pillars rest so gracefully, and call to mind the crowds of pilgrims who in former days came thronging to the Shrine of Saint Hugh. For it was on this bench that the sick, the aged, and infirm used to rest till their turn came to pass up into the Angel Choir, thus giving rise to the saying, "The weak go to the wall." As we pass eastward we notice the Norman font which probably dates back to the days of Remy of Fécamp, and the beautiful triforium, and we think of those nights when the monks walked round the church in procession, bearing lighted candles and singing litanies. The galleries are empty now and useless, save to break the monotony of the lofty walls with their beautiful groups of arches.

Presently we reach the south transept, and stand wondering at the delicate work which was lavished upon the double arcading that runs round the walls. Once more we shall notice that it is Saint Hugh who is responsible for it, Saint Hugh who suffered nothing but perfection to be placed in this abode of All Perfection. There is in this transept a lovely little canopied hearth, and piercing the wall that most beautiful rose window, the tracery of which has been well compared to the ribbing of leaves. And so, leaving on the west the Galilee with its restrained beauty, we pass under a decorated doorway to find ourselves in the south choir aisle, standing before the ruined shrine of Little Saint Hugh, the Child

Martyr of Lincoln, said to have been crucified by the Jews in 1255.

The story runs that the little boy, who was nine years of age, was playing with some Jewish children on what is called Steep Hill, once the Ghetto of Lincoln, when he was beguiled by one Copin into that ancient building still known as the Jew's House, and hidden away in a dark cellar. There he was given just sufficient food to keep him alive, and for twenty-seven days was tortured by Jews who had been called together for the purpose. He was beaten with rods till the blood flowed, and his little body was livid and covered with wounds. He was crowned with thorns, spat upon, pricked with knives, made to drink gall. And all the time his enemies who had come secretly from many parts of England, mocked him, called him Jesus the false prophet. Finally they crucified him, and all the while the child is said to have borne his sufferings without a complaint or cry, and even to have smiled at his tormentors.

Meanwhile his mother had been searching for him high and low, till at length a neighbour told how she had seen the boy playing with the children of Copin the Jew. So his house was searched, and at the bottom of the well was found the little body. It is said that no sooner had the corpse been raised from its place of concealment than miracles began to take place; and this coming to the ears of the Cathedral Chapter, they went in solemn procession and bore away

the little body to the Cathedral. They buried it as I have said against the inner wall of the south choir aisle, where you may still see the remains of the shrine. When this tomb was opened in the nineteenth century the skeleton of a little child was found, and on the bones of the feet those who were present thought that they could still distinguish the marks of the nails with which he had been crucified.

> "O yonge Hugh of Lincoln slain also
> With cursed Jewes as it is notable,
> For it nis but a litel whyle ago,
> Pray eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,
> That of his mercy God so merciable
> On us his grete mercy multiplye
> For reverence of his moder Marye."

The murder of Little Saint Hugh was the signal for a general persecution of the Jews, who as I have said were hated and envied because of their great wealth. One especially, whose house stood a little farther up Steep Hill, was the notorious Aaron of Lincoln who financed the great Abbey of Saint Alban's, and even the King himself. Every Jew in the thirteenth century was actually the property of the King, AU REY KI SERF IL EST. He became so from his birth. All he possessed, even his wife and children, belonged to his master, and he could only live in one of the royal boroughs. He wore two squares of yellow felt on his breast to mark his race, and could neither keep servants nor marry a Christian. But he made piles of money, for in those days

Christians believed that it was unlawful to lend money on interest, so the Jews who had no such scruples became more and more powerful. When money was required for foreign wars or crusades, their trade became enormous, so that the King had to take them under his special protection, and provided offices with trebly locked coffers where they might keep their bonds and securities in safety.

Edward I. seems to have dealt more fairly with the Jews than his ancestors, insisting on their being tried by a jury half of whom should be Israelites. But the people in general regarded all Jews with especial contempt and hatred, and stories such as that of the murder of Little Saint Hugh of Lincoln, William of Norwich, Robert of Bury, and the rest of the alleged Child Martyrs, no doubt lost nothing in the telling, though considering the brutal manners of the times, and the treatment the Jews had received from their persecutors, there may well be truth in them. But to Christians at large, their unshakable adherence to their traditional religion was sufficient guarantee that they approved of their ancestors' crime of crucifying Our Lord, and that they would do, and even were in the habit of doing, such deeds again when they had the chance. In 1287 all the Jews were seized and cast into prison, where they were kept till they had paid the King twelve thousand pounds, an enormous sum in those days. Three years later, urged by his people, Edward I. expelled them from his

kingdom, and over sixteen thousand were thus sent into exile.

Farther along the south choir aisle we shall come upon the tomb of Catherine Swinford, the handsome governess of the daughters of John of Gaunt, and later, when he had grown old and helpless, his Duchess. I have read somewhere that when this unscrupulous woman found that the Duke was dying, she made off with everything she could lay her hands upon, and left him to the mercy of any one who would take pity on him. Close to her lies her daughter, Joan Beaufort, Countess of Westmorland. Next we pass the south-eastern transept with its vestries, and semicircular chapels, dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul. And then we emerge into the Angel Choir and find ourselves indeed in the presence of the mighty dead. Here, just behind the high altar, stood the shrine of Saint Hugh, for whom this beautiful building was erected.

For the wonder of wonders in Lincoln is the Angel Choir, so named from the angels who decorate the spandrils of the triforium arches. After the stern restrained beauty of Saint Hugh's choir this exquisite building is almost intoxicatingly lovely. It brings to one's mind those dreams of fairyland which, as we read, haunted the fancy of some of the monks of old. It is so light, so ornate, so rich in its detail, so adorably, incredibly perfect, that the first thought which strikes us as our eyes begin to wander over it, is the intense enjoyment its creation must have

given to its creators, Bishop Henry of Lexington and his successor. Whether however it formed a fitting resting-place for the ascetic Hugh of Avalon, is a question which cannot but strike one when comparing the studied simplicity of his own work with the exuberant ornamentation of this structure. Yet it was here they laid the beloved body, and no doubt as Saint Hugh looked down upon it from his home on high, he realized and appreciated all the pains and devotion which had been expended to do him honour.

I have often wondered how sufficient labour was obtained for the building and beautifying of these great cathedrals. Of course there were the monks themselves who spent their whole lives on the work. We have seen how, quite lately, the little Benedictine community at Buckfast has raised, without any paid labour, the beautiful church in which they now worship. But in the twelfth century there were helpers of another sort, for religion was such a living force in those days, that the news of the building of a cathedral "called out an army of eager helpers," or so we read in the life of Saint Hugh, "who marched to their labours as the Crusaders marched to battle." An Archbishop of Rouen, writing about this time, says that these voluntary labourers admitted no one to their ranks who had not first made their confession and received Holy Communion, and were in perfect love and charity with all their neighbours. No work was too

rough or hard for them. They even harnessed themselves to the carts, so saving the expense of horses. Having chosen a leader, they would gather on the spot where the church was to be erected, and fencing in a camp with their waggons after the fashion of our migrating ancestors, they would spend their nights in prayer and the singing of canticles, and their days in helping forward the work upon which their hearts were set. No wonder that churches arose in incredibly short periods, or that work given thus gladly for the glory of God should have proved so much more durable and beautiful than that produced by the paid labour of to-day.

Beneath the east window of the Angel Choir was buried the urn containing the viscera of Eleanor of Castile, the beautiful and much loved wife of King Edward I. Her tomb with an effigy (not that originally placed there by her husband which was of gilded bronze) stands a little to the south of the grave. The King was on his way to Scotland when he heard of her sudden illness, and hastened to Hardeby where she was lying. He arrived too late, and it is said that his grief was terrible, for there have been few happier marriages among kings and queens than that of the handsome Edward Longshanks with the little Spanish princess. Indeed, she was surnamed The Faithful, so great was her devotion to this giant husband of hers. She even left her baby sons in England to follow him to the Holy Land, where among all the tumult of war

she remained beside him, and even bore him a daughter. And now she lay dead, and no doubt as he looked down at her he thought of the many ways in which he might have made her life happier and easier, for though she had been such a perfect wife, and had brought him fifteen children, he had not always been quite as faithful to her as he might have been. He gave her a grand funeral, for he had her embalmed, and carried to London to be laid beneath another beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey: while at every spot where her body rested, a cross was set up where preaching might be heard, and alms given to the needy from funds left for that purpose by her sorrowing husband.

In the Angel Choir of Lincoln, too, we shall find the tomb of Bishop Flemming, one of those repellent chantries where, below the slab on which his robed effigy is laid, is seen his dead body all too realistically depicted. It was Bishop Flemming who founded Lincoln College, Oxford.

And there is the great Bartholemew Burghersh, the *Preux Chevalier*, who fought at the side of the young Black Prince at the battle of Creçy, and at Poictiers, and behaved so nobly to Sir Henri de Vaulx. As we stand beside his tomb upon which he is represented clothed in armour, his head, with its long hair, resting on his helmet, and his feet on a lion, while two angels bear up his soul praying to heaven, we should remember Froissart's story of this great soldier, for indeed it is very pathetic that these noble people should

be forgotten. It seems that on one occasion during the wars in France, Sir Bartholemew and his followers were lodged near the village of Cormiçy, where the Archbishop of Rheims had a very strong castle, which had been put into the charge of Sir Henri de Vaulx to guard against the dreaded English. Now the very fact that the castle was supposed to be impregnable no doubt roused the ambition of Sir Bartholemew, who having considered the building from all sides came to the conclusion that the best way to capture it, would be to undermine the great square tower which was its chief defence, and in which the defenders were all assembled. This was therefore done, the miners propping up their work with wooden posts as they went forward. And when all was ready, and the knight saw for himself that the tower had practically no foundation left save wooden pillars, he mounted his horse and riding up to the castle made a signal that he wished to parley with those within. Then came forward Sir Henri de Vaulx in his black armour, with his shield bearing five silver almonds on a sable ground, and asked the English knight what he wanted.

"I wish you to surrender," replied Lord Burghersh, "otherwise you will all be destroyed."

"Indeed," replied Sir Henri, laughing. "And may I ask how you propose to destroy us? We have plenty of food and water, and it is impossible to take the tower."

"If you will come out, on my assurance of your

safety, I will show you how," replied the knight, and he took him to the mine, showing him how the great tower was only supported on posts of wood. Then Sir Henri's face fell at the sight, and he told the English knight that he was a very gallant and noble gentleman, and surrendered himself to him, together with all the garrison.

And as soon as every one had left the castle the mine was fired, the tower broke in two, and both portions in falling fortunately just missed Sir Bartholemew, who was standing near by waiting for the explosion. It was in such ways that knights like Sir Bartholemew Burghersh amused themselves, and made the name of England to be feared, only I am afraid it was not always that they acted in so generous a manner.

The tomb of the knight's brother, Bishop Henry, stands close by. He also is represented with long hair like his brother. It was he who, as Bishop of Lincoln, baptized Edward the Black Prince, no doubt in the ancient Norman font which still stands in the nave of the Cathedral. This was in the year 1330, probably during the four days when the King was staying with the Bishop in the Episcopal Palace. Bishop Burghersh had been a very unfaithful subject to Edward II., but was in great favour with the young king, Edward III., who granted him the right of sanctuary to all persons claiming it at his house.

It is said that the Bishop had a passion for

hunting, and took much land from the poor to form a park, which made him not only very unpopular, but so restless and unhappy after his death, that he haunted the neighbourhood in a coat of Lincoln Green, with a horn slung round his neck, carrying a bow and arrows. In this very unclerical guise he used to appear to the canons of Lincoln, begging them to restore the land to its original owners, as otherwise he should never get any rest.

There are many, many more whom we should like to remember at Lincoln, Bishop Russell, and Bishop John Longland who built the beautiful chantries on either side of the south door leading to the Angel Choir.

The consecration of the latter chapel was prevented by the coming of the Reformation, and it is now used as the music library of the Cathedral.

There is one bishop, however, whose monument we shall not find in the Cathedral, but who was one of the greatest churchmen who ever ruled there. Robert Grossteste was a poor boy of Lincoln, who by his intelligence and eagerness to learn attracted the notice of the Mayor, who educated him and sent him to Oxford. There he quickly made a name for himself by his lecturing and writings, so that Roger Bacon declared him to be "perfect in divine and human knowledge," a great compliment from the celebrated Franciscan philosopher. On Grossteste's return to Lincoln he became the protégé of

the Bishop, Hugh of Wells, who made him a canon, and fought his battles with the other clergy who despised and resented him because of his humble birth. However, his talents were far too great to be set aside, and on the death of his friend the Bishop, Robert Grossteste was appointed in his place.

There can be no doubt that the affairs of the Church in England at that time were in great need of reform, and Robert Grossteste was a born reformer.

He feared neither Pope, King, nor even his own Clergy. He came into conflict with the first on account of the foreign priests who were being nominated to livings in his diocese. With the second because he would give appointments only to earnest and godly men. With the clergy because his standard of life and religion was higher than they could comfortably reach. But he was a magnificent bishop, and little by little not only gained the respect and admiration of Pope Innocent IV., but, as Lingard says with sly sarcasm, "The honour of being reviled by the historian of Saint Alban's" (Matthew Paris).

On our way to visit the Chapter House we shall certainly pause to wonder at the beauty of the Easter Sepulchre, which is built against the north wall of Saint Hugh's choir. It consists of six bays, the three to the west enclosing a chapel evidently intended to act as the Tomb for the Blessed Sacrament in the latter part of

Holy Week, since on the stone below the arches there are sculptured the three sleeping guardians of the sepulchre. The eastern part is known as the tomb of Bishop Remigius, but has only been so called since the Reformation.

And there are the cloisters to visit, and the Chapter House with its giant stone palm tree rising in the centre, whose fronds as they near the roof open, spread, interlace with the leaves of the smaller palms which stand between the windows, and so form the perfect vault which replaces the old wooden ceiling of earlier days. The windows themselves tell the story of the Cathedral from the giving of the Charter to Bishop Remigius by William the Conqueror. There you will see the building of the first church, the outbreak of the great fire which destroyed the wooden roof in 1195, the history of Saint Hugh. . . . It is all pictured in the painted glass of the great triple lights of the Chapter House. And there is the great carved wooden chair in which Edward I. sat when he held his Parliament in 1301.

Before we leave Lincoln, I feel that we must visit, if only for a moment or two, the old feudal castle, which with the Cathedral shares the summit of the hill. We shall find many things to interest us, beginning with the ancient gateway by which we enter. It was through this entrance, on Christmas Day, 1141, during the stirring days of King Stephen, that Earl Ranulf and his brother-in-law, William de Romare, the

rascally sons of the Countess of Lincoln, entered the castle. They had arrived at Lincoln with their wives, and finding the garrison abroad in the town enjoying their Christmas festivities, the two ladies sauntered in through the gateway, just as we did the other day, and began talking and joking with the custodian. Presently, beneath the archway, comes Ranulf apparently looking for his wife, and finding no one about but the ladies, bars the gate, and traitor that he is, takes possession of the fortress for the Empress Maud, though at that time he was professing allegiance to King Stephen. From the summit of the old Observatory Tower we may look down, as no doubt the young Countess did, and watch the army of the King gathering around the foot of the hill, and even turning the western end of the Cathedral into a fortress, from which to attack the castle. As we stand on the ruined summit of the tower, among the grass and brambles which now clothe its ancient stones, a winter evening seems to close down upon us and we see some one creeping along the river bank, and a horse neighs and is quickly silenced. It is Earl Ranulf gone to seek succour from his father-in-law, the great Earl of Gloucester, brother of the Empress Maud. A few days later he returned, with his hastily gathered army, to find the floods out around Lincoln, and the river so swift and fierce that no one dared cross it, till Robert of Gloucester himself, who had sworn either to conquer Stephen or die, waded

into the stream and, followed by his men, made his way to the opposite bank.

There they came upon the King, with his bodyguard drawn up beneath his standard, wielding his mighty battle-axe, gloomy with the memory of the portent he had witnessed that morning in the Cathedral during Mass. For the chain supporting the pyx, in which in those days the Blessed Sacrament was kept hanging above the altar, had snapped and let fall its precious burden.

They say that Stephen fought like a lion until, his axe shattered, his sword broken, he was overcome and led away a prisoner. Then up the steep street and into the city the Earl's troops made their way, cutting down all who opposed them, and slaughtering the helpless citizens. It was not a happy thing to live in England in the days of the Empress Maud and King Stephen!

As we descend from Observatory Tower, we can look right down into the walled yards of the old prison which stands within the castle enclosure. It is disused now, and the doors stand open. But no doubt, at night, these grinning heads of gargoyles we are passing on our descent, watch the ghosts of poor wretches walking up and down in the moonlight, counting fearfully the days till they will be taken over to Cobb Hall to be hanged on the summit of the tower.

We climbed to it presently, up the terraces of ancient earthworks, now carpeted with velvet

grass, and gay with flowers. We entered the gloomy circular tower with its inner buttresses, and narrow loopholes, and looked down through the trap door leading to the still more gloomy vault below, where no doubt condemned prisoners spent their last night. And we mounted to the roof where are still to be seen the rings and bolts to which the gallows were fixed; and as we stood looking down over the fair country below, we were able to realize something of the feelings of the many victims whose eyes have flown over the intervening space to the great Cathedral, a moment before the bandage hid it from their eyes for ever.

And then we crossed the castle yard to the Lucy Tower, and all that is left of the Keep, which, with its dungeons, its guard rooms, its halls, and sleeping chambers, was once the home of the gallant old Lady Nichola, to whom King John gave the guardianship of his Castle of Lincoln. We mount to it by a long flight of steps, for these ancient Norman towers were not entered from the ground-floor. Presently we find ourselves shut in by gloomy walls, and in the centre of the grass grown enclosure stands a huge tree covering the whole vast circle with its green boughs.

I was walking across to join my husband who was a little in front, when I stumbled over something, and looking down saw a little stone set up among the grass. There were letters on it—P. B. Dec. 28, 1868. Then as I turned to go

on again I saw another, and beyond, a row, all alike, and suddenly realized that they were the head-stones of graves.

My husband who had been reading a pamphlet he had picked up returned and took my arm. "Come," said he, "it is time to go."

"But these gravestones, are they graves? this one, for instance, P. B., what does it mean?" "She was executed on the roof of Cobb Court for poisoning her husband. These are the graves of murderers, the grass is full of them."

As we passed the trunk of the great tree on our way out of the horrible place, I looked up among its branches, and thought what scenes it had witnessed. And though it appeared an innocent sycamore, to me it will always remain the Upas Tree feeding on the bodies of the dead it shelters.

As we passed once more out under the ancient gateway of the castle enclosure, the heads of Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor looked down upon us, while on the other side, William the Norman and Blessed Saint Hugh kept guard. And we went and bought photographs, and packed our bags, and fed Elizabeth, and ate our lunch at the White Hart, most stately and ecclesiastical of hostels, served by a head waiter who only needed vestments and a mitre to convince one that he was the reincarnation of Alexander the Magnificent, doomed for his pride to serve two humble pilgrims to his old Cathedral. And very well he served us, and what a cook he

kept! No wonder kings and nobles liked to sit at his table in the Bishop's palace! And after it was over he humbled himself still more, for he helped me on with my coat, and held a light to my husband's cigarette. And so, refreshed and comforted, we started off on our way to York.

IV

YORK

Our road, after leading past the Lincoln race-course, ran through the broad valley of the Witham and the Trent, of which rivers Camden remarks, translating from the Latin of a still older writer :

> "The Trent unto thee sendeth fish, oh Lincoln, well we see
> Yet little Witham, scorn it not, a riveret comes to thee."

A little later we find ourselves crossing the Fosse Dyke, which King Henry had "cast and scoured for seven miles in length from Witham into Trent, that it might serve the citizens of Lincoln for carriage of necessaries by water." And here we come upon Torksey Lock, the inhabitants of which were granted many privileges in the days of William the Conqueror, on condition that they conveyed the King's ambassadors who travelled that way as far as York. There are the ruins of a castle at Torksey, but whose we had no time to discover. And so we ran past the ancient Norman church of Marton, and Naith the home of the Darceys, who flourished under King Henry III., to Gainsborough.

It was at Gainsborough that Sweyn, King of the Danes, that "most odious tyrant," as Roger of Wendover calls him, put his ships to anchor in the Trent, and leaving there his son Cnut, sallied forth to lay waste the provinces. Camden tells us that it was at Gainsborough the murderous ruffian met his death from an unknown hand, but an older writer places it at Bury, where, after unheard-of atrocities, Sweyn yelled out that Saint Edmund was no saint! and was immediately pierced by a mysterious arrow, "and departed for Hell on the third of February."

At Thorne we found a fine twelfth century church where a wedding was in progress, and soon after reached Selby where a great delight awaited us in the magnificent Abbey Church. It was quite by accident that we stopped at all, for I am ashamed to say that I had never heard of the wonders of Selby, or its monastic church; and this is the more strange as Saint Germanus of Auxerre, to whom it owed its foundation, has for many years been one of my most intimate friends! The story is so curious, that even at the risk of delaying our arrival at York, it must be told at some length.

Germanus was, as all the world knows, or knew when the saints were still honoured in our land, the soldier bishop of Auxerre, who at the command of Pope Saint Celestine, saved the Faith in Britain when, during the fifth century, it was so perilously threatened by Pelagius and his disciple Agricola. Germanus came over to our

shores with his friend Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, stilling by his prayers the storm, which, Bede says, had been sent against them by "the malevolent force of the demons who grudged that such great men should proceed to recover the salvation of the people."

On their coming, having first crushed the "damnable heresy," they visited the tomb of Saint Alban, the young Roman Christian, who, a century earlier, had laid down his life for the same Faith for which they were now contending. Then, hearing that the Picts and Scots had once more overrun the north of Britain, and were laying it waste with fire and sword, the old martial spirit of Germanus awoke: for he had been a soldier before he was a bishop. Hastening to the scene of the disturbance, he gathered together an army of peasants, whom he proceeded to convert, and baptize, and it being the season of Easter, there was a great festival in the little church which had been hastily built. After which Germanus, declaring himself the leader of this army of new and enthusiastic Christians, mounted his horse, and with the thrice repeated cry of Alleluia, charged the enemy.

No wonder the wild savages were stricken down with terror, cast away their weapons and took to their heels. Doubtless they mistook the Bishop, his armour veiled by his splendid Easter vestments, and bearing the Standard of his Risen Lord, surrounded moreover as he was by his vast white-robed company of Neo-

phytes, for some mighty god, and his band of avenging angels. In any case, we are told that they cast down their arms and fled howling and shrieking toward the river, into which those who were not slaughtered by the British plunged and were drowned.

But you will be wondering what this old fifth century story has to do with the founding of Selby Abbey. To understand that we must skip nearly six hundred years and in fancy travel to Auxerre, the beautiful little town in Eastern France, to which I motored some years ago, when visiting the French châteaux, and where I first formed a friendship with this splendid though somewhat bellicose Bishop. There, in the Abbey of Saint Germanus, we shall find a young monk named Benedict lying in his cell one night, sorely troubled in mind, having just received a ghostly visit from the ancient founder of his abbey.

We must remember that the north of England was then still in a very wild and uncivilized state; for the Danes and other Northmen had overrun it, blotting out most of the religion that the earlier saints, including Saint Germanus, had taught. They had destroyed the monasteries, murdering the monks and nuns, the only teachers and protectors the people had in those days. So it is not perhaps too fanciful to imagine that the good Bishop, who, during his earthly life, had taken so strong an interest in the conversion and well-being of the people of England, and

had twice journeyed hither to teach them the true faith, should have risen from his grave to urge this new missionary to help them in their need. For that was what his visit to Benedict meant. He ordered the young man to make his way to a place in England called Salebei, there to found a monastery which was to be dedicated to himself the Saint of Auxerre; and in order to give the monk courage for such an enterprise, he bade him take with him the sacred relic of his little finger, which lay night and day upon his altar in the great church. After much hesitation, and fearing that the vision might be a temptation of the devil, we see the young man stealing off with his treasure, and after much vain searching, and loss of time, necessitating a second visit from the Saint, finding the very place chosen for the abbey. So Benedict, and the little band of monks whom he gathered around him, planted their Cross among the grasses of the meadow on the banks of the Ouse, and built a little wooden church, and moss-lined huts for themselves to dwell in, and began their evangelistic labours.

One day, down the river in his barge, came a great baron called Hugh. The sight of the little community roused his curiosity. So landing he came and inquired the meaning of it all, and before he left sent for workmen to build a better church and house for the monks. But that was not all. For this was the eleventh century, the Normans were ruling the land, and, as we

know, William of Normandy fully appreciated the civilizing influence of the monks and nuns upon his rude northern subjects. So when Hugh, who was a friend of his, told him of his find, the King was greatly interested, and immediately gave money and land for raising a monastery at Selby. And so great was his enthusiasm for this his earliest northern abbey, that he and his Queen Matilda, when travelling through Yorkshire a little later, put up at the new house, and it was there that Henry their youngest son, afterwards Henry I., was born. After this it was but natural that Selby should flourish, till, as Camden tells us, "the Abbats of this monastery, and those of Saint Mary's at York, were the only Abbats in the north of England that had place in the Parliament House."

We were looking round the magnificent building with its Norman nave and richly decorated choir, when we were accosted by a verger who proceeded to point out the various beauties in detail, the lovely triforium, the curious monkish figures carved on some of the brackets, the three swans the arms of the ancient abbey, the beautiful stone screen dividing the chancel from the Lady Chapel, the modern reredos carved at Oberammergau by Peter Rendel, the wonderful east window, and that other window of the Washington family where the Stars and Stripes were blazoned in olden times. And, perhaps most interesting of all, the ancient Norman font,

in which for nearly a thousand years the inhabitants of Selby have been baptized. Finally, he took us up to the muniment room, and showed us a very interesting old book, in the company of which he left us for awhile, and where I found many of the details of the story I have just related. And so, with many a wish that we could have stayed longer, we set off once more on our journey to York.

What a crowded city it seems to-day, this Eboracum of the Romans; or, as Geoffrey of Monmouth calls it in his British History, Kaer Ebraucus, so named from its amazing giant ruler, who, so we are told, ruled Britain for forty years from this city now known as York, where he dwelt with his twenty wives and fifty children. According to the same most delightful, and surely, credulous, of chroniclers, Ebraucus and his immediate successors flourished just at the time when Solomon, whom he seems somewhat to have resembled in his matrimonial arrangements, was building the Temple at Jerusalem; and it was to Ebraucus and his sons that we owe the foundation of most of the ancient cities of Britain. One of them was King Lear, hero of Shakespere's great drama. But indeed we know little or nothing of Northern Britain in those remote times.

When Agricola arrived from Rome in the first century after the birth of Our Lord, he probably found little more than a collection of wooden buildings, fenced in by trenches and ramparts

of earth. Some people would have us believe that even in those days there was a Christian worshipping place at York. In any case something of the kind would surely soon have arisen, for among the soldiers and domestic slaves brought over by the heathen general and his officers, there would almost certainly be some followers of the New Religion which Saint Peter and Saint Paul had been spreading abroad so vigorously in the city of Rome, and for which they had just laid down their lives.

About a century later we find Severus, the Roman Emperor in York, worshipping the Goddess of War, Bellona, and offering sacrifices in the great temple which stood within the city. Now it is known that the Roman camp lay over, or very near the site of the present Minster, on the east side of the river ; and near the south gate there is said to have been erected somewhat later a Christian church dedicated to the Holy Cross, perhaps founded by Saint Helen after her conversion, and the discovery of the Great Relic.

For we have now reached the beginning of the fourth century, when Constantine the Pale was ruling in York with his beautiful, probably British, wife Helen. It was at York that their son Constantine (afterwards surnamed the Great) is said to have been born, and on the death of his father, proclaimed emperor, " the soldiers casting the purple robe upon him while he wept and put spurs to his horse to avoid the importunity of

the army." Later came his miraculous conversion, and that of his mother Helen, and we may be sure that in his boundless enthusiasm for the new religion he had adopted, he would not forget the remote northern town in which he had first seen the light, and where his father still lay buried in that mysterious tomb, lighted by its ever burning lamp.

In the year A.D. 314 we hear of three British bishops, chief of whom was Ebor, Bishop of York, being present at the great council which Constantine had called together at Arles, so that certainly by the fourth century there must have been a considerable number of Christians in the north of England, who considered themselves part of the universal church which had its centre in Rome.

But it is not until the seventh century that we find the story of the Church in the northern capital beginning in good earnest. For when the Romans left the country the people of the north again found themselves defenceless against the outer barbarians, this time hordes of Saxons and Angles, who poured in upon them from the sea. So we hear little more of York, and nothing of its church, until the time when Edwin, that romantic young son of the Saxon Ælla, King of Northumbria, sent messengers to beg for the hand of Ethelburga, daughter of Ethelbert, late King of Kent, and sister of Ædbald, the reigning sovereign.

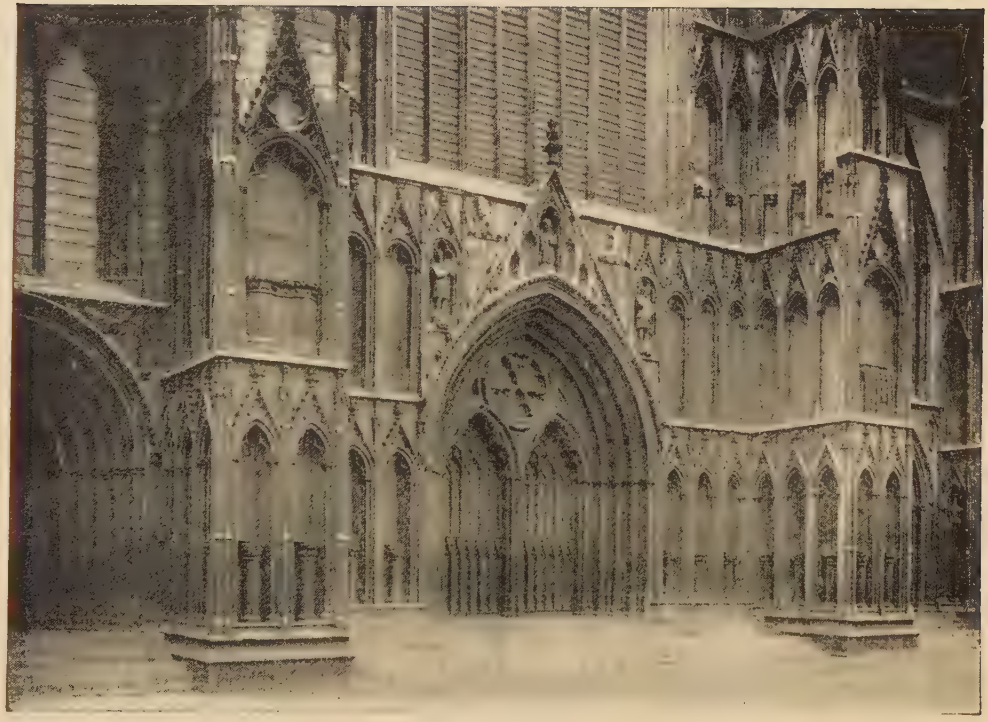
But before we go further with the charming

story of Edwin, we will enter the vast Cathedral, and making our way to one of the stately vergers who stand waiting near the choir screen, ask to be taken down to the ancient crypt, for it is there surely that the old history will best unroll itself.

It is very dark in the crypt, for I have begged our guide not to turn up all the modern electric lights, thinking that the ghosts of the past will be more likely to manifest themselves in the twilight to which they belong. And indeed the old man is only too eager to evoke them. He shows us a heap of earth, which was once a Roman altar, perhaps the same upon which Severus, and even Constantine before his conversion, offered sacrifices to Bellona. He points to the marvellous sculptured capitals of the squat Norman pillars, to the well from which he hints that the water may have been drawn for Edwin's baptism. And then taking me by the arm, for he has found by this time that I am a kindred spirit, and ready to believe anything he tells me in that mysterious gloom, he guides us to the side of the inner crypt, and shows us the herring-bone masonry of the walls, which is quite possibly the lower part of the stone church that Edwin began to build over the little wooden oratory in which he had been baptized. And all the while I can feel the young King of Northumbria at my side.

Ædbald had at first refused to let his sister marry the still pagan Edwin, saying that it was not lawful for a Christian virgin to be given to

YORK CATHEDRAL



YORK CATHEDRAL

one altogether ignorant of the True God. Thereupon Edwin promised that she should follow undisturbed her own religion, and that all her household might follow the same Faith. Moreover, he said that he fully intended to study the doctrines of the Christian Church, and if he found that they were more worthy of God than the teaching of his own religion, he would himself become a Christian. "So after a courtship long protracted, to the intent that he should not despise that woman, when possessed, whom he so ardently desired when withheld," to quote the words of William of Malmesbury, Ethelburga was given to Edwin, and went to York under the guardianship of Paulinus the bishop, friend and companion of Saint Augustine of Canterbury. It seems to have turned out a very happy marriage, yet in spite of the united efforts of the Bishop and the Queen, Edwin was unable for some time to bow his proud neck to the yoke of a crucified God! I cannot relate all the history of his conversion. There was an attempt to murder him which was frustrated by the prayers of Paulinus and the Queen, and the self-sacrifice of his friend. Close upon this came the birth of his first child, a little daughter, who, doubtless at the request of her mother, was baptized by the Bishop, on the Easter Day following her parents' marriage, and was given to Paulinus to be consecrated to the service of the Christian God as a nun. But still Edwin hesitated, though Bede tells us that he sat much by himself, thinking

and pondering over the words of Paulinus, and those of his wife. At last he promised to consult his own High Priest and nobles, and to that end called a great assembly at York, where all agreed that the religion they had hitherto followed was useless and false. So after the High Priest Coifi had himself undertaken the dreaded task of profaning and setting fire to the idols and their altars, King Edwin was baptized in the little church of Saint Peter, which he had himself built of wood while he was being instructed. As we stand in the dusky crypt on the very spot once covered by this humble oratory, looking down at the ancient well which doubtless supplied the water for the baptism, the centuries roll back indeed, and we feel beside us the beautiful young mother, Queen Ethelburga, holding two more little ones out for baptism, and all the dark recesses are filled with courtiers, and priests in rich Easter vestments, while most conspicuous of all is the tall, bent form, and dark Italian face of Paulinus.

In the midst kneels the King, in his white baptismal robe, and watching him I can see the pathetic face of old Coifi, the High Priest, who has lost all faith in his old religion, and yet cannot humble his spirit to the new. . . .

Over the little oratory was quickly erected a new church of stone, dedicated to Saint Peter. But alas, the good Edwin did not live to see it completed, for he was killed in battle against the savage Penda, and the last glimpse we have

of the crypt is as they are laying his head in its resting-place before the altar.

After this a darkness falls once more over York. The Queen and her children fled for safety with their faithful guardian Paulinus, back to the court of the Kentish King, and the little church of Saint Peter at York fell into decay. And this brings us to one of the greatest, and perhaps for that reason most criticized Bishop who ever ruled the Northern See. We have heard of Wilfrid in Sussex during one of the periods of his exile, and we shall find him again at Ripon and Hexham. When we think of him there arises before our mind's eye a tall, very handsome Saxon, with proud, imperious manner, very different from the gentle, humble Aidan his predecessor at the Abbey of Lindisfarne. For it was at Lindisfarne Saint Wilfrid had been educated and professed a monk. There is no need here to tell the story of his failure as Archbishop of York. He was a magnificent man, holy, pure, and upright. His whole heart was set on maintaining the unity of the Church. For this he laboured, and in the end lost his most cherished friends, and even his bishopric.

In England he was certainly one of the pillars of Christianity, and when later we meet him at Ripon and Hexham, a little softened and mellowed by adversity and age, I think we shall perhaps find him more easy to understand, than if we made his acquaintance here at York. He was one of the great builders, and not only gave

England Ripon, and Hexham, but rebuilt York Minster.

And there is Saint John of Beverley, who began even as a boy to preach to the poor heathen people of Yorkshire. Bede has related many wonders of this holy man. One story I remember especially. A boy was brought to him who besides having a horrible bald and scaly head, on which only a few detached bristles would grow, was also dumb. Having taken him by the chin, Bishop John made the sign of the cross on his tongue, and told him to say the word GAE, which he did. After that the boy repeated the alphabet and many words after the Bishop, and was so delighted with his new accomplishment that Bede says he continued to talk incessantly during the whole day, and the following night as long as he could keep awake! Next day the Bishop turned his attention to the patient's head, and sending for a physician ordered him to "heal its scabbiness," while he himself aided the good work by his prayers and blessing. So the boy recovered his health, and developed a beautiful head of wavy hair, whereas before he had been "uncomely, poor, and dumb."

Saint John of Beverley ruled the Church at York for thirteen years, and then retired to Hexham, where three years later he died and was buried.

Another celebrated Archbishop of York was Ældred, who crowned King Harold, and a little later William the Conqueror, with his Queen Matilda.

Archbishop Thurstan, too, we must not forget. He it was who was the chief instrument in saving the north of England from the dreaded Scottish hordes in 1138, when he raised the great army which marched under the united standards of Saint Peter of York, Saint John of Beverley, and Saint Wilfrid of Ripon. The battle they fought has always been known as The Battle of the Standards.

And there is William, great grandson of William the Conqueror, still regarded as the patron saint of York.

As for Roger de Pont l'Evêque who lies buried in the choir, which he rebuilt, he it was who inflamed Henry II. against Saint Thomas Becket and procured his martyrdom.

If we enter the Cathedral by way of the south transept, we shall notice a very graceful tomb. It is that of Bishop Walter de Grey, the builder of this splendid portion of the Church. He lies there, the little Bishop, or rather his effigy, one hand raised in Benediction, the other grasping his pastoral staff, his feet trampling on a dragon. Above, supported by delicate pillars, is a rich and beautiful canopy, where among the foliage of the finials may be seen birds singing. They are said to represent thrushes, called in Yorkshire the Grey Bird, and therefore forming a punning allusion to the name of this Archbishop, Walter de Grey. Archbishop Grey was a great favourite with King Henry III., who more than once stayed with him at the Palace at York. And that

brings us to one of the greatest events of which the Minster has been the scene.

It is Christmastide, in the year of Our Lord, 1242. All the world has assembled at York to witness the marriage of Margaret, the little daughter of Henry III., with Alexander, the young King of Scotland. Neither child is yet eleven years of age, but the splendour of the ceremony is in no way proportional to their size. The crowd of courtiers, nobles, and other guests is so enormous, that the town is far too small to lodge them comfortably. The Scottish party in particular having had a special street assigned to them, a free fight ensues there among the gentlemen's servants, entrusted to find rooms for themselves and their masters. Altogether the City of York, always rather cramped within its walls, is totally inadequate to provide accommodation for the vast concourse which assembles.

The young King Alexander's mother, Mary, daughter of that great Ingelram de Couci, chiefly remembered for his arrogant war-cry—

> "Je ne suis Roy, ni Prince aussi,
> Je suis le Seigneur de Couci!"—

arrives in more than regal state from France, whither she has retired on the death of the late king, her husband. Crowds of French and Scottish lords with their retainers accompany her, and for the little bride herself, she is followed by more than a thousand knights dressed in

robes of silk, and countless ladies in all the various gorgeous costumes of the thirteenth century. No wonder that the people gathered from far and near to see such a wedding.

Some thirty years earlier the aunt of this same little Princess Margaret had been married at York to the father of the present bridegroom. Both weddings were celebrated in the old Norman choir of the Cathedral, built by Archbishop Roger, and at both functions Archbishop Walter de Grey officiated.

But if, on the present occasion, we follow the crowd to the Cathedral with the hope of seeing something of the ceremony we shall be disappointed. For though it is mid-winter, the royal party has risen long before daybreak, and the Archbishop has made the children man and wife before the vast crowds of sightseers have left their beds.

Then follow days of feasting, first one king and then the other entertaining the guests, while the Archbishop, like a true Prince of the North, almost ruins himself in order not to be behind the others in generosity. Sixty oxen, says Matthew Paris, served as the first course for one meal alone.

In the old Norman choir many other historic scenes took place. There, in 1328, Edward III. was married to Philippa of Hainault. There some years later was laid the little coffin of their young son William of Hainault, whose beautiful effigy is still to be seen in the north choir aisle.

One of the most arresting features of York Minster is the very original, and to me, most picturesque choir screen. On it are depicted the Kings of England, beginning with William the Conqueror, and ending with that pitiable and much discussed monarch Henry VI. The original statue was, after the death of the King, regarded with much veneration by the Lancastrian party, who looked upon Henry as a martyr. It disappeared at the time of the Reformation, and the present statue is modern. I have heard this screen described as heavy, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a talk of removing it. Mercifully, however, it was spared to delight to-day such uncritical visitors as myself. And the glass of the windows! How came this jewelled wonder to escape the Vandals of the Commonwealth? Much of it belongs to the fifteenth century, and together with the celebrated Five Sisters Window, is regarded as one of the wonders of the world. The story goes that when Cromwell arrived at York, he had his doubts as to the fidelity of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who lived close by. So a bargain was struck with the knight that if the Minster were left untouched, this great and influential man would remain faithful to the Parliamentary cause.

As one looks at the glorious building, and sees it, not like so many of our cathedrals, either disfigured with modern glass, or left bare and cold without any paintings at all, but stained with the wondrous colours which the sunlight,

passing for centuries through these pictured windows, casts upon the stone, one cannot but feel gratitude to the great general for his promise, whatever our political opinions may be. For the beauty of beauties in York is its painted glass. Whichever way we turn it confronts us. There is the great west window so carefully rebuilt in 1807, how magnificent are these ancient colours given by Archbishop Melton five hundred years ago. And the Heraldic Window with its shields, and the Bell Founders' Window showing the method of casting a bell. But perhaps more beautiful than all are the five sisters, said to have been designed and given by five maiden ladies, who worked panels to serve as models for the glass, and gave the money for the finished work.

And speaking of glass, what are we to say of the Chapter House literally walled with

"Panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
. . . . . .
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of kings and queens."

It is unique this octagonal Chapter House of York, for it has no central pillar to support the vaulted roof. No wonder that at the entrance one reads the ancient verse which, translated, runs :—

"As the rose among flowers
So is this dwelling among dwellings."

On our way southward, after leaving Durham, we paid a second visit to York, and found a new interest awaiting us in the great yearly procession held in honour of Saint William, the patron saint of the city, and of those heroic men and women who laid down their lives so willingly during the persecutions of the Catholics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Standing among the vast crowd, which had gathered from all quarters, in the ruins of Saint Mary's Abbey, we saw Mass offered once more on the very site of the ancient altar of the great Benedictine church built by William Rufus. It was a very wonderful spectacle, this vast silent crowd, standing or kneeling on the very spot once covered by what I have heard described as "one of the most perfect examples of architecture in the world." I have visited most of the great churches of Europe, but I think never one more typical of the universal and eternal nature of the Church this ancient abbey represented. Almost all which was of man's construction had disappeared save ruined walls and a few graceful pillars still supporting some of the arches of the triforium. But a roof was there, the blue roof of heaven, in which shone God's everlasting lamp, the sun, and in place of the curiously wrought pavement of former days, nature and time had spread a thick, soft carpet of velvet grass. Flowers there were too, and curtains of ivy where birds nested and joined their little songs of thanksgiving with the rich voices

of the monks from Ampleforth. Altogether it was a wonderful service, and I think everyone felt it so: for the silence was so great that the voice of the Abbot could be heard distinctly, as he sang the same sacred words his predecessors had chanted each day on this same spot for hundreds of years, until the suppression of the Monastery under Henry VIII. in 1538. And as we stood there listening the years rolled back further still, till we seemed to hear the voices of those monks who came from Whitby to found the first Monastery here at York. They are followed by William the Red, trying I suppose to atone for his many sins by enlarging and beautifying the first humble building, and even coming to worship within its walls.

In this church Richard formed his plans for joining the new Cistercian Order of Saint Bernard, and here his friend and patron, the great Archbishop of York, Thurstan, has often said Mass. . . .

To-day the Abbey of Saint Mary of York is in the hands of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, by whose kind permission we are once more taking part in the great service formerly offered daily within its walls. Where monks once walked and meditated, a modern museum has been placed; the Abbot's house serves as a school for the blind. Still, a holy calm seems to hover over the ruins, and in spite of the vastness of the crowd of worshippers and onlookers the silence at the Elevation can be felt as of old.

. . . . .

The pilgrims had been arriving since daybreak, and the city, encircled as it still is by its walls, seemed as absolutely packed as on that day, seven centuries ago, when the French, Scottish, and English guests came pouring in to assist at the marriage of the boy-King of Scotland. It was a strange sight to see in England, when the vast orderly crowd formed up and came singing through the Abbey gates at the close of the service. The end of the procession had scarcely left the grounds when the leaders drew up before the house formerly occupied by Margaret Clitheroe, for as I have said this was a pilgrimage in honour not only of Saint William, but of those brave men and women who after suffering unspeakable torments laid down their lives for their religion, in the reign of Good Queen Bess.

I cannot tell the story of all these people, whose only crime was that they refused to give up the religion in which most of them, and probably all their fathers, had been born and bred, and which was to them more precious than life itself. It does not belong to the story of York Minster, except in so far as that the ancestors of most of them had in that building practised the same faith for which their children were to suffer. Later in the day I was shown at the Bar Convent the relics of many of these martyrs, a handkerchief dipped in the blood of one, the linen of another, vestments worn by a priest. But I think the most moving of all was a little white hand once belonging to that Margaret Clitheroe

whose home still stands in one of the ancient streets of York City. I have before me a short life of this intrepid woman. It was lent me by the author and is indeed a precious treasure. There we read of her marriage when yet a girl of eighteen, of her conversion to the Catholic faith, of the birth of her children, and of her happy home to which she was always ready to welcome the destitute and persecuted. It was on account of this charitable work that she was at last seized, and brought to trial before the Council in the Common Hall of York. Here she refused to plead, fearing to bring trouble on her husband, who was at that time not a Catholic. So she was sentenced to be pressed to death. The story of her execution is horrible, and yet so heroic that I must dwell upon it if only for a moment. The authoress of the little book of which I have spoken actually seems to take one with her, into the cell, to spend the last night with the martyr.

"I would gladly have one of the maids to bear me company this night," she says, "not for any fear of death, for it is my comfort, but the flesh is frail." And we see her sending her shoes and stockings to her little daughter "that she may follow in my steps," and she goes cheerfully to the Tolbooth, where she is to suffer. . . .

It was a full quarter of an hour after they had laid her on the floor, a sharp stone under her back, her hands tied out to two posts, and eight hundredweight of iron piled on to the door which covered her, before she died.

"Jesu, Jesu, help me!" she said; and a little later: "Jesu, I suffer this for Thy sake." . . .

They say that one of the sheriffs turned away weeping, unable to bear the sight of this beautiful young woman so done to death, for nothing save her constancy to the faith. . . .

And there was John Harrington, who during the night before his execution, being imprisoned with a number of felons, preached to them so effectually that seven out of the thirteen who were to be executed with him next morning were baptized before they were led out to die. But as for Harrington himself that is one of the stories I cannot tell, or even think of for horror. But as, later, we stand where the gallows once stood, and think of the gallant little army whose bodies perished on that spot, we wonder whether OUR faith, whatever it may be, would stand the test of what they suffered, and emerge as triumphant.

. . . . . .

I find it impossible to leave York without taking my readers for a stroll round the walls. From thence we can look down into the now grass-grown moat on one side and the beautiful gardens of the Cathedral clergy on the other. From velvet lawns and tennis-courts, terraces and steps lead up to the grey battlements upon which we are standing. The pink chestnuts are in flower. How lovely they are, the delicate blossoms! From below we cannot appreciate their individual beauty, they are too far away

and above us. They remind us of the exquisite work of the old monks which we have been admiring, and still more the perfection of faith of the martyrs we have been celebrating. They are too high, too far removed by time and circumstance for us to realize fully the meaning of their lives and their deaths. And so presently we climb down by one of the narrow stone stairs, to find ourselves in all the life and stir of the modern city, and before long, having fetched the car, and picked up our luggage, are off on our way to Ripon.

V

RIPON

The road from York to Borrowbridge is long and straight through scantily inhabited country, and would have been monotonous save for the untiring energy of our good car. Once indeed, soon after leaving the city, we turned aside to visit the Saxon Church of Kirkhammerton, and found it most interesting, standing on a steep little hill, and built of irregularly shaped stones piled one on another, the broad interstices filled up with chips and cement. The tower door, too, with rough, primitive pillars and capitals, caught our attention, and prepared us for the church itself, almost complete, with piscina, chancel, and tower arch. A new nave and choir have been built, to which the original church now serves as the south aisle. As we stood outside and looked down over the beautifully kept graveyard to the desolate country beyond, we pictured the good folk arriving on Sundays with their families from far and wide. It was here that the young people met, fell in love, and were married. Up this hill they bore their children later to baptism. Here the older folk passed on the news from one parish to another, grew feebler

week by week, till they disappeared for a time, and at last one day were carried beneath this great stone porch in their coffins, and after they had been laid before the altar, and Mass had been offered up for them, it was in the old Saxon burial ground, which now lies beneath this finely shaven velvet lawn, that they were laid to rest.

The church is now called the Church of Saint John the Baptist, but was originally dedicated to Saint Quintin, the only one in England named after that much tormented and almost forgotten Roman saint. His festival was held on October the thirty-first, and his aid was especially sought by those afflicted with dropsy.

When we emerged from Kirkhammerton church we found that a curtain of mist had fallen over the land, so that the distance was hidden, and we could easily recall all kinds of scenes which had once taken place in this wild northern country through which we were passing. Savage bands of Danes and Angles closing in upon the scattered farms and lonely villages, carrying off the sheep and cows such as those whose dim forms could here and there be seen feeding in the meadows, and fair-haired women and children like those who pass us now and then. And through the mist runs the great road leading northward, always northward. . . . And now it is growing more hilly, flowers are less common in the meadows. We are in the county of broad acres, they stretch away and away on either hand,

the hedges, where there are any, forming no noticeable dividing line, so cropped and low they are as to be almost invisible.

But Elizabeth loves it. She is not of an artistic temperament, and infinitely prefers a good, straight, well-drained road through open country to any of your deep and winding lanes, however picturesque. So up hill and down she rushes headlong at her topmost speed, eating up the miles as though they were inches. However, after crossing the Swale by a big bridge, we did turn off into a smaller road shaded by mountain ash trees. Yet still beyond them the country looked as though the Danes had been over it lately, so sparsely populated it seemed.

Then from a rise we saw in the distance the fog materialize into a ghostly town, and in its centre a huge, heavy-looking church crowned by three square towers—Ripon!

It is a very ancient building that we enter a few minutes later, the successor of the still more ancient church erected by Prince Alchfrith in the seventh century, for a colony of Scottish monks who came from the celebrated Abbey of Melrose to convert this half-heathen land. They are supposed to have been more or less free lances these first religious men of Ripon, following no particular rule, but just good men, living the austere life of their Abbot Eata, who himself was a pupil of Saint Aidan, that monk so praised by Bede on account of his holy, self-denying, and charitable life. And for guest master whom

should they have but Cuthbert, the renowned saint of Lindisfarne. It was during his Ripon days that the angels used to come and visit him. They would knock at the monastery gate, it is said, and sit at the table in the refectory, and behave just like the other guests. And Cuthbert, in his gentle charming way, would serve them with meat and drink. But he knew them, oh yes, he knew them for angels. For once, when he found his guests gone, he noticed that there were no footprints though there was snow on the ground; while on the table, just where he had left them seated while he went to fetch something he thought they needed, were three fair white loaves, all hot, and of marvellous beauty and sweetness, so that all the chamber was filled with their fragrance. So Cuthbert knew that the angels of the Lord had been his guests at Ripon that day.

We thought of him as we entered the great church, successor of the humble oratory in which he and his brother monks, and those angel guests of his, had worshipped.

But the Scottish brethren had quitted Ripon before even the predecessor of this Cathedral was built. They had gone away at the coming of Wilfrid, who succeeded their original Abbot Eata, he who had brought them from Melrose. They found themselves unable to submit to the rule of their new Bishop and returned to their old monastery, where they continued to follow the usages of their founder Saint Columba, he

who long ago had come over from Ireland to bring the Gospel to the northern Picts. So it is of Wilfrid we have to think as we make our journey round Ripon Cathedral.

I was copying down a list of the principal events which have marked the history of this building, when we were accosted by a very good-looking and intelligent young man, one of those mysterious people who always seem lurking about the shadows of old churches, to help recall the past for more or less ignorant visitors.

He told us that Saint Wilfrid built two churches at Ripon, the second being on the site now occupied by the present Cathedral. There are however, it appears, no remains whatever of these, unless it be the crypt which we will presently visit. For the churches in these northern regions of England shared the fate of the unfortunate people who worshipped in them, and were destroyed again and again by the fire and sword of the barbarous heathen, who periodically ravaged the country. So it appears that no portion of Ripon Cathedral, as it exists, is older than the days of Roger de Pont l'Evêque, that Archbishop of York who by his mischief-making and tale-bearing, and anxiety to curry favour with King Henry II., was mainly responsible for the murder of Saint Thomas of Canterbury.

After the Norman Conquest, when the country had become settled, Ripon had grown to be a great Minster, with a house of monks known as the Canons of Saint Wilfrid. It was a favourite

country residence of the Archbishops of York, who, under the protection of the Norman soldiery, were now able to venture out from the walls of their town into the open country.

At first sight, after the elaborate beauty of Lincoln and York, Ripon Minster strikes one as cold and stern. In fact reminding one somewhat of the great Saint who, though long dead at the time of its erection, is responsible for its foundation. But as one becomes accustomed to its style, so as to realize the purity of its lines, its broad and spacious nave, its quiet, steady progress as it nears the sanctuary, the rich beauties of the choir, hidden as they are by the dividing stone screen, one learns to appreciate this great building, just as one sees more and more splendour in the character of Wilfrid, the saint of Ripon, as one becomes better acquainted with him.

Approaching the east end of the nave a curious sight meets one, for the monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII. just as the monks were rebuilding the tower arches, which had become ruinous, and to this day the work remains unfinished, forming one of those flaws in a beautiful building which one would on no account see removed because of its historical interest.

We have reached the end of the south aisle and our guide is pointing to a tomb against the Cathedral wall. On its slab is sculptured a grove of trees in which a lion is walking, while with his back turned to him a knight kneels in

prayer. "It was an Irish prince who while fighting in the Holy Land found a lion," so he tells us, adding that the beast became so tame that it followed him like a dog. It accompanied him to England, but its master died while passing through Ripon on his way home to Ireland. The tomb has been used as a table on which tenants paid their rents due to the monastery, and the inscription has unfortunately become too worn to be legible.

Passing through the exquisite rood screen, which is said to resemble that which formerly stood in Fountains Abbey, we next visit the choir, to admire the magnificent fifteenth-century stalls, and strangely sculptured misereres. What humorists the old monks were! Look at this smiling pig, with cheeks blown out playing the bagpipes to her piglets, who are dancing delightedly to the music. I can fancy the artist's brethren laughing as he shows them his work, especially if, as some think, the sculptured faces were portraits, and the scenes depicted had reference to some sly stories connected with the originals. Here is Jonah about to be swallowed by the whale, and on the next seat the prophet emerging from the great jaws cheerful and unharmed. There is an elephant too, picking up a man, and carrying on his back a castle. For four hundred years he has stood there in front of the bishop's throne.

A very curious object in the choir is the hand stretching out from beneath the organ, just over

the central door leading through the screen. In olden days it was used to beat time for the choir.

But of all the wonderful and interesting things to be seen at Ripon, the most wonderful is the crypt of Saint Wilfrid. Everyone has, of course, heard of it, and most visitors to the north of England must have visited it. But we had not, and so I cannot forbear taking my reader down through the little trap-door in the south-east angle of the nave to explore this most ancient and mysterious place.

The steps by which we descend are very old and worn, leading down to a narrow, flat-roofed passage, which skirts the foundations of the great pier above. Our guide has given us each a candle, and by its flickering light, for there is no other, we stumble along until we finally emerge into a small, barrel-roofed chamber, lying immediately below the original position of the high altar. In the passage, and here and there in the vault itself, are niches for lights, one especially which caught our attention, being hollowed as if to hold oil and a floating wick, and pierced above for the escape of smoke. In this chamber too is the celebrated NEEDLE, about which so many theories have been suggested, but which seemed to us to have been originally another but larger niche for lighting purposes. In the eastern wall, just above where probably once stood the altar, is another recess, resembling that to be seen in the crypt or chapel of Saint Mary

Magdalene at Saint Maximin, in which her head is preserved. But the problem of this crypt of Saint Wilfrid remains unsolved. Was it a cell where some hermit spent his days in penance? Or may it have been merely a hiding-place for relics and other treasures in times of danger? Or is it too fanciful and ignorant to suppose that this strange vault was once the sanctuary and burial-place of some great king or warrior, afterwards deified, like those underground chambers we find in Celtic lands? Bones have been found buried here beneath the floor, bones of animals, besides those of men. In that case, the founders of the original church at Ripon would only be following out the common early Christian custom of establishing their church over the existing pagan worshipping place, to which the people had grown accustomed. And there is always the possibility, that whatever its original use, this crypt of Ripon may have been the burial-place of the great Wilfrid himself. For me he certainly felt very near as I stood there the other day, much nearer than he did in the mighty church above.

After leaving Ripon we drove to Studley Park, and as the mists had lifted, lunched beneath a giant beech tree; and afterwards, passing a gate, entered the grounds of Fountains Abbey. How lovely it was in the afternoon light, but how melancholy, how forsaken! Through the exquisite grounds we wandered, between yew hedges high and ancient enough to have been

planted by the Cistercian monks who once dwelt there. There was a lake I remember in the shape of a vast crescent moon, and on its banks a little white Greek temple. Then the path turned, and soon after we found ourselves entering a glade, a green hidden valley, bounded to the right by low sandstone cliffs, to the left by a stream, and beyond the stream by wood and forest. And in front of us, beside the water, lay the Abbey. I think I have never seen anything so beautiful, and at the same time so sad as Fountains Abbey. It is a ruin, and yet enough remains of the ancient buildings to enable one to realize the great monastery as it was in the days of its glory. Here is the Abbot's house, where, outside of what was once the kitchen window, was found among the rubbish heap an ancient silver spoon, and other treasures lost probably in those careless days when Abbot Thirsk ruled with so lavish a hand. He it was who joined the Pilgrimage of Grace and died on the scaffold. Close by stood the infirmary, with its chapel. And there are the refectories, and guest chambers, the great cellars and store-houses, the cloisters, so perfect that we can feel the monks' gowns brushing against us as we walk.

Above all there is the great church with its magnificent Norman nave, its transepts, soaring capitals, and graceful arches. High over all watches the great square tower, the tracery of its beautiful gothic windows still in place; and cut deep in the stone of its cornice the inscription

which, translated, runs: "To the Immortal and Invisible King of Ages, to the only God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

At the west end of the nave stood the Galilee, as at Durham, that special part of the church reserved for women: while at the eastern extremity were those curious chapels of the Nine Altars, given by the great and good Abbot John de Cancia. I wonder what he thinks of his beautiful church if he ever looks down upon it to-day! I think it must almost break his heart. He knew so well the story of the first Abbot of Fountains, Richard, formerly Sacrist of the Abbey of Saint Mary of York. He had heard the tradition of how Richard and his brethren, Ralph, Gamel, Hamo, and the rest of the little band of earnest young men, growing dissatisfied with the somewhat lax life of the great monastery so lavishly endowed by William Rufus, and hearing moreover of the great revivalist movement of Saint Bernard of Clairvaulx, determined to break away like a swarm of bees, and found a colony of these new Benedictines, or as they are called Cistercians, in some hidden valley where they could devote themselves uninterruptedly to the service of God. The Abbot of Saint Mary's was naturally furious at the slight thus passed upon his management and rule, and there was a great scene. But the Archbishop of York, a friend of Saint Bernard, came to the help of the seceders, even taking them for a time into his own palace. Finally he led them to this valley in which we are

standing, and telling them that for the future it was their own, bade them build a new monastery, and so left them. Now this Archbishop Thurstan was a very great and remarkable man, but in this instance he does not seem to have acted with much practical commonsense, for it was mid-winter, and apart from the little stream of the Skell, and a giant elm tree which stood near-by, they were foodless and shelterless. The Bishop sent them occasional cartloads of bread, and they drank from the river. They built a thatched hut around the bole of the tree, and probably others beneath the great yews we still see near the ruins. But even in their poverty they yet managed to relieve the misery of the poor, who soon found them and began claiming their charity. In time of famine, when the bread ceased coming, they gathered leaves, roots, and grass, and with water from the Skell made a rude kind of soup to quench their hunger. But great as were their sufferings they never looked back, but lived their holy lives, and died their holy deaths, till at length their fortunes began to mend. Several rich and serious-minded persons, dissatisfied with the wickedness of the world, joined the community, and with them came the wherewithal not only to live, but to build the church and monastery. And so gradually the Abbey of Fountains arose in Skeldale, as the valley is called, and continued to flourish till that November day in 1539, when the monks were turned out, and the property sold to Sir Richard Gresham of London.

As we walked back along the road beside the low sandstone cliffs toward what was once the Abbey Gate House, the clouds grew thinner in the west, and a pale light flooded the valley, so that the shadows of the trees grew longer and longer, the leaves and the grass greener, till the sun gaining power the sky began to flush with that warm transparent radiance which tells of the coming of twilight, and reminded us of the long dark roads to be traversed before reaching Durham. And all the while we felt the ghostly forms of the monks thronging in upon us, till, as we reached the base of the old cross which once guarded the entrance, they drew backward till they mingled with the white vapours which were beginning to rise from the river which still flows unchanged through the midst of this valley of "Our Lady of the Watersprings."

VI

DURHAM

Continuing our way northward we presently came upon Thirsk, or Threske as it was formerly called, where was once a castle belonging to Roger Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry II., and calling in the Scottish King to his aid, caused untold suffering and ruin to himself, his family, and his poor harassed country. And Darlington we skirt, where is a twelfth-century church dedicated to Saint Cuthbert, making us feel that we are nearing our journey's end; and so through dreary regions of smoke, fog, and output from mines, we at length reached the ancient city of Durham.

Ever since I was a little child I had longed to see Durham. My father, who loved burrowing among old musty histories and unearthing quaint legends, just as I do, had early introduced me to his friends, Saint Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede. When he went on the Northern Circuit he would stay in the Castle at Durham, and haunt the Cathedral and its library, coming home full of fresh information about his favourites. So it was no strange town we entered the other

evening, but rather some dream city I had known and loved in a previous existence, over whose narrow crowded streets hung a halo of romance, which made even the squalid purlieus down beside the river beautiful in my eyes.

We put up at an old-fashioned hotel in New Elvit, called the Three Tuns. It was a charming old house with a pleasant, low-roofed parlour, and a cheerful wood fire before which we were glad to sit in the evening, for we southern folk found it cold in the north. And next morning after breakfast we set out to climb the hill, probably following the very track up which the bearers of the Body of Blessed Cuthbert went so many centuries ago. For you must know that Durham is not, like many of our Cathedral cities, a growth which took its root in Prehistoric or Roman times. This wonderful place we are about to visit is of purely Christian origin, owing its very foundation to a saint, who, according to the beautiful old history, commenced life, like David of old, as a shepherd boy. As in fancy we follow his coffin up the hill, let us try to call to mind Cuthbert even further back still, a child playing ball with other children. Suddenly he catches sight of a tiny boy, a stranger, most beautiful to behold, who begs him to leave his games since God has chosen him to be a great pillar of the church. And so at eight years old he begins his studies and religious life, at the Abbey of Melrose in Scotland, and lives so virtuously that " all the people have joy of him."

He used to keep the sheep of the monastery, and like a true shepherd quickly became a poet, a seer, a beholder of visions, and dreamer of dreams. It was while he was watching his flock on the hillside that he saw the soul of Bishop Aidan carried to Heaven by angels, and many other wonders which he told to his spiritual master Saint Boisil, whom later he succeeded as Abbot of Melrose.

There followed the days when the Abbot, discovering Cuthbert's gift of preaching, sent him forth as a missionary to travel about the country, sometimes on horseback, but oftener on foot, proclaiming the news of the Gospel to the crowds who gathered to hear him. So great was his skill and earnestness, so bright and beautiful his face, so winning his gentle manner that none could resist him.

The old historian tells us that he used to visit the wild and distant villages and farms where no other dared to go, and would often be absent from the monastery for weeks together, teaching, converting, baptizing the rude mountain folk; and as he ministered to their souls, no doubt bringing healing and comfort to their sick bodies, as was the custom with the monks of old. It is a beautiful and touching picture which Simeon of Durham and the great Bede give of their friend and hero, reminding one of the later wanderings of our great Sussex Bishop, Saint Richard of Chichester.

After some years of this life Cuthbert was

sent to Lindisfarne as Prior of that monastery. He had been specially selected for the post by Eata the Bishop, both because of his great holiness, his gentle, persuasive eloquence, and his unshakeable orthodoxy. In his early days at Melrose he had been reared in the traditions of the Scottish Church, brought over from Ireland by Saint Columba. But at the Council of Whitby, to which he like all the world had gone, he had found himself unable to withstand the arguments of Wilfrid the apostle of Saint Peter. He saw at once that the differences between the parties were not those of faith, but merely questions of detail, such as the manner in which priests should cut their hair, and the day on which Easter should be celebrated. Therefore, realizing the necessity for an absolute uniformity in the practice of a Church which aspired to be universal, and moreover being reminded by Saint Wilfrid that it was to Saint Peter and not to Saint Columba that Our Lord had entrusted the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, he gave in his submission.

So now we find him at Lindisfarne, at that time the seat of the Bishops of Northumbria. It was not an easy task which had been assigned to him, for he found in the monastery some of the brethren who still followed the Scottish Rule, and resented his coming. But by his cheerful patience and steadfast faith he at last won them over.

For twelve years Cuthbert remained Prior of

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

FROM THE BANKS OF THE WEAR

DURHAM CATHEDRAL
THE NAVE

Lindisfarne, gaining more and more the love and devotion of the community. Sometimes he would retire from the world, and pass long days of prayer and contemplation in the solitude of a cell he had built on the little rocky island of Farne. It was there that King Egfrid, Bishop Trumwine, and the rest of the crowd of ecclesiastics and nobles found him, and after many refusals and tears wrung from him a consent to become Bishop of Lindisfarne, and he was consecrated at York on Easter Day in the year six hundred and eighty-five. . . . We have nearly reached the top of the hill and must hasten our story.

For two years Cuthbert ruled the diocese of Northumbria from Lindisfarne. Then, though he was still comparatively young, feeling death approaching, he retired to his beloved hermitage on the Island of Farne. There for two months he remained, at the end of which time he departed from this life having, as he expressed it, "fought his little warfare for the Lord." So they laid him in the coffin one of his friends had given him long before, and which he had hidden beneath the turf on the north side of his hermitage, and bore him away to Lindisfarne, where he was laid at the south side of the altar of the Cathedral of Saint Peter the Apostle. And they remembered the last words he had spoken to them just before his soul quitted his body, "Keep peace one with another, always, and the love of God."

Eleven years afterward the monks opened his coffin, and finding the body "more like that of a man who was asleep than of one dead," wrapped it in fresh vestments and placed it in a shrine which they had prepared. And so the place, even as Cuthbert had himself foretold, became celebrated for miracles, and was sought as a sanctuary. And again the years pass till we reach the middle of the ninth century, when the Danes and Frisians, led by a savage king named Halfdene, were ravaging Northumbria. Then the Bishop of Lindisfarne becoming fearful for his monks and people, and above all for the sacred body of the Saint, which still lay upon the pavement of the Sanctuary, had it removed in its linen winding sheet, which had been given to Saint Cuthbert by his friend the Abbess Verca. After wrapping the body in costly vestments, they laid it in three coffins. The first was of black oak, sculptured as we shall see for ourselves later, the next, also of wood, was covered with hide, the outermost of all with gold and precious stones. And on the breast of the dead man they placed a tiny altar of silver, a corporal for covering the Blessed Sacrament, a golden chalice, a paten, the scissors with which they had been wont to cut his hair, and an ivory comb. And for a sacred relic they gave him the skull of King Oswald, the Christian King of Northumbria, who had been murdered by the savage Penda at the battle of Maserfield. Such was the precious burden which the Bishop and his flock conveyed to the

mainland, and thereafter carried far and wide, seeking a place of safety for themselves and their treasure. Seven noble youths had volunteered as bearers, and wherever the procession halted a little wooden chapel was erected, and dedicated to Saint Cuthbert. We find them still, these shrines, or their successors, dotted about marking the route by which the body travelled.

And so they wandered here and they wandered there. As Simeon says: "They were like sheep fleeing before wolves!" And all the while the seven faithful bearers, of whom the chief were Hunred, Stitheard, Edmund, and Franco, bore the coffin on their shoulders allowing no one to touch it but themselves, till they were worn with fatigue and growing years. Then guided still by the Saint, they found a mysterious horse and waggon on which they laid their burden, and things became a little easier. By and by they came to Chester-le-Street, and there for over a century they settled, for it was a lonely spot, and safer than the larger towns. They built a church as usual, in which they placed the body, and there must have been many worshippers who came to visit the shrine; for it was here, later, that Egilricke, Bishop of Durham, found buried beneath the floor that enormous amount of money which he appropriated, and returning to Peterborough whence he had originally come, occupied himself and his treasure with building roads and causeways over the marshes.

But after a hundred years of comparative peace the good Saint and his little band of pilgrims were forced by the Danes to start off once more on their wanderings. To Ripon they fled first. Then, hearing that Chester-le-Street was once more safe, they commenced their journey back. But upon reaching a spot called Wurdelan, on the eastern side of the hill of Durham, the waggon bearing the body of the Saint refused to move. More and more assistants were called, but their efforts were useless. Surely it was plain to everyone that Saint Cuthbert had chosen his final resting-place!

Never before had he expressed himself so clearly. Thereupon a fast of three days was proclaimed, during which time prayers were offered up continually that the will of the Saint might be carried into effect. At the end of that time a certain monk named Eadmer declared that he had been informed in a vision that they were to take the body to Dunholme. But where was this Dunholme? No one had ever heard of such a place. There follows an old legend which tells of a woman who had lost her cow and was heard calling to a friend to ask if she had seen it. The answer came that it was in Dunholme, which on enquiry turned out to be the name for the summit of the hill they were passing, where to-day the Cathedral stands.

The legend goes on to relate how the bearers thereupon attempted to lift the coffin, and to their joy found it light as a feather, and so

climbed the hill as we are climbing it now, only it was between forest trees they made their way, instead of photograph and memento shops. Having gained the clearing which crowned the summit, they set down their burden and raised over it a "Chapel of green boughs." That was the first Cathedral of Durham.

Around the foot and up the slopes of the hill the descendants of the Lindisfarne emigrants grouped their dwellings, so forming the germ of the first city. And wherever the sacred body had rested, and still more at the spot where it now lay, miracles began to take place, wonderful miracles, so that the news spread, and the little church soon became too small for the crowds of worshippers, and when offerings both of land and money came rolling in, Bishop Aldhun, who ruled the See from 990 till 1018, built a large stone church, into which he moved the still incorruptible body of Saint Cuthbert.

It is a steep hill, but good to climb slowly. There is so much to think of, so many to picture toiling up the same road. Here is the great Cnut walking barefoot, dressed as a pilgrim, come to pay his respects to the great Saint of Northumbria, and bestow upon him the district of Staindrop and many other rich gifts. Here too is Duncan, King of the Scots, arriving with his army to besiege and rob the wealthy shrine; vain project, for Cuthbert, who during life was one of the meekest and gentlest of souls, turning ever the other cheek to the smiter, became after

death a terrible Saint to offend, as Duncan found to his cost. For during the siege of Durham most of his cavalry were slain, and all his foot soldiers; their heads were gathered together and hung up on posts to decorate the market-place. And here comes Bishop Eadred, returning from his visit to King Hardicnut, having spent a large part of Saint Cuthbert's treasure in purchasing the bishopric. But he does not go unpunished for his simony, for just as he reaches the door of the Cathedral, he is seized with a fatal illness, and dies very shortly afterwards. And we may meet the great and good Norman Bishop, William of Saint Carilef, riding down the hill on his way to the seacoast, escaping from the wrath of William Rufus, which he has incurred by his friendship with Duke Robert of Normandy. This is the Bishop who at his coming to Durham turned out the secular clergy, and replaced them by Benedictine monks from Yarrow and Wearmouth. And it is with this Bishop of Saint Carilef that we come to the beginning of the building of the great Cathedral we are about to visit.

For during the three years of his exile in Normandy, Bishop William conceived the idea that if ever he returned to his diocese he would rebuild his Cathedral, which was in a very ruinous state, taking as his models those magnificent buildings which were beginning to rise all over the north of France. Even in his absence his monks began the great work with a refectory, the crypt of

which still remains and which we can see presently. And on the Bishop's return he did not forget his intention, but, no doubt as a thank-offering for his restoration, began that matchless building which even now is the admiration and despair of every honest architect.

There are many, many more whom we meet going up and down the hill, but we ourselves have reached the summit, and come full in face of the north side of the Cathedral, standing as it has stood for nearly a thousand years defying time, weather, and the hands of would-be restorers, and yet remaining the most interesting, stately, and alluring Cathedral in England.

As for the first time one notes its matchless situation, how, with its neighbouring castle, once the home of the Bishop, it dominates the Valley, and the surrounding country, one ceases to wonder at the position Saint Cuthbert occupied in the life and belief of the people of Northumbria, and more especially of the citizens of the mediæval city of Durholm. One of them has left a poem, the translation of which I quote, as I think no better picture has ever been given of this strange and beautiful sanctuary, even in these days both bodily and spiritually the actual abode of the Saint:

"The city is celebrated
Throughout the kingdom of the Britons
Placed on a steep eminence
Surrounded by cliffs,
Wonderfully large.

The Wear surrounds it,
A river strong in its current;
And therein reside
Various kinds of fish
In the midst of the floods.
And there grows
A great forest of woods,
In the recesses of which dwell
Many wild animals.
In the deep dales there is
A countless number of beasts.
There is also in the town,
One, illustrious among men,
The honourable and blessed Cuthbert:
And the head of the pure king
Oswald, the Lion of the English;
And Bishop Aidan,
Aedbercht, and Aedfrid,
Illustrious associates;
Therein, along with them, is
Aethelwald, the Bishop,
And the illustrious author Beda;
And Boisil, the Abbot,
Who taught the pure Cuthbert
Willingly in his youth;
And well did he receive his instruction.
There abide with that blessed one
Within that minster
Countless relics,
Where many persons honour them wonderfully,
As writers report,
Whilst they await
The just sentence of the Lord."

And around this solemn Place of Relics lies the ancient graveyard, covered by its green pall of velvet sward, dotted here and there by the ancient stones which mark the resting-places of

the "People of Saint Cuthbert." Across it one instinctively walks quickly, lightly, and in silence, for it is the very same graveyard about which people used to relate those terrifying stories concerning women who dared to defile it with their feet. For Saint Cuthbert, who was gentleness itself to our poor frail sex during life, is said to have taken a violent dislike to women later, on account of the evil behaviour of the monks and nuns of Coldingham Monastery. He therefore ordained that no woman should dare to set foot within the Cathedral precincts, and those who did so were visited by terrible judgments. As we hurry across, therefore, we think of Sungeova and her husband Gamel returning at night from some festivity, and in order to save themselves from the muddy road, taking a short cut across the grass of the cemetery. We can see her face change as she is seized with that "vague horror" of which Simeon of Durham speaks, and hear her shriek that she is going mad, and as soon as she reaches the road again she falls down, and being carried to her home, dies that night. And there is that other woman, who upon committing the same kind of trespass, bit out her own tongue, and took to wandering. She was one day found lying dead, a knife in her hand, and her throat cut from ear to ear. There are many such stories related at Durham of those women who ventured to cross the garth and enter the Cathedral. Earl Tosti's wife for instance, who being too frightened to go herself, and yet having

an overwhelming curiosity to see the wonders of the church, sent her maid with directions to come back and tell her all about it. So that time it was upon the girl that the curse fell, and she died that night, while her mistress set up a wonderful crucifix in the Cathedral in reparation of her fault.

For myself I arrived safely at the north door, to be greeted with the sight of the celebrated Sanctuary Knocker, which has been so much described, photographed, and modelled, as to need no further word from me. It calls up, however, the subject of Sanctuary which is less generally known, and is yet so necessary in order to understand this Cathedral we are visiting.

In olden days before the King, personified by his Judges, went travelling through England administering justice, punishment often followed crime without the delay of formal enquiry, so that the innocent sometimes suffered for the guilty, and death inflicted in self-defence was liable to be punished as if it had been deliberate murder. In fact the whole country was in a state difficult to realize in these more settled days, when human life is so much more tenderly regarded.

So at various parts of the kingdom sanctuaries were established, in order that any criminal flying from vengeance, if once he could reach one of these havens of refuge, would be safe, at all events until his cause had been heard and judged. Sanctuaries were of course in use long before

Christian times. We shall all remember how Moses was commanded to tell the Israelites upon entering Palestine to choose certain Cities of Refuge for those fugitives who had shed blood against their will. Indeed, it is said that at all the cross-roads of the Jews there were signposts pointing to such cities, marked with the word Refuge. There was also the Sanctuary of the Altar of Burnt Offerings that stood in the Temple, to which Joab made his way when he heard of David's death. And the Greeks and Romans had such inviolable sanctuaries, which, however, not being so wisely regulated as those of the Jews, often became centres where criminals congregated and became a danger to the State.

Now Durham was such a sanctuary, for did it not possess the Incorruptible Body of Saint Cuthbert! It was indeed to the Saint himself that the criminal fled for refuge, clinging to the Sanctuary Knocker as Jews of old clung to the Horns of the Altar. Cuthbert had foreseen that it would be so, even as he lay dying in his hermitage on Farne Island, and had begged the monks to make his grave there, instead of taking his body to Lindisfarne, where as he said "fugitives and criminals" would flock to his burial-place. "For," he added, "mean as I am, there has gone abroad the report that I am the servant of God, and therefore you would very often find it necessary to intercede for such characters, so that the presence of my body would be productive of much trouble for you."

The monks, however, insisted that the benefits would be greater than the trouble, and the body of Saint Cuthbert became one of the most celebrated sanctuaries in England, first at Lindisfarne and afterwards at Durham.

Before the Vandal Wyatt did his best to ruin Durham Cathedral, the north porch had over it two little chambers, in which relays of monks watched day and night to admit any fugitive who fled to the body of their Saint for protection. As soon as he was within, and the great door barred against his pursuers, the bell of the Galilee Chapel was rung, to let the people of the town know that a man had arrived to claim the Peace of Saint Cuthbert. Then the Prior and monks came hurrying in through the south door, which still leads into the cloister, and an enquiry was held, very much after the manner set down by Moses ages earlier. And all the while the bell went tolling, tolling.

Then presently, if all was found satisfactory, the fugitive was clothed in a black gown, with the yellow cross of Saint Cuthbert on his left shoulder, and taken by way of the triforium, across the west end, and down a stairway into a grilled recess, which one may still see, between the entrance to the Galilee and the south door. Here he was kept for thirty-seven days, being provided with food and a bed. During that time, if no pardon could be obtained, arrangements were made for the man to be conveyed out of the kingdom. Then, bearing the white wooden cross

of the Sanctuary Man, he was passed on from guardian to guardian, till he reached the sea-coast, and was placed on board a ship bound for his destination.

I have given this account of the customs of Sanctuary at some length, because it was one of the greatest privileges and glories of Durham Cathedral. Even while the sacred body was resting at Chester-le-Street, the Saint appeared to the Abbot, bidding him command King Guthred to make his church a sure refuge for fugitives, "so that any one who flees to my body, for what cause soever, shall have protection there for thirty-seven days." And when Guthred died he bequeathed the carrying out of the Saint's commands to the kings and bishops who should follow. Terrible indeed, we are told, was the fate of those who infringed this privilege. When the King Reinewald overran Northumbria, and seized the territory of Saint Cuthbert, he divided the land between two of his leaders, Scula and Onlafbal. The latter, a savage and cruel person, inflicted great misery upon the People of Saint Cuthbert at Durham, and when he was warned by the Bishop of the misfortunes which would fall upon him in consequence: "What is the use of threatening me with this dead man!" he cried. "I vow by my gods that from this time I will be his enemy and yours," and rushing forward he tried to enter the Cathedral over the bodies of the Bishop and monks, who, terrified at his words, had flung themselves praying upon the pave-

ment. One foot he placed within and then stood fixed, unable to advance or retire, or even to move, and all the while suffering untold tortures. Then at last, finding himself in the clutch of some power he was unable to resist, he broke out into a wild confession of his crimes, and so gave up his wicked spirit.

Endless are the stories related by the old chroniclers of the manner in which the Saint of Durham continued to rule his diocese from his grave behind the high altar.

He could defend himself too, as on that day when William the Norman's friend, Earl Robert, broke into the city with seven hundred men, and a general fight ensued. Sparks from a burning house had set fire to the Cathedral which seemed doomed, till the People of Saint Cuthbert, falling on their knees, besought the Saint to protect his house and himself. Then immediately the wind arose in the east, and drove the fire on to the houses in which the Norman soldiers had taken refuge, so that they all perished in the flames and smoke.

And there was the great William himself, who began to indulge in doubts as to this incorruptible body about which he had heard such wonders, and determined that he would see it. He arrived at Durham, and climbed the hill to the Cathedral, not the building we are just entering, but standing on the same site, and with the same Saint lying, as we shall presently see, in the same position he still occupies. It was All Saints' Day,

but William was thoroughly determined that as soon as Mass was over he would carry out his plan, which was no less than to have the grave opened and see this mighty miracle worker, who had defied his friend the Earl, and destroyed his Norman regiment. He was just about to step forward, when he was seized with a burning heat too terrible to endure, and hastening out of the church mounted his horse and galloped away, never drawing rein till he had crossed the Tees.

We recall these strange old stories and many others of later date as we cross the threshold and find ourselves in the matchless nave, speaking of which Doctor Johnson used the expression "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration." Surely nothing more magnificent in Norman architecture can exist than this ancient building of William of Saint Carileph. It is so suggestive of the Norman character, stern, massive, unyielding, built to last for ever, plain when compared with the later Gothic, but refined and perfect in its very simplicity. I do not think there could be a more fitting shrine for the simple and holy Shepherd Bishop, whose grave we have come to visit. These massive pillars, no pair alike, covered with zig-zag, lattice, or spiral mouldings cut three inches deep into the solid stone, and so sharp and perfect that it is impossible to believe that the hands which sculptured them have been in their graves for more than eight hundred years! And above these giants are the arches which connect them, richer even than

the pillars, bearing the weight of the triforium and clerestory, pure Norman like the rest; above which the whole scheme closes in a perfect Norman roof. I cannot describe it, I cannot even picture it to myself, I can only remember the awe and the wonder of it, and the hush which fell over my spirit as my eyes rose slowly upward, upward, and I remembered that those stones had looked down upon Saint Cuthbert's very bones when his grave was opened in 1541, and again in our own days.

Durham Cathedral is somewhat bare of tombs, and this just because of its exceeding sanctity. Thus the great Bishop William, its builder, refused to be laid in the Cathedral. "By no means," said he, as he lay dying, and heard plans being discussed for burying him within the church; "never has the body of anyone been brought even for an hour within the place where Saint Cuthbert's incorrupt body reposes, much less has any man been buried there." So he was laid in the beautiful Norman Chapter House, where all the other great Bishops and Abbots were laid, but we cannot find their tombs, for not very many years ago this matchless building, by some considered the most perfect portion of the Cathedral, was destroyed, not being sufficiently comfortable for the clergy to hold their meetings in.

As usual, we were fortunate in our guide to the Cathedral, who took us to the Chapel of the Nine Altars, where immediately behind the great

stone screen, that closes in the choir, is the high raised platform, upon which, before the sanctuary was wrecked at the Dissolution, stood the magnificent shrine that the grateful People of Saint Cuthbert had raised to their Patron's honour. We listened to the story of the opening of the tomb in 1899, at which our guide had himself been present. It was wonderful to stand there and hear from an eye-witness of the opening of the great coffin, for the Saint was a tall man, of the robes in which the skeleton still lay wrapped, and the head of the martyred King Oswald that lay between his hands. And on his breast was the little altar of silver, and the comb, and scissors, just as one reads in that very ancient history of Durham by the Monk Simeon.

Then lifting a door in the pavement he showed us how the mighty building was founded upon the solid rock, and being built of the same stone naturally wore well being in its own climate.

Passing into the Norman choir we heard of the statue of Our Lady of Boulton, which was made to open and shut in front, and had within it an image of Our Saviour, His hands raised, and between them a golden crucifix. It was this crucifix which on Good Friday was taken down and used for that most touching ceremony the Creeping to the Cross.

Our guide pointed out to us the marks in the pillars at the eastern end of the south aisle, where stood formerly the screen to which was attached the celebrated Black Rood of Scotland, captured

from the Scots at the Battle of Neville's Cross in 1346. It is said to have been of smoked silver with a portrait of Our Lady on one side, and Saint John on the other; a wondrous and mystical charm, with a wondrous and mystical history told by the monks of the Abbey of Holy Rood, concerning a huge elk, or some such beast, which appeared to the King of Scotland as he was hunting in the forest, and seemed about to attack him. I forget the story, but I think the King fainted, and when he came to himself found the talisman in his hand, and by its aid conquered his enemies. Until it was captured by the English it was kept in the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood at Edinburgh, and so gave the name to the royal palace which was built in the abbey grounds.

I have mentioned Saint Cuthbert's traditional objection to the presence of women within his precincts. They were not to be left, however, altogether without the consolations of religion, for as we retrace our steps down the nave, we shall notice as we approach the western end a line of dark blue marble, inserted in the pavement, and running from pillar to pillar. It is the barrier beyond which in ancient days women were not allowed to penetrate. But they could come thus far, and moreover they had a most beautiful chapel specially provided for them by Bishop Hugo de Puiset, or Bishop Pudsey as he was usually called. It lies immediately beyond the great west entrance of the Cathedral, its principal

altar blocking up the doorway, and it is one of the three existing Galilee Chapels of England.

The Bishop intended to build it at the end of the Norman apse, which in his day formed the eastern end of the Cathedral, and even began to do so. But he found that the foundations would not hold, Saint Cuthbert being no doubt unwilling to have a woman's chapel so near his own burial-place! So the rock was levelled up at the western end and the Galilee placed there.

It is one of the loveliest buildings imaginable. The contrast between the sombre magnificence of the nave, and this dainty elegant chapel is indescribable. It is as if the two buildings had been deliberately designed to represent the contrasting characteristics of man and woman. Bishop Hugo must have been a great artist as well as a man of means. Matthew Paris has not a good word to say for him, representing him as entirely taken up with the love of worldly glory. He certainly bought from Richard I., who was anxious to raise money for his Crusade, the Earldom of Northumberland, which amused the King into remarking as he handed him his sword, "I have made a young count out of an old bishop." Yet we can almost pardon Bishop Pudsey his love of money when we see what use he made of it. The lands of his earldom he gave to Saint Cuthbert, and his gold he lavished on the Cathedral and Castle. As I have said, we owe to him this perfect gem in which we are now standing, and which, through the centuries before

the Reformation, must have brought comfort and consolation to thousands of my poor despised sex! He also built the great Elvet Bridge and the city wall, and founded hospitals both at Durham and Northallerton. In fact I think that Bishop Pudsey was by no means as black as the chronicler, led on by Godric the Anchorite, painted him. Certainly he was an artist, for nothing more pure and beautiful can be conceived than this snow-white forest of pillars and sculptured arches. When of old, during Mass, the sunlight entered through richly painted glass, throwing warm gules on some young girl's fair breast—

> "As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon
> Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
> And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
> And on her hair a glory like a saint"—

it must indeed have been a scene for an Alma Tadema or a Burne Jones.

A bell had begun tolling as we stood spell-bound in this lovely place, and our patient guide, seeing that we had no mind to hasten, proposed to lock us in and leave us till after evensong, at which he had to assist. So there we found ourselves alone in this Chapel of Our Lady of Pity, this Galilee of the Gentiles, into which "even a woman might lawfully enter."

And first we went and stood beside the grave of the great Beda, that giant historian without whose labours we should know comparatively

nothing of the early history of any of these Cathedrals we have been visiting; Beda, the humble-minded monk of Jarrow, the good saint, who during his whole life seems to have had no wish or ambition, save that he might labour to leave the world more holy and less ignorant than he found it. The little boy, who at seven years of age was left an orphan, spent all his life in the monastery of Jarrow, under the guardianship of the great Saint Benedict Biscop. We hear of him as a tiny child, in a time of plague when all the monks save the Abbot and himself were sick or dead, helping to conduct the services in the Church, even singing the long psalms and responses in the accustomed manner. That was so like Beda, who said that he was sure the angels were present during all the services of the Church, and what would they think if they were not to find him there? Must they not say to one another: "Where is Beda? Why comes he not to the appointed services?"

We hear little of him as he grew older, for, as I say, he spent all his days in the cloister. But we have a beautiful and very graphic account of his death, given in a letter written by his disciple Cuthbert, who was with him at the end. He shows us the great Benedictine lying in his cell on Ascension Day, "in the shining of the morning." His breath has grown very short and laboured, but his mind is as clear as ever. The monks have gone in procession to the Church: only Cuthbert sits beside him. Beda has been trans-

lating the Gospel of Saint John, that his pupils may have a true version.

"Dearest Master," says the young man, "yet one chapter is wanting, but it would be troubling you to ask for more."

"No trouble," says the dying man, "mend your pen and write quickly, for I know not how long I shall last," and so they continue for awhile. And there is the pathetic scene a little later when he distributes his poor little treasures of incense and linen to his brethren. Toward the last he seems to have grown too weary to speak, and yet one sentence of the precious work is unwritten.

"Write it quickly," he says, and presently, when the boy tells him it is finished: "It is well," he gasps, "it is finished. Take my head in your hands, for I love to sit opposite my holy place in which I have been used to pray, and now will I call once more upon my Father."

They buried him at Jarrow, but later his bones were brought, none too honestly, I am afraid, to Durham, and laid at first in the coffin of Saint Cuthbert.

We were standing by the great plain tomb which now covers his bones, reading the well-known inscription: "Hac sunt in fossa Bedae venerabilis ossa," and thinking of the mysterious hand which added the last word but one and thus gave him his title Venerabilis, when the sound of singing reached us from the far-distant choir. It came so softened by its long journey down the

Norman nave that, save for the different character of the music, we could almost fancy we were listening to the monks chanting the psalms as of old, and even for a moment thought we caught an echo of the little Beda's childish treble singing to the angels. I have no time to take my readers to the cloisters, or to the chapter house such as it is since those fatal days when Wyatt was let loose upon the Cathedral. But we must certainly mount to the monks' dormitory, built at the end of the fourteenth century, by Bishop Walter Skirlawe, said by Leyland to have been the son of a sieve-maker, because on his Bishop's shield he bore six interlaced osier wands! It is in the dormitory and the adjoining refectory that we find stored those few marvellous treasures which have survived the days of the Reformation. Here we shall see the great stone cross which marked the grave of Acca, Bishop of Hexham, who died in 740, and other ancient sculptures. And there are vestments of great interest, a cope said to have been given to Durham by Queen Philippa after the Battle of Neville's Cross, as a mark of her gratitude to the great Cuthbert for his aid on that occasion. And there is another given by Charles I., representing David holding the head of Goliath, and others.

But most precious of all are the relics of Saint Cuthbert. They lie at the upper end of the vast hall, the remains of his wooden coffin in which he was brought from Lindisfarne. It is covered with inscribed carving of angels, archangels,

apostles, and at the head is represented Our Blessed Lady and her Divine Son, while on the remains of the lid one can still make out the forms of the four evangelists blessing the bed the Saint lay on. And in another case is the comb which was buried with him, and the scissors, both probably used in ancient times when the body was exhibited, and fragments of hair given as relics to favoured pilgrims: and perhaps most precious of all is the veritable little silver altar which Simeon of Durham says was laid upon the Saint's breast.

And when we come to the manuscripts what shall we say? For here are the four Gospels written, as a label informs us, "De manu Bedae," and a psalter also attributed to him. Think of looking at the very writing of Beda, and the coffin in which the monks laid the body of the blessed Cuthbert! It takes one's breath away indeed. I cannot tell of half the treasures which are to be found in the Cathedral Library of Durham. There are the rings of early bishops, even Beda's great gold ring. And though I cannot bear this habit of robbing the dead, yet it does bring one nearer to them to gaze upon their relics, and that is something in these days of unbelief.

Presently we stroll over to the Castle and visit the banquetting hall, with the portraits of kings who have been entertained there, and the fifteenth-century kitchen where the banquets were cooked, the ancient spits and modern cooking-stoves

standing amicably side by side, while the cooks are at work preparing dinner for the members of the University, who now inhabit this ancient home of the Bishops of Durham. The original Norman entrance has been enclosed by a broad loggia which makes the grim old place surprisingly comfortable. The rooms appropriated to the judges when they come to hold the assizes, though so ancient, are charming, the bedroom with its deepset window, the dinning-room, the little powdering closet. At last we begin descending a winding stone stair to find ourselves in the most ancient part of all the great building, the Norman chapel built in 1083, with the chancel step still in place, on which without doubt William the Norman knelt to receive Holy Communion when staying at Durham.

Next day was Sunday and very wet. We had intended to drive to Hexham, but it was impossible. So after we had been to church we sat by the fire; and when after lunch it cleared, we walked down to the riverside, and gazed up at the towering height of the Cathedral. Truly not even Lincoln can approach in majesty this seat of the Prince Bishops of Northumbria, those all-powerful successors of the Humble Scottish Shepherd-monk of Melrose.

VII

CHESTER

Our road to Chester led us through Doncaster, or the CITY ON THE DON, a river bordered here and there, as in Camden's time, by alders and other trees; and so to Rotherham, the birthplace of an archbishop of York, who founded in his native town a College and three schools for children, where they might learn reading, grammar, and music. Sheffield we skirted without much trouble, the "Smiths" of whom the old writers speak being no doubt at their dinners; and soon after we found ourselves passing Connisborough. Now it was at Connisborough in the year 487 that the Saxon chief Hengist took refuge, finding himself hotly pursued by Aurelius and Eldol the British Duke of Gloucester. Cær Conan they called the town in those days, and a strong fortress it must have been, seated upon its rock. But Hengist, having no wish to be caught like a rat in a trap, took up his position on the hill before the town, and so awaited the attack, which began immediately on the arrival of Aurelius and Eldol with their Britons.

We thought of Geoffrey of Monmouth's story as we ran past the town. How "on both sides

was great execution done, the groans of the dying causing a greater rage in those that survived." At last it was over, for a fresh detachment of British horse came up, the Saxons gave ground, the British pursued their advantage, and Aurelius cheering them on killed all the enemy that came in his way. But for Eldol the Duke, his one idea was to find Hengist; for he hated him with a deadly hatred, treacherous German brute that he was. "This one day should suffice for all the days of my life," cried the Duke, "if I could but get an opportunity to fight with Hengist." For he had not forgotten the time when the Saxon chief, having called an assembly to treat about peace, fell suddenly on the Britons who had come unarmed to the meeting, and murdered them all in cold blood, Eldol himself alone escaping. . . . And fight him he did, till "the fire sparkled with the clashing of their arms, and every stroke produced both thunder and lightning." And when it was over, and he saw his enemy safely bound and helpless, Eldol cried in a transport of joy: "God has given me my desire! The victory is in your hands, brave soldiers. Hengist is defeated, the day is your own!"

So Aurelius and his troops captured the city of Connisborough, and stayed there three days to bury their dead and relieve their wounded, and an assembly was held to decide upon the fate of Hengist. Then Eldad, the Bishop of Gloucester, and brother of Eldol, said: "Though all should

be for setting him at liberty yet would I slay him. For when the Prophet Samuel had King Agag in his power, he hewed him in pieces before the Lord. Do thou therefore likewise to Hengist, oh my brother, who is a second Agag."

And Eldol took his sword, and, drawing the Saxon out of the city, cut off his head. But Aurelius, always courteous even to his foes, commanded him to be buried, and a heap of earth to be raised over his body according to the custom of the Pagans.

We had no time to pause at Connisborough, though I should have liked to see whether anything remains of the mound of Hengist. It is however very unlikely that any traces of the battle have survived the many centuries which have elapsed since then, though I suppose somewhere below the soil the bones of British and Saxon soldiers still lie mingled, as the bodies of their English and German descendants lie today beneath the new battlefields in France and Belgium.

Presently we came to Castleton, given with its fortress by Edward III. to his son John, Duke of Lancaster; and so found ourselves in that wild region which "rising high, and peaking up with hills and mountains," has come to be known as the Peak District.

Years ago, long before the days of motors, we had driven through this country in a homely dogcart. It was early spring I remember, and

very cold, and the owner of the cart had wrapped up our knees in a brown cow skin, and a funny pair I dare say we looked. But it happened to be our honeymoon, and everything was a wonder and delight. We visited the Peak cavern of course, and found the floor of the cave still coated with the slimy mud the little river, swollen with winter rains, had spread over it. I remember I fell, and nearly rolled into the stream, making my new dress in a terrible state.

A very mysterious and ghostly place is this Cavern of the Peak, full of shadows and the moving forms of ropemakers, who, in the semi-darkness, look like great brown spiders walking slowly up and down, spinning the webs of destiny for those who pass in and out of the cave. Further along in the depths of the mountain are vast chambers, and narrow passages, leading, or so says Gervaise of Tilbury, to a very wide and large country, with rivers and brooks. But I think the shepherd who he says told him this was making game of him, at all events we saw no such land.

High up on the hill above the cave stands the ruined castle, once the home of Peveril of the Peak, the friend and terror of our childhood. And presently we come to Buxton, or Buxton Well, as it used to be called, with its nine fountains of hot waters, " wholesome for the stomach, sinewes, and whole body." But we have no time to pause at Buxton if we would reach Chester before dark, though as we pass the handsome Pump House

our thoughts go back to poor Mary Queen of Scots and her farewell to the city :—

> "Buxton that of great name shalt be
> For hote and holsome baine,
> Farewell, for I perhaps shall not
> Thee ever see again."

Then on by way of Congleton and Holmes Chapel we hasten to Middle-wich, one of the three famous salt pits, or WICHES of the neighbourhood, the others being Nantwich and Northwich. Here we notice some very old houses and begin to feel that we are nearing Chester, and indeed it is not long before we find ourselves in the crowd and bustle of that ancient city.

If you love old Camden, and who does not, you will probably remember on page 604 of the 1636 folio edition the following information respecting the origin of the city of Chester or West-Chester as he calls it. "There be some who avouch it to be, as they say, of greater antiquitie than the moon, as founded forsooth by Leon Vaur the Giant." But Ranulphus the monk, in his chronicle, declares it to have been founded by the Romans, and first fortified by King Marius, a British monarch, who, as we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, led an army from Chester against Roderick, King of the Picts, who came ravaging the north of Britain. Him he slew, and in memory of the victory set up a stone called after himself Westmarland.

But we need not go back so far as Leon Vaur

the Giant, for it is not the city with its wonderful old walls and ancient houses, and the picturesque *rowes* or covered walking places, which thread the town "so that a man may go dry from one end to the other," we have come to visit, nor even the old Norman castle, built by William the Conqueror, in the vast hall of which the Courts Palatine and the Assizes were held twice a year. No, it is to the Cathedral we must make our way, and a curious old place it is, with a curious and rather confusing old history, which in its beginning has to do with a certain Princess called Werburgh, a niece of Saint Audrey of Ely, and daughter of Wulfere, King of the Mercians. For, during our journey from Durham to Chester, we have passed from the great kingdom of Northumbria into that of Mercia, where quite a different history awaits us. The Lady Werburgh, who from her childhood had consecrated her life to religion, had, on the death of her father, retired from court, and with her widowed mother had taken up her abode in the convent of her Aunt Audrey at Ely. After the deaths of Saint Audrey and her sister Sexburga, Werburgh for a time, being much beloved, was persuaded to fill the post of Abbess at this convent, but later, at the request of her uncle, King Ethelred, who had succeeded to the kingship of Mercia, she quitted East Anglia, and went to preside over two new convents he had founded at Trentham and Hanbury. It was at Trentham she died, but according to her expressed wish, was buried at Hanbury,

and soon became celebrated for her miracles of healing. The town, however, was not fortified, and those were the days when the savage Danes were ravaging the land. So in the year 875, during a specially murderous outbreak of these pagans, the people of Hanbury, hearing that the enemy had advanced to within five miles of their town, took up the body of their Saint and carried it to Chester, as the monk Bradshaw says :—

"The Holy goost inspired theyr mynde
To take the shryne with great humilite,
And bring it to Chestre from perill and enmyte,
. . . . . .
Where her body shulde rest and worshipped be
Magnified with miracles next to Our Ladye."

When the clergy and citizens heard of the coming of this royal Saint they arranged a great procession—

"With crosses and banners and serges clere light"—

and the bells were tolled, and priests gathered from far and near in their finest copes—

"With censours of silver to encense her body right."

And next to the clergy came the Lords of the shire, the knights, the barons, all—Praying the Trinite

"Which sent them this great treasure to keep them from danger."

CHESTER CATHEDRAL

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And there were nuns sitting with lilies in their hands, and holy widows and wives all magnifying this great virgin :

"Synginge Te Deum to the King of Blysse."

The ancient writer even gives us the words of the Song of Welcome which the people of Chester sang that day, more than a thousand years ago :—

"Welcome sweet princess, king's daughter dear,
Welcome fair creature and Rose of Mercians,
. . . . . .
Welcome sweet patroness to Chester city."

Then through the town they passed with joy and great gladness. And this scene took place in the reign of King Alfred, who in his joy and fervour divided his riches into four parts ; bestowing one upon the poor, giving another to the cause of religion, the third he devoted to the better education of his subjects, and the fourth he used for the building of churches. And his time he divided into three parts, eight hours for reading and prayer, eight to be occupied with business, and eight for the ruling of his realm. (Upon what he lived, and when he slept, is not recorded.)

Now there was in Chester a very ancient church dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It had been founded in the middle of the second century by King Lucius, grandson of Marius, the slayer of Roderick, King of the Picts. This Lucius having heard rumours of the new religion which had been brought to Britain in the early

part of the first century by Roman soldiers and slaves, but had since all but disappeared, sent messengers to Rome asking Pope Eleutherius to provide missionaries to instruct himself in the doctrines of Christianity, and to convert his people. Therefore the Pope sent over two priests, and Chester being one of the first places to receive the Faith, it was there that one of the very early churches was built and dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It was known as the Mother Church, where, as Henry Bradshaw tells us, "the faith was preached unbrokenly, like as the faith of Peter never failed at Rome."

So it was in this very ancient and sacred building, this MOTHER CHURCH, around which, for seven hundred years, the people of Chester had buried their dead, that St. Werburgh's body was laid. It was guarded by a small body of Saxon secular clergy, and soon became the centre of a great Pilgrimage. And Ethelfleda, the Lady of Mercia, daughter of King Alfred, and sister of the reigning King of Mercia, having a great devotion to Saint Werburgh, built a stately minster over her relics, joining it to the old church which was newly dedicated to the Holy Trinity and Saint Oswald. It is this Church of Saint Oswald which to-day forms part of the south transept of the present Cathedral of Chester.

The church which contained the body of Saint Werburgh was very rich, for it was but natural that the building should be made worthy of the great Saint who had come to dwell among

and protect the citizens of Chester. And the chronicler relates how as time went on—

"The people with devotion, and mind fervent,
Gave divers ornaments unto this place,
Some gave a cope, and some a vestment,
Some other a chalice, and some a corporace,
Many albes and other clothes offered there was,
Some crosses of gold, some books, some bells,
The poor folk gave surges, torches, and towels."

And there were rich jewels given to the shrine, and gold and silver and money and land. And all this took place in the latter half of the ninth century, and forms the beginning of the story of the Cathedral of Chester.

As for the Lady Ethelfleda, she was not content only to house her treasure, but surrounded the town where it lay with walls, and protected it by a strong castle. And Saint Werburgh herself was not insensible to the attentions which had been showered upon her, for she saved Chester from the Welsh who came against it, led by a King called Griffin. That was a terrible siege, for the enemy had gathered in vast numbers. But in their extremity the people of Saint Werburgh cried to their protectrice for aid, and the clergy, taking up the shrine in which her body lay, carried it in procession to the walls, and laid it there in full view of King Griffin and his army. Then a Welshman, full of contempt for what he no doubt considered a superstition, cast a stone at the reliquary, and injured it "piteously."

Such an insult was not to be endured by this daughter of kings, meek nun though she had been. The man had scarcely dropped his hand, when Griffin and his whole army were smitten with blindness, while he who had damaged the shrine was seized by a "spirit of darkness" and expired on the spot. There are many other such stories showing the care with which this royal Saint watched over her people. Harold, King of the Danes, arrived one day, with Malcolm, King of Scotland, before the North gate. But the Canons again brought out the ancient relics, setting them on the summit of the gateway, and once more the town was saved.

As the years pass we hear of Saxon kings visiting Chester; how King Edgar came to the "City of Legions" where eight tributary kings met to pay him homage; and how they went up the River Dee in the royal barge, the eight kings rowing, and Edgar "keeping the storne as most principall." A very great king was this Edgar, and known as the Protector of Commerce. Three fleets he had, each of twelve hundred and sixty vessels. One he kept on the east coast, one on the north, and one on the west. About May he would start out with the eastern fleet, to examine all the coast with its forts and harbours, until he reached the northern vessels. He then sent back the first fleet to its post, continuing his progress with the second; and so in like manner he travelled with the western ships. In winter he would pass through the length and breadth of

his kingdom, enquiring into the condition of his subjects, and where necessary sheltering the poor from the rich and powerful. He was not much more than sixteen when he began this laborious life, and it is hardly surprising that he died at the age of thirty-three. He is one of the great heroes of Chester, and when I was there as a little child it was of King Edgar my father told me, so that I can never look down on the River Dee but I seem to see the young monarch steering his royal barge, while the eight tributary kings row him up to the Church of Saint John, where he is to receive their homage.

Another great personage connected with Chester was Leofric, father of Hereward the Wake. By that time the Church of Saint Werburgh was badly in need of repair, and it was this Earl and his wife Godiva who paid for the rebuilding.

And so we come to the days of William the Conqueror, when Chester, like the rest of England, underwent many changes. It was just after William's awful progress through Yorkshire, when the whole country beyond the Humber was left desolate, and more than a hundred thousand innocent persons, chiefly women, children, and aged persons, were left in midwinter to die of hunger; for the Normans had not only robbed the country, but destroyed what they could not carry away. It is somewhat satisfactory to know that the army suffered grievously on their further march, so much so that the King, who to his credit be it said, fared, when on the march, much as his

soldiers did, was forced to go on foot and to feed like the rest on the dead bodies of their horses. At last he arrived with the remnant of his army before the walls of Chester. After subduing it, in his usual summary manner, he rebuilt the castle, in which he placed a garrison and plenty of provisions, and put it into the charge of his nephew, Hugh Lupus of Avranches, whom he created Earl of Chester. To him and his heirs he gave all this country, says Camden, "To be holden as freely by his sword as the King himself held England by his crown."

This sword, given to Hugh Lupus and his successors, was no mere figure of speech, as we may see by the following lines of an historian poet:—

> "The king gave to him for his inheritance
> The County of Chester with its appurtenance,
> By victory to win the aforesaid earlidome
> Freely to govern it as by conquest right;
> Made a sure charter to him and his succession
> By the *Sword of Dignity* to hold it with might. . . ."

In Hemingway's "History of Chester" he tells us that this Sword of Dignity is now in the British Museum, and that it measures four feet in length, is so heavy that it takes a strong man both his hands to brandish it, that it has a two-edged blade, and beneath the hilt, which is decorated with pearls, it bears the inscription: "Hugo Comes Cestria." It was this first Norman Earl of Chester who rebuilt the old Abbey Church of

Saint Werburgh, turning out the very unsatisfactory secular priests, and substituting a community of Benedictine monks to watch over the sacred body of the ancient Abbess, and to minister to the needs of the many pilgrims who came to visit her shrine. In this work the Earl spared no pains, for he lived in the days when, as Camden says: "Christendom roused herself, and casting away her old habiliments did put on everywhere the bright and white robe of churches." His abbey and church completed, Hugh Lupus brought over from Normandy his friend, that most holy of saints, Anselm, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to complete the reformation of this monastery of Saint Werburgh. And when all was accomplished the Earl caused himself to be clothed in the habit of a monk (and it must have been an ample one, for he was so fat that it is said he could no longer move about), and having made over all his possessions to his handsome young son Richard, the old Earl died, and was buried in the Abbey he had re-founded. This Richard, son of the old Earl, it may be interesting to note, was drowned in the celebrated White Ship with his young wife, Adela, and Prince William, the son of Henry I.

The first Bishop of Mercia who really resided at Chester was the Norman Peter, who made the city his Episcopal seat in 1075. In doing this he was probably influenced by the decision of the Council of London, which had recently directed that all bishops' seats should be removed to forti-

fied cities. So for ten or eleven years Chester was a Cathedral town, and the Church of Saint John the Baptist, which Bishop Peter began rebuilding, was used as the Cathedral; while the Church of Saint Werburgh continued to serve as that of the great Benedictine Abbey.

The next Bishop of Mercia, Robert de Limesey, removed the seat to Coventry, perhaps tempted by the splendid abbey newly erected there by Earl Leofric and the Lady Godiva. And after that Chester had no Cathedral, though it remained of course under the rule of the Bishops of Mercia.

It would be very fascinating to study the history of the city itself, for there are many interesting stories connected with it. For instance an old legend tells how Harold, escaping from the Battle of Senlac, made his way, wounded and half blind as he was, to Chester, and there lived for years in a cell near Saint John's Church. Henry I. is reported to have met him there, and to have talked with him. Harold's wife Algitha, too, is said to have lived at Chester. And there was that mysterious anchorite who dwelt near the Church of Saint John passing under the name of Godescallus, but who all the time was believed by the people of Chester to have been Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. People did strange things in those days in what they believed to be the cause of religion, but on the other hand people were just as credulous as now to believe any romantic rumour.

We have no time to do more than notice here

and there some event which marked the passing of the years that followed. There was the visit of King Edward I. in 1282, who spent the month of June in Chester, and no doubt witnessed the celebrated Midsummer Show, for which the town was noted, when four great giants, unicorn, dromedary, camel, dragon, hobby horses, and sixteen naked boys went frolicking through the city in unseemly procession. Perhaps he enjoyed himself in the rude fashion of those times, for the following year, after his victory over the Welsh, he returned to Chester with his Queen, and on Saint Augustine's Day the royal pair attended Mass in the Church of Saint Werburgh, at the altar of which they presented a cloth "of great value."

In 1312 his unworthy son, Edward II., hastened to Chester to meet his more unworthy friend, Piers Gavestone, then on his way back from his sojourn in Ireland, where he had been reigning with the magnificence of a prince.

And we shall see Edward the Black Prince arriving with an armed force to quell some disturbance among the citizens, and later his poor feeble son Richard II., who had always loved and trusted the people of Chester, arriving from the Castle of Flint with his fellow-prisoner the Earl of Salisbury, each seated on a "sorry little nagge not worth forty franks, to be confined in the dolorous castille."

Here, too, in 1445 we shall see Queen Margaret of Anjou arriving with many great Lords and

Ladies, all being very graciously received by the Mayor and citizens, the Queen "winning all hearts by her courtesy and hospitality."

Henry VII. came to Chester in 1493 with his wife and mother, and we may be sure that all these great folk, who have left their mark upon history, for good or for ill, visited the Shrine of Saint Werburgh, and attended Mass in that most ancient church, which was so shortly to become the Cathedral of Chester. For in the reign of this same Henry's son, in 1536, all the religious houses in Chester were suppressed, and chief among them the great and ancient Benedictine monastery founded by Hugh Lupus and Saint Anselm.

Four years later the church was rededicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin, and became the Cathedral of Chester, John Bird, once the Provincial of the Carmelites, who for two years had acted as Bishop of Bangor, being consecrated to the See. He seems to have been a sort of Vicar of Bray, so well did he make his beliefs tally with whichever religious party was in the ascendant, and in this manner succeeded in living very comfortably to the age of eighty-one.

And this brings us after a short interval to the terrible days of the great siege, when Chester held out so gallantly for King Charles I. and suffered such unspeakable horrors. An old writer has given a most graphic account of those days, when "at the bursting of the grenade the houses in Watergate Street skipp joint from

joint, creating an earthquake, while the main posts jostle each other, and the frighted casements fly for fear."

The Cathedral itself is a beautiful old place, though not perhaps so striking as the other mighty churches we have been visiting. The Early English choir in particular is very fine, with its dark, richly sculptured fifteenth-century stalls, and containing as it does the remains of the once magnificent Shrine of Saint Werburgh. Beyond the altar can be caught a distant view of the Lady Chapel with its painted vault and the five tall lights of the eastern window glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. It was in this beautiful building that poor George Marsh was condemned as a heretic by Bishop Coates. But we must not linger any longer at Chester, fascinating old city as it is. For on our way home we have still to pause at Lichfield, and Lichfield has such an early origin and is withal so beautiful even in these modern days, that we must save some little time to visit it.

VIII

LICHFIELD

Our journey after leaving Chester led us past Whitchurch, the ancient home of the Talbot family. Here, in the church dedicated to Saint Alkmond, there is an inscription begging passers-by to pray for the soul of that noble lord Sir John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, who, with his younger son, fought so victoriously in France until the coming of the Maid. My readers will certainly remember this fifteenth-century Bogey Man of the French children, who, when naughty, were told by their mothers that if they did not behave better they would be fetched away by Milord Talbot. He was captured at Orleans, but afterwards exchanged for a French lord and an immense ransom.

After Whitchurch the road becomes more hilly, but broad and good until we reach Stone, the place, according to a local tradition, where King Wulphere the Mercian found his two sons praying, and murdered them for becoming Christians.

After that we run through villages and little towns till presently we find ourselves approaching the last of our Northern Cathedrals, Lichfield.

I have a curious old road book called "Britannia Depicta," which gives a fine little engraving of the arms of the city of Lichfield. There, on an escutcheon, may be seen a tiny landscape, a hill with two trees on its summit, and a church with three spires. In the foreground are lying three human bodies, dead and mutilated, and this escutcheon is supposed to tell the story of the foundation of Lichfield or Campus Cadaverum as was its Latin name.

For about the year A.D. 303 there began as we know the great persecution of Christians under the Emperor Diocletian. Those were the days when our first great martyr Alban received his crown. You remember the beautiful story, no doubt; how the young man, while still a pagan, had given shelter to a Christian priest named Amphibalus, by whom he was converted. Hearing that his teacher was being sought for, Alban, having donned the priest's cassock, allowed himself to be arrested, and suffered in his place. That is, of course, the well-known story of Saint Alban. But the persecution did not cease with Alban's death, and those converts of Amphibalus who were not killed, had to fly. They took the northern road, still called Watling Street, till they reached the spot where to-day stands the beautiful Cathedral of Lichfield.

There it was that the Roman soldiers overtook them, and slaughtered them without mercy, their bodies to the number of a thousand being left unburied; so that the field of the martyrdom

came to be known as the lich field, the field of corpses, from the Saxon word Lich, which means a corpse.

About three and a half centuries later, King Oswy of Northumbria having conquered and slain Penda, King of Mercia, established a bishopric at Lichfield, and built, for the first Bishop Dwina, a church dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Mary. Dwina and his immediate successors were Scotsmen, and I think that is about all that we know of them; but it seems right that, as we come in view of the magnificent west front of the present Cathedral, we should for a moment try to call up a picture of the rude Scottish Bishops, who in those primitive days ministered to the inhabitants of the little low-lying village, which was the beginning of the present city.

Some years later, about 669, there arrived at Lichfield another Bishop, the humble and holy Chad. We should know almost nothing of this good man save for the pages of Beda. He had been Abbot of Lastingham, and for a while Archbishop of York, where he had made himself much beloved by his charity to the poor. But his appointment to the See having been successfully disputed by the great Saint Wilfrid, he was appointed by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, to rule over the diocese of Mercia. He made his headquarters at Lichfield, but he raised no Bishop's Palace, this humble man, but lived the life of a hermit, in a little cell which he built on

the piece of ground known as Christian Field, the traditional place of martyrdom of those early Christians of whom I have spoken. Here he taught the disciples who came to him, and gained the love and respect of all by his purity, austerity, and humility. One day as he was sitting meditating on the portion of scripture which he had been reading, he heard the sound of a horn, and into the cell ran the little white doe who daily supplied him with milk. She was quickly followed by a young huntsman, who seeing the Bishop stopped short, asking pardon for his intrusion, and so the acquaintance began. Now Chad, it is said, lost no opportunity of speaking of the religion which was to him the very light of life; and on this occasion, finding that the youth was no less a person than the son of Wulfere, King of Mercia (whose old rhymed story we found at Peterborough), he certainly had no mind to depart from his usual custom.

The young Prince was quickly converted, and shortly returned, bringing with him his brother, and the two were baptized in the little stream which ran past the hermitage. But whether it was here that their furious pagan father found and murdered them, or at Stone, as my old road book says, I must confess that I have no real knowledge. In the "History and Antiquities of Lichfield," Thomas Harwood relates, as part of the story, that finding the distance too great between their home and Lichfield to allow of their going constantly to receive the instruction of

their beloved master, the youths "prevailed upon Saint Chad to move to a spot more convenient for them to perform their devotions together." Possibly that spot may have been Stone: or the young men may have been discovered in the cell at Stowe by their enraged father, and escaping have been overtaken and murdered at Stone: or Stone may be a misprint for Stowe. But that Saint Chad had an oratory and cell beside a lake at Stowe, which now forms a suburb of Lichfield, is a generally received and well-authenticated tradition.

Like Saint Aidan, whom he took as his model, Saint Chad used to travel about his huge diocese on foot, accompanied by his clergy, as he had done when he was at York. And as they went they read the scriptures, chanted the psalms, or meditated on the Passion of Our Lord, or some other holy subject. Anyone they met the Bishop would stop, and in his gentle way instruct in the doctrines of the Christian Church. And for the poor he always had alms, for the gifts he received from his rich converts he immediately passed on to the needy, of whom there were always plenty in those terrible days, when war and pestilence made such havoc among the population. And so this good man became known throughout the length and breadth of his diocese, always ready for the work he loved, and always on foot, till one day Archbishop Theodore, arriving on a visit, found him, I suppose, dusty and exhausted after one of his long tramps, and ordered him to

ride for the future, even we are told lifting the reluctant Chad into the saddle.

It is said that Saint Chad died of a pestilence which was ravaging the low-lying country where he had his cell. No doubt he, and his little band of followers, had been visiting the stricken people, and on their journeyings may have slept in infected houses. While he lay sick his faithful attendant Ovin, whose cross we found at Ely, heard flocks of angels singing over the Bishop's cell; and, as further evidence of his holiness, after his death the very dust taken from his tomb cured men and beasts, while madmen who spent a night upon his grave were forthwith restored to their right minds.

In olden times Lichfield had two monasteries, each of course with its church. There was Saint Chad's in the east of the city, the district now called Stowe, where as I have said the Saint prayed, and preached, and had his oratory, while the church in the west was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. As for the Cathedral, unfortunately the records of this most beautiful building were so destroyed by the Puritans during the three great sieges which the church underwent, that its history is vague and imperfect. It is supposed, however, that a certain Robert de Lymesey built the first Norman Cathedral at Lichfield about the year 1200, erecting it probably on the site of the two earlier Saxon buildings.

It is of the death of this Robert de Lymesey,

that Matthew Paris gives so vivid and terrible a description. He was a very avaricious man, and for his own ends had robbed and persecuted the poor monks of Coventry, turning them out of their monastery, and leaving them homeless and destitute, so that almost all of them perished from want. When he realized that his own end was near, and that he had only a few more hours to live, his terrors of the punishments which he believed awaited him in the other world knew no bounds. His clergy were powerless to comfort him, for they knew well what his character had been. So there he lay raving, and weeping, and begging them to appoint him a penance, the more severe the better, that he might die with some hope of forgiveness. But the horror of the sins he had been confessing so overwhelmed his hearers that they remained speechless. At last one found courage to suggest that the Bishop should be clothed in the habit of one of the monks he had so cruelly injured, and express himself willing to remain in Purgatory till the day of Judgment, if thereafter his evil deeds might be pardoned. It is a strange and awful picture this which the old monkish chronicler has left.

Quite a different character was Bishop Burghill the Dominican, who made himself so beloved and respected that, on the day of his enthronement, he was met at the west door of the Cathedral by the clergy of the surrounding country, all walking on bare feet to express their respect for his holiness. For many years, on the anniversary

of his death, money was distributed to the poor of the city, in memory of this good and well-loved Bishop.

And there was Rowland Lee who married Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, and Ralph Bayne who assisted at the burial of Queen Mary, but refused to administer Holy Communion to Queen Elizabeth. A bold man must Bishop Ralph have been!

In the middle of the seventeenth century we come upon those days when Englishmen divided themselves into two camps, Royalist and Roundhead, and brother fought and killed brother. It was then that the Cathedral of Lichfield was turned into a fortress and sustained three separate sieges on behalf of King Charles. The story of those days seems incredible as we look at the peaceful Close and lovely Cathedral of to-day. The Puritans, led by Lord Brooke, commenced the first siege on the day of Saint Chad, and, on his way to the scene of action, this commander knelt and offered up a prayer, that God would by some special token manifest his approbation of their designs. He had scarcely spoken, when a deaf and dumb man, called Dumb Dyott, shot him dead from the central spire of the Cathedral. Next day the spire itself fell, and much of the roof: for the Puritans did all that lay in their power to ruin and desecrate this beautiful house of God. As soon as they gained possession of it they began hunting cats with hounds every day through the aisles and choir.

They pulled down the ancient woodwork, broke the lovely windows, and tore up the pavement. Then the graves were opened and rifled. In fact no German army of occupation could have behaved much worse than these so-called Puritans. They even took the Royalist families whom they found in the neighbourhood, and set them in front of the firing-line that they might be shot down by their own friends in the Close. The struggle ceased at length; but for twenty years the Cathedral remained a ruin.

In the year 1661 the new Bishop, Dr Hackett, arrived to find his Cathedral an absolute wreck. But he was a man not to be easily discouraged, and, the very day after his coming, he roused his servants as soon as it was light, and together with them began the work of removing the rubbish.

And so gradually the beautiful place arose from its ruins. The Ladies of the Vale, as the three spires are called, once more kept watch over the Country of Saint Chad, and statues were placed in the niches left empty by the guns of the Puritans.

There can be no doubt that Lichfield is one of the fairest of our English Cathedrals. There is its colour, rose red, beautiful beyond words of mine to describe, especially when the evening sun casts its last beams upon the west front with its matchless portals. There is something almost unnaturally beautiful about the whole building, more like an immense delicately stained ivory carving than a construction of stone. It is so

rich, so light, so finished in every detail. And the interior is hardly less striking, with the wondrous Lady Chapel, built by Bishop Langton, to contain the body of Saint Chad. But the splendid shrine has long since disappeared, and only the old manuscript, commonly known as the Gospels of Saint Chad, remains to remind us of the saintly Bishop. The glorious windows of sixteenth-century glass were brought from a desecrated Flemish monastery by Sir Brooke Bouthby.

One of the most celebrated persons whom we should remember at Lichfield is Doctor Samuel Johnson, the author of the great dictionary. He was the son of a certain Michael Johnson, a bookseller of the city. His father and mother were elderly when they married, and the boy was from his babyhood a precocious wonder child. Almost from his birth he suffered from scrofula, and was taken by his mother to London to be touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil, as the complaint was called. We shall see the old house in the market-place where he was born, and where he learned his collect each Sunday so quickly. We may even catch a glimpse of the poor ungainly child running after his mother crying, "I know it! I know it!" In the market-place we shall think of the quarrel he had with his father, when the latter asked him to keep his bookstall for him one day; and again, of a worn, ugly, elderly man standing many years later on the site of the stall, in the pouring rain, doing penance for his disobedience. The Cathedral will remind us

of him, carried on his father's shoulder to hear the preaching of some celebrated divine.

Poor Johnson, it was so very, very sad for him to have been born with so repulsive an exterior, for he had many excellent qualities, though I doubt whether some of us would have discovered them beneath his rude and almost brutal personality. Even his manner of eating was revolting, for during those many years while he was making his way to the front as a literary man, he was continually in a state of semi-starvation, so that later it was his custom to fall upon his food like a wild animal. It was during these years of poverty that he made his strange marriage with the widow Porter, whose children were older than Johnson himself. "My Titty!" he called the fat, vulgar, empty-headed old woman, whose over-painted cheeks his semi-blindness prevented his seeing. To her death he believed her a beauty, and would speak of her to his friends as "My pretty creature!"

And there was little Fanny Burney to whom he was so kind. How she trembled at the thought of meeting the great man, and what friends they became. She was even one of the few faithful admirers who were present during his last sad hours. All through his life Johnson suffered from a morbid horror of death. Yet when the end came he was peacefully happy, and passed away on Monday the thirteenth of December, 1784.

And so with Lichfield we reach the end of our northern journey. It has taken us far, not only

in distance, but in time. For these great monuments of the past lead our thoughts back through the ages, not only to the days of their foundation, but to those earlier times when the news of the Gospel was brought to our far western land by Roman slaves and soldiers, followers of Severus and Constantine. Beside the gorgeous temples of their masters they reared their humble chapels, where they worshipped the despised and crucified young Jew of Nazareth, who was soon to be adored as Lord of both emperor and slave.

MEMORANDA TO THE SECOND EDITION

Since the first edition of this book was published, I have received several letters containing interesting details concerning certain of the cathedrals. To Sir William Portal, Bart., F.S.A., I owe the following memoranda with regard to Winchester.

P. 105. The final destruction of Hyde Abbey took place in 1788, when the magistrates of Hampshire purchased the ground in order to erect a County Bridewell or gaol. A young officer, quartered at Winchester at the time, one of the family of Howard (of the County of Cumberland), rescued a stone bearing the name of Alfred in contemporary lettering. It is now at Corby Castle in Cumberland, but its claim to be the actual covering stone of Alfred's tomb rests on slender foundations.

P. 118. "There used to be a statue, etc." This former statue, erected by Cardinal Beaufort, was greatly weather worn and its details were obliterated. It fell down and was broken in many pieces about a hundred years ago. There is a record, probably from the diary of one of the Brothers, stating that: "On this day the MILK-MAID fell." The figure no doubt wore a high

crown and was locally regarded as a female figure with a pail upon her head. The niche remained vacant till four or five years ago when the trustees of St Cross decided to replace it, the work being entrusted to Mr Whiffen of Chelsea who was instructed to place a High Crown on the head of Our Lady.

P. 123. "It was here that her eldest son was born . . ."

Henry VII, aware of his doubtful title to the throne, determined that his eldest son, if son it was to be, should be associated with essentially English traditions, so to Winchester he brought his wife; to the city which was one of the reputed homes of King Arthur, and where the Round Table was hanging, where it had hung for centuries, in the Great Hall of Winchester Castle. It still hangs there to-day. Thus it was that the infant Prince received the name of Arthur.

He was born on the 20th of September 1486. "The assembly was in the Priours Great Hall" (the present Deanery) and from thence a Procession was formed to the Cathedral. It proceeded through the Cloister (destroyed in Elizabethan days) "unto a littill Doore beside the Weeste Ende of the Chirche in the South Parte of the said Chirche . . . for the wether was to Cowlde and to fowlle to have been at the Weeste Ende of the Chirche, and the Queen Elizabeth was in the Chirche abyding the comyng

of the Prince." (This "littill Doore" is still clearly visible though blocked up, at the western end of the south wall of the Cathedral.) "The body of al the Cathedrall Chyrch was hangede with Clothes of arras" suspended from the hooks (still to be seen in the pillars of the nave). "My Lady Cecill, the Queen's eldest sister bare the Prince wrappede in a Mantell of Cremesin Clothe of Golde, furred with Ermyn." Before leaving the Cathedral a visit was paid with all reverence "to Seynt Swythen's Shryne." (*Somers' Tracts*, 1795.)

I have also had a letter from the Dean of Salisbury in which he states that:—

"The Antiquarians have found that the legend of the Boy Bishop is untrustworthy. It is a small tombstone covering probably the heart of some mediæval bishop. . . . Of course the facts about the electing of a Boy Bishop and his ministry are true."

He also asks me to add a note to page 145 to the effect that—

The clergy "feel that it is far better to open a house of prayer to all comers and that the atmosphere is quite different since we ceased to make a charge for seeing the cathedral: the voluntary offerings are double what we got by sixpences. But the Vergers are always ready to show people round without charge."

SCOTLAND
Durham
NORTH SEA
Ripon
York
IRISH SEA
Liverpool
Manchester
Chester
Lincoln
Lichfield
Peterborough
WALES
Birmingham
Ely
Gloucester
Oxford
LONDON
BRISTOL CHANNEL
Bristol
Rochester
Wells
Winchester
Canterbury
Chichester
Salisbury
Southampton
Exeter
Plymouth
ENGLISH CHANNEL

SCOTLAND
Durham
NORTH SEA
Ripon
York
IRISH SEA
Liverpool
Manchester
Chester
Lincoln
Lichfield
Peterborough
WALES
Birmingham
Ely
Gloucester
Oxford
LONDON
ISTOL CHANNEL
Bristol
Rochester
Winchester
Canterbury
Wells
Chichester
Salisbury
Southampton
Exeter
Plymouth
ENGLISH CHANNEL